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MEMOIRS

OF

PRINCE CHARLES STUART,

(COUNT OF ALBANY,)

COMMONLY CALLED

THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

WITH NOTICES OF THE REBELLION IN 1745.

BY

CHARLES LOUIS KLOSE, ESQ.

"We are so constituted, that nothing so much commands our admiration as a man who shows himself great in adversity."—SENECA.

Second Edition.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS

OF

PRINCE CHARLES STUART.

CHAPTER XXI.

BATTLE OF CULLODEN—DEFEAT AND DISPERSION OF THE HIGHLAND ARMY—FLIGHT OF CHARLES.

THAT this state of things could continue longer than till the return of spring was not to be expected. On the 19th of April, after a few days of thaw, followed by a high wind that had made the roads tolerably dry again, the Duke of Cumberland broke up from Aberdeen with eight thousand infantry and nine hundred horse, abundantly provided with every thing, and supported by a naval force, which accompanied his course along the coast, ready to supply him with whatever his army stood in need of. On the 21st, the Duke arrived at Banff, where two Highlanders were

hanged as spies, in consequence of their having been observed to count the numbers of the army, and to assist their memories by notching a stick. Two days afterwards, the Duke crossed the Spey. Lord John Drummond had been sent with a strong detachment to dispute the passage of the river, whose deep and rapid torrent had often in Scottish story set bounds to the progress of an assailant. For this purpose some batteries had even been erected on the left bank, but Lord John soon satisfied himself that his light pieces would soon be silenced by the heavy artillery of the enemy, and, accordingly, fell back upon Inverness; while the Duke's army forded the Spey in three divisions, and on the 25th of April entered Nairn, where they were separated by a distance of only ten miles from the Jacobite head-quarters at Inverness. Beyond Nairn some skirmishing took place between the rear of the one army and the van of the other, but this was quickly put an end to by the arrival of Charles at the head of his guards, when the Duke's van immediately fell back upon the main body of his army.

Charles exulted in the prospect of an impending battle, and even the chiefs forgot their mutual

bickerings in the fond hope that their enemy would be unable to resist them on their native heaths. On the morning of the 26th of April, the Jacobite army was drawn up on the extensive moor of Culloden, near Drummossie. By dint of exertion, about six thousand men had been collected, but several of the clans were at too great a distance to allow of their being united to the main force; and thus was Charles deprived, at the decisive moment, of the Mac Phersons, of the greater part of the Frazers, of Glengyle and his Mac Gregors, of Macdonald of Borrisdale, of the Earl of Cromarty, and of several others. The army thus reduced, and considerably inferior in numbers to that of the Duke of Cumberland, was drawn up in two lines. In the first line, the Athol brigade and Lochiel occupied the right wing; while, on the left, were the three regiments of Macdonalds, named after their leaders, Clanranald, Keppoch, and Glengarry. The army faced the east—its right wing covered by the wall of a park—its left leaning against a hill which gently declined towards Culloden House, the seat of Duncan Forbes, the most active opponent of the Stuart interest, who sacrificed his fortune to the support of the house of Hanover,

and is supposed to have died broken-hearted in consequence of the ingratitude with which his invaluable services were repaid.

Walter Scott estimates the strength of Charles's army at 7000 men (4700 for the first, and 2300 for the second line), including 250 cavalry, but adds, that this force had been considerably reduced before the battle; but what was perhaps of more serious consequence to Charles than the absence of some of his clans, was the offence given to the Macdonalds by placing them in the left wing, instead of allowing them to retain their hereditary post of honour in the right wing, which they had claimed since the battle of Bannockburn, and which they had occupied as their right at Preston and Falkirk.

The day on which the Highlanders were thus drawn up to offer battle to their enemy was the birthday of the Duke of Cumberland. The English troops were carousing in honour of the occasion, and the Jacobites vainly awaited the attack, after having spent a cold night in the field, where the heath served them at once for fuel and for a couch. The Duke's army was abundantly supplied with everything, whereas the

Jacobites were in such severe straits, that one biscuit a man was all that could be distributed that day. Lord Elcho, who had been sent out early in the morning with his cavalry to reconnoitre, returned about noon, and reported that the English would probably spend the remainder of the day in drinking and feasting. Charles was embarrassed by this information, the exigency of his position making him desirous to bring about a battle as soon as possible. He determined once more to assemble a council of war. Two days previously he had declared, that he would attack the enemy if he had only a thousand men with him, and such was still his feeling when he opened the council. On this occasion, however, his own opinion coincided perfectly with that of Lord George Murray. The question was not whether a battle should be fought, but how and where. Lord George proposed a plan that was entirely approved of by Charles. This was to attempt a nocturnal surprise. Darkness and confusion, his lordship said, deprived regular soldiers of almost all their advantages, but had no such effect on less disciplined troops. Lord George, therefore, proposed, as soon as it was dusk, that

the first line should advance in two divisions. With the right column he proposed to pass round the town of Nairn, and to attack the enemy's camp in the rear, while the Duke of Perth was to make a simultaneous attack in front, and the Prince to advance with the reserve. Charles embraced Murray, against whom he had, so recently and so unjustly, entertained suspicions, and now declared that the proposal made by Lord George was one that he had himself contemplated.

The account of this transaction is taken from a rough draught, or rather a fragment, in Charles's own writing, found among the Stuart Papers. It runs thus:—"When the enemy was so much approaching, and seeming to be determined to attack us lastly at Inverness, if we did not them, the Prince called a council of war, when all the chiefs were assembled, and Lord George Murray. The Prince let every one speak before him. Lord George Murray was the last, and he proposed to attack that night, as the best expedient. This was just what the Prince intended; but he kept it in his breast. The Prince then embraced Lord George Murray, approved it, and owned it was his project. It was agreed upon; but then

it was question of the manner. It is to be observed, that the Prince proposed to keep Fort Augustus, and to make it serve as a place of rallying in case of a defeat. But that was unanimously rejected by the chiefs, so it was blown up."

Orders were immediately given for the execution of the proposed march. Charles directed that the heath should be set on fire, that his troops might appear still to occupy their former position. Many soldiers, however, had, in the mean time, wandered away from the ranks, and had gone to Inverness and other places in search of food. When ordered by their officers to return, many of these stragglers declared, that they would rather allow themselves to be shot, than continue to endure such severe privations. Several hours were lost in the endeavour to collect the men, nor was the effort even then completely successful. The consequence was, that the march could not commence before eight o'clock in the evening. Charles appointed Murray to command the first line, and led the second himself. The troops were ordered to maintain the most profound silence during the march, and, on arriving in the enemy's camp, to

make no use of their fire-arms, but to hew down the tent poles with their Lochaber axes, with their dirks and claymores to cut the ropes, and to stab the enemy as they lay entangled under their canvas. The watchword was to be "King James the Eighth."

The extreme darkness of the night, while it, in some measure, favoured the plan, delayed the march of the troops, who, exhausted by hunger, were the less able to bear up against the fatigue of a night march through marshes and thickets. Many threw themselves on the ground, and declared themselves unable to go farther; others quitted the ranks to seek some place of concealment where they might abandon themselves to repose. By the time the first line arrived at Kilravock House, fifty messengers had arrived to tell Lord George that the rear-guard was unable to follow. It was now two o'clock in the morning, the hour at which it had been calculated that the attack might commence, and they were still four miles from the enemy's camp. To arrive before dawn was impossible, and a surprise therefore was out of the question. Some of the Highland chiefs, indeed, were for marching on,

saying that the claymores would not be the worse for a little daylight to direct their operations; but the Prince, with all the eagerness for battles which has been laid to his charge, was convinced of the inexpediency of a farther advance.

The account given of this transaction by Lord George Murray varies from that left us by Charles himself; but there is not the least reason to suspect either of intentional inaccuracy. Lord George wrote within a brief period after the event in question, whereas Charles's account was given thirty years afterwards, in reply to some questions addressed to him in Italy. Murray, in a letter dated the 5th of August, 1749, and addressed to William Hamilton, Esq., of Bangour, says:—"Mr. O'Sullivan also came up to the front, and said, his Royal Highness would be very glad to have the attack made; but as Lord George Murray was in the van, he could best judge whether it could be done in time or not."—The Prince's words are: "Upon the army's halting, M. le Comte (the Prince) rode up to the front, to inquire the occasion of the halt. Upon his arrival, Lord George Murray convinced

M. le Comte of the unavoidable necessity of retreating." *

While they were still deliberating at Kilravock House, the Duke of Cumberland's drums were heard: a sufficient proof that a surprise was out of the question then, whatever it might have been at an earlier hour. A retreat was therefore ordered. Some of the chiefs were for fighting the enemy at once, instead of subjecting the harassed troops to another fatiguing march; but Lord George Murray was of opinion that their numbers were too much reduced, and that a fresh concentration was necessary. The morning dawn allowed the retreat to be effected with much more rapidity than the advance, and by five o'clock the troops were enabled to resume their former

* Appendix to Home, p. 372. In the *Jacobite Memoirs* there is a narrative by one Captain O'Neil, in which it is stated that Charles rode up to the front, and pointed out to the officers the many advantages to be hoped for from a surprise. Thereupon, he is related to have drawn his sword, and to have declared himself ready to lead them once more against an enemy whom they had so often conquered. When he found, however, that the majority of the officers were opposed to the farther prosecution of the plan, Charles, according to O'Neil, told them with the greatest concern that he lamented less his own disappointment than their inevitable ruin. This version, at variance with the statements both of Charles and of Lord George Murray, can scarcely be allowed much weight.

position on Culloden Moor. In the camp of the Duke of Cumberland, meanwhile, no one seems to have been aware of the night march of the Highlanders: a circumstance which makes it probable that the undertaking might have been successful, had the progress of the Jacobites not been delayed by the difficulty of the ground and the exhausted condition of the men.

No sooner had the men returned to Culloden, than it became evident that the night march had materially deteriorated their condition. The Highlanders left their ranks in great numbers, in search of food at Inverness and in the neighbouring villages. The only refreshment Charles himself could obtain was a little bread and whisky. The exhaustion of the troops was such, that any powerful exertions could hardly be looked for from those who remained. Even the officers of rank were so worn out, that when they assembled in council at Culloden House, as on the preceding day, they were unable to resist the inclination to sleep, and most of them soon lay stretched on benches, tables, and floor. Time, however, pressed; and Lord George Murray renewed a proposal that he had before made, to withdraw from the field

troops so little in a condition for fighting, and to take up a position behind the Nairn river, where, the ground being hilly and inaccessible to cavalry, the Duke of Cumberland's army would operate to great disadvantage.

The idea of another retreat, however, was intolerable to Charles, whose daring spirit could not brook the idea of seeming to avoid a battle. The events of Preston and Falkirk had filled him with unbounded confidence in his Highlanders, and made him regardless of the inequality of force between the two armies. The want of supplies, moreover, appeared to him to make an immediate battle unavoidable; and the counsellors on whom he most relied, Sir Thomas Sheridan and the French officers, encouraged him in his eagerness for the conflict. It was urged to him, that if he delayed the battle only for three days, his army would be reinforced, perhaps doubled, by the return of the absent clans and of the many stragglers, who in the mean time would be certain to join their ranks again. If then the English rashly ventured into the mountains, they would be destroyed in detail in a series of skirmishes. The Marquis d'Eguilles, in his report to the French court,

declares that he went down upon his knees to the Prince, to entreat him to delay the battle. Advice and intreaties, however, were alike vain. The resolution of Charles remained as unshaken as his confidence in the issue of the day, and, having received information, at about eight o'clock, that the enemy was within four miles of him, he issued the necessary orders for the fatal battle, which in a few hours was to decide for ever the fate of the house of Stuart.

The rolling drums and the shrill tones of the bagpipes roused the wearied soldiers from their slumbers, and the chiefs and their officers did what they could to collect stragglers; but it was only too evident what serious gaps had been made in the ranks by the night march. The position of the troops was nearly the same as on the preceding day, but a little farther to the west; the right wing was covered as before by some straggling walls, and the left by cavalry. Four pieces of artillery were placed at the extremity of each line, and the same number in the centre. The Prince rode again through the lines to encourage the troops, but his admonitions were scarcely needed, the presence of the enemy having made

the Highlanders forget the fatigue and privations they had so lately endured, and filled them with the same ardour for battle, by which their young leader was animated. Charles himself took up his position on a slight elevation immediately behind the rear. It was a spot from which, having a complete view of the field, he was able to direct his orders to the best advantage; but he was in the immediate line of the enemy's fire, and had a horse shot under him, and a servant killed by his side, and was even wounded himself in the thigh. It was not, therefore, with a view to his personal security, as has been insinuated by his enemies, that the position was selected.

The Duke of Cumberland advanced to the attack with full confidence in his superior numbers. He divided his troops into three lines, with cavalry on each wing, and two pieces of cannon between every two regiments of the first line. The experience of Preston and Falkirk was not lost on him. To obviate the effect of the Highland target, he instructed his infantry to thrust with their bayonets not in a straight but in a slanting line, each soldier directing his weapon not against the man immediately in front

of him, but against the one who fronted his right hand comrade. The order of the day threatened every soldier with death who fled from the field; but before the battle began, the Duke again addressed his men, saying, he could not suppose any man in the British army reluctant to fight, but that if there were any, who either from disinclination to the cause, or from having relations in the rebel army, would prefer to retire, he begged them in God's name to do so, as he would rather face the Highlanders with one thousand determined men at his back than have ten thousand with a tithe who were lukewarm.* He was answered by enthusiastic cheers and loud shouts of "Flanders! Flanders!"

To excite the animosity of the soldiers more strongly against the Jacobites, a paper was read, said to have been found upon the person of a Highlander, and in which the most bloodthirsty sentiments were expressed in speaking of the English. The Duke closed his address to his men, by reminding them that they were surrounded by marshes and mountain passes well

* Chambers's History, vol. ii. p. 103; from the personal narrative of an English officer who was present.

known to the enemy, and that their only alternative now was to conquer or to die. It was nearly one o'clock before his arrangements were complete, and some of his officers proposed to let the men dine before the battle. "No," replied the Duke, "they will fight more actively with empty bellies; and besides it would be a bad omen. You remember what a dessert they got to their dinner at Falkirk!"

The battle began with an act of assassination. A Highlander of the name of Donald approached the English lines, as though he had been a deserter, and was sent to the rear, with many banterings on the wretchedness of his appearance. He seemed to examine the red uniforms and the heavy accoutrements of the soldiers for some time with a kind of childish curiosity; but suddenly he snatched a musket from a soldier who stood near him, and shot an officer who was in the act of issuing commands, and whom he probably mistook for the Duke of Cumberland. Donald immediately paid the penalty of his life for an act of treachery so opposed to all the feelings of the Prince for whose cause he sacrificed himself.

Two circumstances operated at the very outset

to the disadvantage of the Jacobites. The ground occupied by them was somewhat lower than that on which the enemy had formed, and a heavy fall of rain and snow was driven by a strong north-west wind right into the faces of the Highlanders. Nevertheless, the Prince opened a cannonade, which was immediately answered by the Duke's artillery, but with a much more deadly effect, opening wide gaps in the ranks of Charles's army. After this had lasted for nearly an hour, Lord George Murray sent to request the Prince to order a general advance to close quarters; but before an answer could be received, the Mac Intoshes, at a signal from Lady Mac Intosh, rushed upon the English centre, and were followed by the whole right wing of the Highland army. Through smoke, snow, and rain, the assailants pressed forward, sword in hand, with their accustomed impetuosity, and, though received with a warm fire of musketry and artillery, they broke through the regiments of Monro and Burrell, and took two pieces of artillery. But the second line of the English army remained unshaken, and received the Highlanders with firmness. The Duke of Cumberland, anticipating

the attack, had carefully strengthened his second line, which was drawn up three deep. As the Highlanders advanced, the front rank of Sempill's regiment knelt down, presenting a complete palisade of bayonets, while the second rank bent forward, and the third stood upright. These reserved their fire till the Highlanders were close upon them, and then poured in a murderous volley, which threw the assailants into complete disorder. A few of the latter broke into the English ranks, where they were overwhelmed by numbers, but the greater part were driven back in confusion. The chief of Mac Lauchlan was killed; the brave Lochiel was wounded, but carried from the field by his two henchmen. The call of the other chiefs remained unheeded, and the whole right and centre of the Jacobite army, irretrievably routed, were pursued by superior numbers, and drooping from the exhaustion caused by previous fatigue, which, in the ardour of battle, had for a moment been forgotten. "Yet let it not be deemed," exclaims Lord Mahon, "that even thus their courage failed. Not by their forefathers at Bannockburn, not by themselves at Preston or at Falkirk, not in after years

when discipline had raised and refined their valour, not on the shores of the Nile,—not in those hours of triumph and of glory, was displayed a more firm and resolute bravery than now in the defeat at Culloden. The right and centre had done all that human strength or human spirit could do; they had yielded only to necessity and numbers, and, like the captive monarch at Pavia, might boast, that everything was lost but their honour."

Very different was the conduct of the left wing. There the Macdonalds stood moody, motionless, and irresolute, brooding over the disgrace to which they imagined themselves to have been subjected, and in which they persisted in beholding an omen of evil augury to the whole army. The Duke of Perth in vain summoned them to the attack with the accustomed call of "Claymore:" the well-known battle-cry was incapable of rousing them. He called on them to remember that, by displaying their hereditary bravery, they might soon convert the left into a right wing, and vowed, if they would follow him, he would himself, in future, take the name of Macdonald. He was answered only by murmurs of dissatisfaction. In vain Keppoch,

followed by a few of his kinsmen, rushed forward; the clan, with a pertinacity almost unprecedented in Highland warfare, would not follow. He was brought to the ground by several shots from the enemy, still the clan stirred not, but calmly heard the dying reproach of their chief: "My God! have the children of my tribe forsaken me!" They remained motionless spectators of the repulse of the centre and right wing, and then fell back in good order upon the second line. Meanwhile, a body of English horse and Argyleshire Highlanders had broken gaps through the walls that had covered the right of the insurgents, and, forming again upon the open moor beyond, would, if reinforced in time, have cut off the retreat of the whole Jacobite army.

Charles gazed on the scene with wonder, nay, almost with incredulity. Tears of anguish started into his eyes, as he beheld the fruitless bravery of the centre and the right, the unexampled conduct of the Macdonalds, and the imminent dissolution of his whole army. The second line, meanwhile, though threatened in front and on its flanks, was still unbroken, and many of the soldiers who composed it had not yet fired a shot. The idea

naturally suggested itself, that the attempt in which the first line had failed might yet be successfully undertaken by the second; and Charles must have been altogether a different being from what we have hitherto beheld him, had he not immediately conceived a desire to retrieve the fortunes of the day by a second attack. A moment's reflection, however, was sufficient to show the hopelessness of such a design. It was scarcely possible that one half of an army which, even when complete, was nearly doubled by the enemy, should be able to retrieve the battle against an army flushed with victory, and so superior in number, particularly when the exhausted condition of the Highlanders was taken into account. An unsuccessful attack might lead, moreover, to the annihilation of what still remained of the Jacobite army, and thus destroy every hope of again making head against their enemies. The officers who were about the Prince felt that to continue the battle, without a prospect of gaining it, could only serve to increase the slaughter, and diminish the chance of collecting the survivors.

The Duke of Cumberland, meanwhile, was

filling the gaps in his front by draughts from his second line, and was evidently preparing for a general attack. The Campbells threatened the flank of the Jacobites, while the cavalry formed in their rear might, from one moment to another, be reinforced. Under such circumstances, it can scarcely excite wonder if troops, almost surrounded by an enemy superior in number, began to show signs of apprehension and discontent. Many began to depart singly to provide betimes for their own safety. A portion of the second line effected a retreat in perfect order, with colours flying and bagpipes playing, while the French auxiliaries fell back upon Inverness, where they obtained honourable terms of capitulation from the Duke of Cumberland. It can excite no surprise, therefore, that those who were about the person of the Prince, particularly his faithful companion, Sheridan, should urge him to renounce the idea of renewing the battle; and we may easily believe the testimony of a cornet, who was close by his side, and who, when at the point of death, left an attestation, that Charles was eager to place himself at the head of the remaining Highlanders, and charge the victorious enemy, but that Sheridan and O'Sullivan

seized his horse by the bridle, and forced him from the fatal field.*

The remnant of the army, pressed by the victorious enemy, broke into two portions. One,

* The accounts which have come down to us of Charles's conduct during these closing scenes of the tragedy of Culloden, vary considerably. Walter Scott, (*Quarterly Review*, No. LXXI.) relates, on the authority of the manuscript memoirs of Lord Elcho, that the latter, when the second line was still entire, rode up to the Prince, and implored him to head a general and desperate charge in person; that, on the Prince's returning a negative, or at least an ambiguous reply, Elcho called him an Italian coward, and a scoundrel, and vowed he would never look upon his face again; an oath, Scott adds, which he religiously kept when in exile, always leaving Paris whenever the Chevalier entered it, and carefully avoiding every place where it was at all likely they might meet. In the official account, however, of Charles's public audience at the French court, after his return to France, Lord Elcho is particularly mentioned as one of the Prince's suite (see *Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 567); so that the latter portion of Scott's account is evidently inaccurate. The remainder of Lord Elcho's accusation is at variance not only with the testimony of eye-witnesses, still living at the commencement of the present century (Home, p. 240), but with the whole conduct and character of Charles throughout the course of those memorable campaigns; and, in addition to these reasons for discrediting the testimony of Lord Elcho, we have the personal character of the man. He was violent of temper, and of no very constant fidelity. Within two months after the battle of Culloden, he made overtures for pardon to the British court, "but," says Horace Walpole, "as he has distinguished himself beyond all the Jacobite commanders by brutality, and insults, and cruelty to our prisoners, I think he is likely to remain where he is;" and so he did. The account given by such a man, after he had quarrelled with Charles, must be received with extreme caution.

as it has just been stated, fell back on Inverness, while the other, preserving some degree of order, but thinned continually by the departure of men hastening singly to their homes, retreated to Ruthven in Badenoch. About one fifth of the Highland army had perished in the battle or during the pursuit, whereas the victors reckoned their loss at only 310 men. Quarter was given to few of the fugitives, and the few prisoners who were spared were, for the most part, only reserved for public execution. The trophies of the Duke of Cumberland's victory were fourteen standards, 2300 muskets, and the whole of the artillery and baggage of the Highland army.

The Prince, on leaving the field of battle, was accompanied by two troops of cavalry, with which he crossed the river Nairn and rode to Fort Felie, about three miles from Culloden. He halted on the southern side of the river, where he dismissed his escort, directing them, in the first instance, to repair to Ruthven. Then, accompanied by Sheridan, O'Sullivan, O'Neill, Hay, and a few others, he repaired to Gortuleg, where Lord Lovat was staying, and whom he now saw for the first and the last time.

The old man, throughout the war, had remained faithful to his double-faced policy, with a view to secure his own advantage whatever might be the issue of the struggle. He had, therefore, kept aloof from the Jacobite camp, but had sent the Frasers, under his son's command, to fight for the Stuart cause, and they had not been absent from the sanguinary field of Culloden. He was anxiously awaiting tidings of the issue of the battle, and when these arrived, it became evident to the hoary intriguer that he was caught in his own cunning web, and that his ruin was unavoidable. He received the Prince with the utmost respect, kneeling to him and kissing his hand, and procuring for him the assistance of a surgeon to examine the wound in his thigh, which was carefully dressed, after it had been ascertained that the hurt was in no way dangerous; but, when Charles hoped, in his present reverse, to derive consolation from the converse of an experienced politician, to whom all the relations of Scotland were so intimately known, nothing was to be obtained from him but moanings and lamentations, not for the loss of the battle, not for the failure of the cause for which Charles and his Highlanders had so long

and so bravely fought, but for the danger with which the octogenarian Lord Lovat was threatened.

Disgusted by this display of selfishness, the Prince accepted Lady Gortuleg's invitation to take some refreshment, and then lay down to enjoy an hour's repose. On rising, he changed his garments, which were covered with dust and blood, and found Lord Lovat in the same state of mind as at first, trembling at the prospect of a traitor's death, and irresolute whether he should seek safety in flight, or surrender himself to the mercy of the Duke of Cumberland.

Charles consulted with the companions of his flight as to the course which they ought to pursue. It was agreed that there could be no security for him in a place so near his enemies as Gortuleg; and it was, therefore, resolved immediately to set off towards the western coast. At ten o'clock the same evening, the little party mounted their horses again, and at two o'clock in the morning of the 28th of April they passed Fort Augustus, and arrived before day-break at Glengarry's castle of Invergarry on Loch Garry, where the Prince was not recognised by the solitary Highlander who had been left in care of the house. Two salmon,

caught in a neighbouring brook, constituted the only food that the exhausted fugitives could obtain, and their only beverage to this frugal meal was derived from the same stream. Towards nine in the evening, Charles arrived with his companions at the house of a Cameron, but in such a state of exhaustion that he fell asleep in a chair while his servant Burke was unbuttoning his gaiters. On the following morning, they were forced to resume their flight, on hearing that a party of the Campbells were on their way to the house. The fugitives, accompanied by their host, retired to the village of Mewbill, where they remained twenty-four hours in expectation of receiving intelligence from their friends. They then departed in the direction of Oban. Beyond that place no beaten track was to be looked for, and their way led them over mountain streams and amid rocky steeps. The ground was no longer practicable for horses, and these were accordingly left behind,—a small hut on the edge of a wood becoming the only place of concealment for Charles and his little party. Accompanied by only three of his adherents, Charles arrived, on the 1st of May, at the little village of Glenboisdale, in the same district of Moidart, where, ten months

previously, he had landed rich in hopes, which deceitful Fortune had for a while seemed willing to fulfil, but which had all been blasted in a single hour.

The idea of rallying the scattered army at Ruthven had not been at first abandoned. Lord George Murray even succeeded in collecting a force of about twelve hundred men, and the Highland chiefs adopted a series of Resolutions, by which they pledged themselves "forthwith to raise in arms, for the interest of his Royal Highness Charles Prince of Wales, all the able-bodied men they could collect within their respective interests or properties;"* but the enemy's force was too overwhelming, the terror caused by the battle of Culloden too great, and the destitution of the gallant remnant of his army too complete, to allow Charles to indulge the hope of retrieving his recent losses. Lord George Murray indeed sent a messenger to urge Charles not to leave Scotland yet; but the Prince returned for answer that he was determined to embark for France, whence he hoped soon to return with fresh suc-

* The Resolutions, and the names of the chiefs by whom they were adopted, are given in the Appendix to Home's History.

cours. By the same messenger he addressed his thanks to his adherents for the zeal and fidelity which they had displayed in his cause; advising them, however, for the present, to think only of providing for their own security. In obedience to this message, the little army of Jacobites broke up and dispersed; the struggle was over and the war at an end.

CHAPTER XXII.

ADVENTURES OF THE PRINCE IN THE HEBRIDES.

THE war was at an end, without having conducted Charles Stuart either into the grave or to the British throne, although, ever since the commencement of the struggle, he had repeatedly declared, both in writing and by word of mouth, that he would either conquer or perish in the conflict upon which he had entered. This declaration has been made the theme of much censure against its author. When he first landed on the coast of Scotland with seven companions, and, unsupported by an army, was preparing to undertake the conquest of Great Britain, the world called him a madman; after he had conquered Scotland, and had penetrated deep into the heart of England, the world was forced to admit that this madman might have effected a triumphal

entry into London, and might have re-established the throne of the Stuarts; but then it was added, he would not have been able to maintain himself there.* Others have accused the Prince of having

* Baron von Spittler (Sämtliche Werke, dritter Band, S. 319) says: "Fortunately for the country, he (Charles) did not know how to turn his advantage to account." Whether or not it wa fortunate for the country, that many important advantages gained by Charles were only partially turned to account, is a question that shall be more closely examined in the last section of this work. K. F. Becker (Weltgeschichte, zehnter Theil, S. 59) after mentioning the Prince's entrance into Derby, says: "But injudicious measures gave an adverse turn to his fortunes. He showed the English people, that he brought with him all the old principles and opinions of his family." If, under the description of "injudicious measures," it is intended to include the retreat from Derby, Becker is not perhaps far wrong, but the blame of that retreat rests not on the Prince. With respect to the assertion that Charles entertained the same principles which had led to the expulsion of his grandfather from the throne, we are at a loss to guess by what act or word he can be said to have justified such an accusation. The principles and opinions alluded to will be vainly sought in the language put forth in his proclamations and manifestoes, and all the acts of his life breathe a contrary spirit to that imputed to him by the author just quoted. On this subject also we shall have a word or two to say towards the close. Opinions equally unfavourable had, it is true, been expressed by former writers. Thus Lord Lyttelton, in his *History of England*, speaks of "the young adventurer Charles Edward" as of a man reared at a luxurious court without having been infected by its effeminacy; as of one ambitious and enterprising, but, owing either to want of experience or natural inability, unequal to so great an undertaking. By such a description one is naturally led to suspect that Lord Lyttelton believed Charles to have been educated at the court of France; for even supposing, with his lordship's

caused the unfortunate issue of the enterprise by his own want of capacity, and have added that he

principles, that he would consent to recognise the court of James at Rome as "*a* court," it is hardly to be supposed that any one would think of describing it as a "luxurious" court. To have obtained for it such a character, James must have been more amply provided with pecuniary means, or less disposed to parsimony. As to Charles's want of experience, if a want of military experience is meant, it cannot be denied that the campaign of 1745 was the first in which he held a command of any importance, but in the course of that campaign he can hardly be said to have shown himself in an unfavourable light; on the contrary, the campaign has justly been called a brilliant one, and several modern writers, among others Sir W. Scott and Lord Mahon, have not hesitated to acknowledge that Charles displayed considerable military ability in the course of the war. That he did not show himself unequal to his great undertaking, but that, on the contrary, he proved himself singularly qualified for it, has been sufficiently shown in the preceding part of this narrative. Lord Lyttelton says also, that if "the Pretender" had turned to account the general consternation which prevailed after the battle of Preston, and had marched immediately into England, the consequences might have been dangerous to the security of the State, but that he wasted his time in Edinburgh, seemed to take a delight in the vain pomp of royalty, and was delighted to find himself at length treated as a king. We have already seen, however, what it was that really detained Charles at Edinburgh, and have had abundant opportunities of satisfying ourselves that, in the pageantry of Holyrood, he did not forget, that he was never for a moment unmindful of, the great task which he proposed to himself, and that this very pageantry, properly understood, was requisite to his success. J. M. Schroeck (*Allgemeine Weltgeschichte*, Bd. XIII. Abthlng. 2, S. 862) says: "Charles Edward had been educated in a school in which principles were impressed upon him the very reverse of those which then prevailed in England. He had been taught that, even though he brought civil war and all its attendant

was wholly unequal to so arduous an undertaking as that upon which he had entered. Others again have maintained, that after his repeated pledges he ought not to have survived his defeat at Culloden, but to have sought an honourable death by rushing into the midst of the hostile ranks.* It ought not, however, to be forgotten, that, by rushing into the ranks of the Duke of

horrors into the country, the assertion of his claim was an imperative duty, and an eventual change in the constitution, perhaps also in the religion of the State, would be a meritorious object to aim at." These reproaches shall be more closely examined when we come to treat of the question, whether the house of Stuart would have been able permanently to maintain itself on the throne, in case a second restoration had been effected.

* In the preceding part of the present narrative, it will have been seen that Charles repeatedly declared, at the outset, that he would not survive the failure of his enterprise. In his Instructions to Hickson he expressly says, "Now or never is the word: I am resolved to conquer or perish;" and in his letter to his father, dated the 12th of June, 1745 (see vol. i. p. 168), he says, "Let what will happen, the stroke is struck, and I have taken a firm resolution to conquer or to die." To those who take advantage of these expressions to reproach Charles for not having kept his word, it may suffice to observe, that not only at Culloden, but for some days afterwards, hopes were entertained of being able to bring a fresh army into the field, and to renew the war. Napoleon, not only verbally and in private letters, but even in his order of the day before the battle of Waterloo, said, "Pour tout Français qui a du cœur, le moment est arrivé de vaincre ou de périr!" yet Napoleon did not conquer at Waterloo, and did not think it incumbent upon him to perish there.

Cumberland's army, Charles might have rushed, not upon death, but into captivity: an issue than which none could have been more fatal to himself or his family, even supposing that considerations of humanity or state policy might have induced the government of the day to refrain from offering to the world another spectacle of a royal execution.* Taking it for granted, however, that Charles might have relied on finding an honourable death in the ranks of the enemy, it should be borne in mind, as it has already been stated, that neither Charles nor his adherents considered the struggle over till some days after the battle of Culloden. It was only on the 1st of May, when the Prince, from his temporary refuge at Glenboisdale, authorised the remnant of his army to disperse and provide as best they could, each man for his own safety, that the conflict with the

* According to Johnstone, the Prince, if taken prisoner, ran little risk of being dragged to London, or of being paraded upon a scaffold, for the Duke of Cumberland expressly said to the officers of the several detachments sent out in pursuit of Charles, "Make no prisoners; you understand me!" and even ordered them, in plainer words, "to stab the Prince if he fell into their hands." Such instructions were perfectly consistent with all the rest of the Duke's conduct in Scotland; otherwise, it would scarcely be fair to receive the charge on so questionable an authority as that of the Chevalier Johnstone.

English government could fairly be said to have been renounced. On that day, therefore, had he been tempted to ape the conduct of some of the heroes of antiquity, Charles might have turned his sword against his own breast, but it may well be questioned whether by such an act he would have strengthened his claim to the esteem or respect of posterity. "Ancient heroes," says the author of Anastasius, "have been praised for dying without the least necessity, and modern worthies for living without the smallest hopes." Napoleon, enduring life at Longwood, presents a nobler picture to history, than either Themistocles, Hannibal, or Cato, in the manner of his death.

Whether Charles was equal to the mighty undertaking upon which he entered, and whether its failure is to be attributed to his own misconduct, are questions very different from that which we have just been discussing. In entering upon this inquiry, however, we must bear in mind that the two questions are entirely distinct. Charles may have been fully equal to the enterprise, and yet in its execution may not have avoided serious errors. What were the qualities required in one who undertook so great a task? Surely courage,

bordering on temerity, robust health, some knowledge of military affairs, a natural talent for command, an acquaintance with the domestic relations of England, and with the state of society in Scotland, the gift of inspiring his followers with devotion to his person and cause,—surely these must be among the first requisites to be looked for in the author of so perilous and chivalrous an enterprise? and it would be difficult to mention any desirable qualification not included in those that have just been enumerated, and all of which Charles Stuart possessed in an eminent degree. So far, therefore, from admitting that Charles was not qualified for the due performance of his task, we should be disposed to maintain that centuries may pass away without presenting us with an individual of royal birth equally fitted to recover a crown lost by the faults of others; and to do so by the aid of an army to be formed in an enemy's land, under all the impending terrors of the scaffold.

The second question also may give rise to more considerations than one. Charles may have committed errors in the course of the campaign, and yet not have incurred the chief blame of its failure.

The fruitless loss of time in the siege of Stirling Castle, and his refusal to retreat over the river Nairn instead of fighting Cumberland on Culloden Moor, were not only great faults, but the latter, it may even be contended, was followed not only by the loss of the battle, but by the almost immediate ruin of the cause. Another fault was committed when the blockade of Edinburgh Castle was raised, lest the commandant should carry into effect his menace to destroy the town; and his refusal to retaliate upon his own prisoners the treatment experienced by those of his adherents who fell into the hands of the English government, might on prudential grounds be censured, could we withhold our commendation from the motives that dictated the refusal. These, however, and similar errors, arose from those very qualities which so eminently fitted the prince for his undertaking—namely, humanity and a firmness of purpose; but which, it must be admitted, were in some instances carried beyond the just line. Nor were these the errors to which the failure of the undertaking ought really to be ascribed. The great mistake was the retreat from Derby, for which, we have already seen, Charles was in no way responsible. Had he

obtained the most signal victory at Culloden, his chance of ever entering London, as Prince of Wales, would still have been infinitely more remote than was his prospect, on the day he entered Derby, of recovering the crown of his ancestors. It is time, however, that we should resume the narrative of our hero's adventures.

From Glenboisdale Charles repaired to Borrodale, where Macdonald of Borrodale procured him a boat, in which he embarked on the 7th of May for Long Island, under which name a considerable cluster of the Hebrides are included. The boat was crowded, for, including Charles, Sullivan, O'Neill, and the Prince's faithful servant Burke, it contained ten persons. Soon after their departure the sky became overcast, and a storm, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and rain, arose, so violent that the sailors said they did not remember ever to have experienced its fellow. This lasted the whole night, and the fugitives were driven before the wind more than a hundred miles. They had neither compass nor lantern, and were in momentary dread of seeing their boat swamped.* Towards

* Donald MacLeod, who was one of the party, has left a full account of the horrors of that night. (*Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 382.)

daybreak; however, they observed that the boat had fortunately drifted towards the Long Island, and about seven in the morning they landed, not without much difficulty, at Rossinish, in Benbecula. Here they had to suffer great privations from the want of food, but Charles was not the less glad to be away from the mainland, where he was every moment in danger of being taken. In his present place of refuge he could not, however, hope to remain long in security. That, on the destruction of his army, he should proceed to the Hebrides, in the hope of getting on board of some French vessel, was so extremely probable, that the English

He had foreseen the storm, and had warned the Prince of the danger to which he exposed himself, but Charles was impatient to leave the mainland, where emissaries were out in every direction in search of him. Donald's anticipations, however, were justified by the result, for the tempest became so violent, that Charles himself said in the course of it, "I had far rather face cannons and muskets than be in such a storm as this." He was even at one time for returning, but that was impossible, as the wind blew from shore, and in the dark the boat might easily have been dashed against a rock, in which case the whole party must have perished. After this, MacLeod goes on to say, a dead silence prevailed, no one uttering a single word, for every moment it seemed as if the boat must go to pieces or be overwhelmed by the waves. Another danger to which they were exposed was, that the boat might be driven to some part of the coast, as, for instance, to the Isle of Skye, where numerous parties of militia were out in quest of fugitive Jacobites.

government could not but immediately have its attention turned to those islands, where it would be extremely difficult for the Prince to remain concealed, if, in addition to the high reward already offered for his head, a diligent search were made for him by a number of military parties. The condition of the Hebrides was then much the same as it is now; and the following picture, recently drawn by a popular writer,* would probably have applied with somewhat more force a hundred years ago:—

"The condition of the people differs much in different islands, but, speaking generally, it is exceedingly depressed. Pennant's account of the inhabitants of Islay, though no longer applicable to them, Islay having been materially improved in the interim, is still strictly so to those of most of the other islands:—'A set of people worn down by poverty, their habitations scenes of misery, made of loose stones, without chimneys, without doors, excepting the faggot opposed to the wind at one or other of the apertures, permitting the smoke to escape through the other, in order to

* See *M'Culloch's Statistical Account of the British Empire*, vol. i. p. 321.

prevent the pains of suffocation. The furniture perfectly corresponds: a pot-hook hangs from the middle of the roof, with a pot pendent over a grateless fire, filled with fare that may rather be called a permission to exist than a support of vigorous life: the inmates, as may be expected, lean, withered, dusky, and smoke-dried.' But even this striking description is, in numerous instances, short of the reality. The huts frequently afford shelter in winter to the cattle of the cottier as well as to his family; and the dung and other filth gathered during the season is allowed to accumulate untouched till May, when it is removed, and when it is not unusual also to unroof the hut. From September to May, the inhabitants live chiefly on the potato, with some coarse oat or barley bread, and occasional but scanty supplies of fish and flesh. In summer, they subsist principally on bread and milk; but in some of the islands it is so deficient, that, at this period, they have, for the most part, a very emaciated appearance, and are obliged to resort to the shores in search of sand-eels and shell-fish." In many of these islands, even at the present day, but few roads exist, and the traveller can seldom

reach his place of destination without the aid of a guide, the way leading along narrow paths, over bogs and rocks, that make it difficult to travel more than a few leagues between sunrise and sunset. In such a country it was that Charles Stuart was to seek concealment from his foes; and those who were to assist in his escape were men who would have thought themselves wealthy, if possessed of the one-hundredth part of the price set upon his head.

On landing at Benbecula, the fugitives found a deserted hut, in which they immediately lighted a fire to dry their drenched garments. An old piece of sailcloth laid on the bare floor became the Prince's couch, but, exhausted by fatigue, he was soon buried in a profound sleep. A cow was caught and killed, and a few pieces of meat were boiled in a pot that Donald had bought, and on these the party subsisted for two days and two nights. Charles hoped to find a French vessel off the island of Lewis, for which place he started again in his boat on the 9th of May, but the fugitives were again overtaken by a gale of wind, which drove them about forty miles to the north of Benbecula; at two o'clock, on the following

morning, however, they landed in safety on the little island of Gless. There Sullivan took the name of Sinclair, and Charles passed for his son, and they gave themselves out for merchants who had been shipwrecked on their passage to the Orkneys. They were hospitably received by a friend of MacLeod's, one Donald Campbell, in whose house the Prince remained four days and nights, and in after-life he frequently made grateful mention of the kindness he had experienced there.

On the morning after his arrival, he sent Donald MacLeod to Stornaway, in a boat belonging to his host, for the purpose of hiring a vessel under some plausible pretext. Charles soon received intelligence that MacLeod had hired a vessel of forty tons, for the use of which he was to pay a hundred pounds ; and, on the 14th of May, the prince departed again, accompanied by O'Sullivan and O'Neill. A contrary wind forced them to land in Loch Seaforth, whence they started on foot in a rainy night, and, having been led eight miles out of their way, in consequence of a mistake of their guide, they reached Stornaway only at eleven o'clock on the following

morning. Charles had sent the guide on before, to apprise MacLeod of their arrival, and to request him to meet them with a bottle of spirits and some bread and cheese, as they were all exhausted from the want of nourishment. Mac Leod started with the required supply, and found the Prince on a bog, wet to the skin, and worn out by the fatigue of his night's march. Mac Leod conducted the tired wayfarers to the house of Mrs. MacKenzie of Killdun, at Ayrnish, and returned to Stornaway, to make the last preparations for their departure. In Stornaway, meanwhile, the aspect of affairs had changed. Mac Leod found several hundred men under arms, not so much with a view to arrest the Prince as to protect themselves; for a rumour had got into circulation, that Charles was coming at the head of fifteen hundred men, to take the town and seize upon some ships.*

* According to some accounts, the circumstance of Charles being in Lewis became accidentally known to some Presbyterian clergymen, and, as these were at all times hostile to his cause, they lost no time in giving the alarm. Other accounts (see Power, p. 219) say that the secret was betrayed by a brother of MacLeod's, who had been concerned in hiring the vessel. This indiscreet agent threw himself at the Prince's feet, and acknowledged his offence; when MacLeod drew his sword, and, but for the interference of Charles,

MacLeod was forced to confess that the Prince was only a mile off, but described to them at the same time the condition in which he was ; and added, "If Lord Seaforth himself (the owner of the island) were here, he should not lay a hand on him!" MacLeod knew the spirit of the men whom he addressed. As soon as they were relieved from all anxiety for their own security, they declared that they had no wish to harm the Prince, and only wished him to leave the island as soon as possible. That they might not in any way connect themselves with his affairs, they refused to furnish a steersman for the boat ; and MacLeod himself said, that if he had offered five hundred pounds he could not have obtained one. The master of the vessel, likewise, who had been hired at Stornaway, refused to receive the party on board, when he learned who were to be his passengers. MacLeod hastened to acquaint Charles of the altered state of affairs, but found him and his companions altogether unable to resume their flight. Their scanty apparel was soaked with

would have sacrificed the tell-tale on the spot. No mention of this anecdote, however, occurs in Home, in Johnstone, or in the *Jacobite Memoirs*.

rain ; and so completely were they jaded by the fatigue of the preceding night, that it was determined to take some repose during the next, let the consequences be what they might. To this course they were, in some measure, constrained by the desertion of two of their boat's crew, who had been frightened by the din of arms among the islanders.

At eight in the morning of the 17th, the Prince, O'Sullivan, O'Neill, and Donald MacLeod, with six rowers, among whom were the faithful Ned Burke and a son of Donald's, put to sea again in Campbell's boat. They were in some danger of being captured by the boat of a sloop of war that lay in a harbour on the coast, but succeeded in effecting their escape, and landed safely on a small uninhabited island, about twelve miles from Stornaway. To this island the people of Lewis occasionally came to dry their fish on the rocks. The Prince and his friends were, fortunately, not unprovided with food. Before setting out he had bought a cow of Mrs. Killdun, and had brought with him a tolerable supply of meat, a quantity of oatmeal, and some brandy and sugar. His kind hostess, who had most unwillingly accepted money

for her cow, had secretly stowed a quantity of bread, butter, and other articles in the boat; and upon the island were found some excellent dried fish, and a stone pitcher, which was unfortunately broken on the following day. In this pitcher was made some warm punch, by the aid of which they managed to put some warmth into their chilled limbs. Burke acted as cook; but his skill, according to MacLeod's testimony, was far surpassed by that of Charles, who, on one occasion, undertook to dress their fish and bake their oatmeal cakes.

Four days and four nights were thus passed in a wretched fishing shed, over which a piece of sail-cloth was stretched, to obtain some shelter from the rain and cold; and at night they lay down on the bare ground without any other covering than the clothes they had on. At the end of the fourth day, the sea appearing to be clear of English vessels, they re-embarked, and coasted for some days along the Long Island, enduring the greatest privations, and frequently in danger of being captured by the British cruisers that were hovering about. Sometimes, when, owing to a calm, they were unable to land, they were even reduced

to the necessity of moistening their parched lips with salt water, mixed with a few drops of brandy.

It was near the end of May that they landed on South Uist, and by that time their condition was such, that it appeared impossible to prolong their lives unless by surrendering themselves to their pursuers. Enduring privations of every kind, fleeing from island to island and from rock to rock, tormented by hunger and thirst, unprotected from the cold, and constantly exposed to every kind of weather, Charles had displayed throughout, not only firmness, but cheerfulness. His companions acknowledge with one voice, that not one of the party displayed more courage amid dangers and sufferings of every kind, or more readiness to snatch at every little incident that might afford a momentary diversion to his drooping crew. Mention has already been made of his skill in dressing fish and baking cakes. When their pipes were all broken, he taught them to supply the loss by means of quills, which he stuck into one another, and thus frequently manufactured for himself a hookah of very respectable length. When the rest of the party were sinking under their sufferings, he frequently succeeded in reviving their courage,

by holding out the hopes of more fortunate times, or by singing to them some of their own inspiring national airs.* With all his efforts, however, to bear up against his sufferings, it became evident to his faithful followers that his health was beginning to give way. He had hitherto escaped his pursuers only by constantly changing his place of refuge, but how was he to continue to do so, if he fell seriously ill?

After the battle of Culloden, as soon as the Duke of Cumberland had satisfied himself that the last remnant of the Jacobite army had broken up and dispersed, he divided his troops into small detachments, that were sent through Scotland in all directions, in search of fugitive Jacobites, and particularly of the "Young Pretender." Several

* See "The Prince's Wanderings and Escape" in the *Jacobite Memoirs*, and the "Account of the Young Pretender's Escape" in the Appendix to the *Lockhart Papers*. A still more glowing account of Charles's conduct is given in a work published under the title of *Ascanius*, from which Pichot appears to have borrowed somewhat incautiously. The Prince is there made to deliver a number of very fine and very long speeches, which are altogether inconsistent with Charles's general character, seeing that he was at all times a man of deeds rather than of words. This alone would be sufficient to inspire doubts of the authority of the work, and these doubts are confirmed by its material variation, in many parts, from the accounts furnished by those who were the Prince's constant companions during those days of peril and suffering.

of these detachments were under the command of General Campbell (afterwards Duke of Argyle) and of his son, Lieutenant Colonel Campbell. General Campbell had likewise some small ships of war placed at his disposal, with the aid of which he searched several of the islands, made a number of prisoners at Barra, and even ransacked the distant islet of St. Kilda, whose inhabitants had scarcely even heard of the war of which Great Britain had, for nearly a year, been the theatre. Going from place to place, General Campbell arrived at South Uist, whither he had reason to believe he had tracked the fugitives, and where he felt confident the objects of his pursuit would not again escape him. Success seemed, indeed, almost certain. South Uist is only twenty miles long, and three or four miles broad; hilly on the eastern, but flat and arable on the western side. Over this narrow space two thousand soldiers now dispersed themselves, in hopes of earning the promised blood-money. The only chance of escape for Charles appeared to be the coast, but that was guarded by ships of war of every size. Every boat was strictly examined, at every ferry there was a guard, and any one leaving the island without a passport was declared guilty of high treason.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHARLES IN CONSTANT DANGER OF BEING TAKEN, MEETS WITH FLORA MACDONALD, WHO ASSISTS IN HIS ESCAPE FROM SOUTH UIST TO SKYE.

On arriving in South Uist, Charles sent his honest attendant Burke to the old Laird of Clanranald, the owner of the greater part of the island, whose son had fought at Culloden. The aged chief fully justified the confidence reposed in him. No sooner had he been informed of the melancholy plight in which the Prince had arrived, than he went in quest of him. Charles, meanwhile, had found refuge in a small hut, the entrance to which was so low that it was necessary to creep in on all fours. In this mean shed he and his companions subsisted sparingly on shell-fish. Clanranald supplied them with better food and with fresh apparel, of which the Prince stood sorely in need; for, after all that he had endured in the course

of the month which had elapsed since the battle of Culloden, it may easily be believed that his garments were reduced to mere tatters. Clanranald did not, however, confine himself to these acts of service. He removed Charles from his wretched abode to a small house at Corodale, in the centre of the island, where he was likely to enjoy greater security. He could there receive early information of any danger which threatened him, and to this end he had appointed a number of the inhabitants to keep a close watch on the movement of the troops, so that Charles might always be apprized in time when it was necessary for him to take to the hills, or to go over to some other point of the island. For this purpose, guides and a boat were always kept in readiness. From South Uist he sent the faithful MacLeod in Campbell's boat to the mainland, to Lochiel and Secretary Murray, partly to obtain information how matters stood, and partly to procure from the latter a fresh supply of money.

At Corodale his health improved, and he was able, occasionally, to amuse himself in fishing and shooting. He was constantly in danger, however, of being taken, had often to change his quarters

more than once during the same night, and was at times close to his pursuers. Mac Leod returned, after an absence of eighteen days. He had seen both Lochiel and Murray, but had obtained neither good tidings from the one nor money from the other.

This painful state of things, it was evident, could not last much longer. It was scarcely possible that the troops should not sooner or later succeed in their search, however great might be the vigilance of the Prince's friends, or his own activity and presence of mind. To make concealment more easy, he dismissed O'Sullivan and MacLeod, the latter of whom was afterwards arrested at Benbecula. O'Neil alone now remained with the Prince. Painful as it was for him at such a time to separate from two such trusty followers, the sacrifice was still insufficient, for the search was now carried on with such diligence that, to escape capture, it was absolutely necessary that means should be found to enable him to leave the island. Yet, surrounded as it was by a fleet of the enemy's ships, the meditated escape seemed hopeless. Nevertheless, the attempt was made, and it succeeded by means that made history, for a while,

assume all the characteristics of romance. The preservation of Charles Stuart was to be the work, not of men, whose devotion to the principles of their fathers and whose personal attachment to their Prince would have led them cheerfully to brave death for his sake, but of a girl, to whose faith, to whose high-minded courage, to whose prudence and presence of mind, it was reserved to accomplish a purpose, which brave men shrunk from undertaking.

Flora Macdonald was the noble-spirited maiden whose name was henceforth to be so honourably associated with that of Charles; whose memory, Dr. Johnson might well say, will not perish as long as history survives. The Scottish ballads of the time speak of her as the *beautiful* Flora, and the *European Magazine* (October, 1785) applies to her the same complimentary epithet; but works of a more earnest character do not even acquaint us with her age, leaving us only to conclude that she must have been a *young* girl, of a slight figure, "of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well bred."* She had lost her father a few years before. Her mother had

* Boswell. *Tour to the Western Isles.*

married again, and Flora's stepfather, Macdonald of Armadale, of the Isle of Skye, happened to be the senior captain of the Highland troops that were daily engaged in tracking the footsteps of the Prince. A kinswoman of the Clanranalds, she frequently crossed over from Skye to South Uist, to visit them, or to see her brother Angus Macdonald of Milton. She happened at this time to be at Clanranald's house, where Colonel O'Neil was speaking of the misery to which so many of the Jacobites had been reduced, and particularly of the hopeless condition of Prince Charles. The colonel did not fail to observe the lively interest with which Miss Macdonald followed his narrative, and rejoiced to hear her declaration that, if she could do anything to relieve the Prince's sufferings, or to rescue him from the fury of his enemies, she would do it with all her heart.

O'Neil immediately replied that it was in her power to render the Prince the most signal service if she could convey him from South Uist to Skye, and proposed that he should accompany her in female attire, as her maid. Flora called the proposal a whimsical one, and declined becoming a party to it; but she could not resist the wish to

see Charles, to whom she was accordingly introduced at her brother's house. The Prince presented himself to her in the form of a sickly emaciated young man, afflicted, at the time, with a severe cutaneous malady, but preserving, amid all his sufferings, a firm and majestic bearing, and even a kind of cheerfulness and gaiety which no one, who had not seen him, would have believed possible. The spectacle was an appeal which Flora was unable to withstand. She immediately declared herself ready to convey the Prince to Skye, in the manner proposed by O'Neil, since no better plan suggested itself to any of the party.

The amiable girl repaired immediately to the house of Clanranald, to prepare everything for her departure, but on her way an accident occurred, which might easily have baffled the whole undertaking. Flora and her servant, Neil MacKechan, were stopped by a party of militia, and, being unprovided with a pass, they were placed under arrest. The soldiers, fortunately, belonged to her stepfather's company, and she desired to be immediately taken before him. This was, of course, complied with, but the most difficult part of her task remained, namely, to obtain from her step-

father a pass for three persons to Skye; for herself, for her servant Neil, and for Betty Burke, an Irish maid, for such, it was intended, should be the travelling disguise of the Prince. By what arguments Flora prevailed upon her stepfather to give the pass has remained matter of doubt. Thus much only is certain, that the pass was given, and that, moreover, Macdonald of Armadale wrote a letter to his wife, in which he particularly recommended Betty Burke to her as an honest girl and a good spinner of flax; but whether Flora ventured to admit him into her confidence, or whether she really succeeded in imposing on him, it is not now possible to determine. Walter Scott speaks of Flora's stepfather as animated by the most hostile sentiments against the Prince, in which case it is scarcely to be supposed that the secret would have been entrusted to him; on the other hand, we are told in the *Jacobite Memoirs* (p. 400), on the authority of two witnesses, Donald and Malcolm,—"They likewise agreed in saying, they had good reason to believe that honest Hugh Macdonald, of Armadale, in Skye, had a meeting with the Prince, at Rushness, in Benbecula, that he got the Prince's pistols in keeping, and that he had

them still in his custody. They added, farther, they were persuaded he would sooner part with his life than with these pistols, unless they were to the proper owner, and that he was the grand contriver in laying and executing the scheme for the Prince's escape in woman's clothes, from the Long Isle to the Isle of Skye."

This testimony would not, indeed, go far to implicate Armadale in the Prince's escape, but certainly the terms of his letter to his wife,* and his subsequent conduct, argue that he was a party to the plan; for, in a later part of the Jacobite Memoirs we are told, "Armadale, immediately upon Miss Macdonald's being made prisoner, began a-skulking, because a report had gone about that he had given a pass to her, though it consisted with his knowledge that the Young Pretender was in company with her in disguise as a woman servant. General Campbell, upon this account, was much in search of honest and brave Armadale, being not a

* The terms of the letter are these: "I have sent your daughter from this country, lest she should be any way frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinster. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till she spins all your lint; or, if you have any wool to spin, you may employ her.—I am, your dutiful husband,

"Hugh Macdonald."

little chagrined that Armadale should have outwitted him."

Furnished with the required pass, Flora's next care was to provide the garments for the Prince's disguise. These she procured through the aid of old Lady Clanranald, and, on the 8th of July, the two ladies, accompanied by O'Neil and Neil MacKechan, repaired to the Prince's hiding place, a small hut situated near the sea-coast. They found Charles cooking his dinner, a sheep's heart, which he was roasting on a wooden spit. The ladies wept at this spectacle of adverse fortune; but the Prince's cheerfulness did not even then desert him. It would, perhaps, be well for all kings, he observed with a smile, if they had to pass through such an ordeal as he was now enduring. He even pressed his friends to partake of his fare, and in a few minutes he succeeded in inspiring the little circle with a share of his own gaiety, by picturing to them the brilliant prospects in which he continued to indulge. O'Neil was the least cheerful of the whole circle. Anxious as he was to remain by the Prince's side, the impossibility of now avoiding a separation was obvious. Flora was aware of the

dangers to which she exposed herself, and could not undertake to do more than she had promised, namely, to convey Charles to Skye. Indeed, on the very same day, she was reminded by a fresh occurrence of the necessity of observing the utmost caution, for messengers arrived to inform Lady Clanranald that General Campbell had returned to the island, and that Captain Ferguson, with a party of soldiers, had taken possession of her house. On receiving this information, she took leave of the Prince, and returned home, where she was subjected to a multitude of questions, which showed but too clearly that her family had become objects of suspicion, and that the slightest imprudence might involve them all in ruin. Lady Clanranald, indeed, had scarcely left the Prince, when four cutters, filled with armed men, were seen sailing along the coast, close by the hut in which he lay concealed. He was, in consequence, obliged to hide himself among the rocks, and to postpone his departure till the following day. At eight in the evening, on the 9th of July, he left the island in an eight-oared boat, which had been provided by Miss Macdonald, who, with Lady Clanranald,

officiated in arraying Charles for the new character which he was about to personate. The dress was such as was usually worn by Irish peasant girls; a printed cotton gown, a white apron, a large coarse cloak, and a linen cap. In this costume he embarked, accompanied by Miss Macdonald and her trusty Highland attendant, Neil MacKechan, at Kilbride, in Troternish.

When they had got about a mile from the shore, the sea became rough, and the wind freshened into a gale; but Charles kept up the spirits of the little party by singing Highland airs, till Flora fell asleep, when he showed the most anxious care lest she should be hurt by the carelessness of the rowers, as she lay in the bottom of the boat. At daybreak, the black mountains of Skye rose in sight; but, on approaching the coast near Weternish, they found the place occupied by three boats full of armed men, by whom they were hailed, and ordered immediately to come on shore. Not obeying the summons, they immediately received a volley of musketry, but, by the exertions of their rowers, they succeeded in escaping this new danger. In a small inlet of the sea, they lay to for a short while, and made

their dinner on such provisions as they had brought with them, after which they continued their course, apprehensive that the armed party by whom they had been so roughly saluted, might have alarmed that part of the island. The water by this time had become smooth again, and they soon afterwards effected their landing about twelve miles farther north.

The royal fugitive was now upon the land of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who had been a waverer at the beginning of the contest, but had become a decided foe to the Stuart cause in proportion as fortune seemed to declare against it, and had even raised his clan in support of the government. He was at this time on the mainland, in attendance on the Duke of Cumberland, but his house at Mouygetstot was occupied by the officers of the militia. The militia had all along been more dangerous to Charles than the regular troops, from their knowing the country, and being better able to judge in what holes and corners the most convenient places of concealment were likely to be found. There were not indeed so many troops in Skye as in South Uist; but among the troops

that were in Skye was a detachment of cavalry; the two principal chiefs, Macdonald and MacLeod, were partizans of the government; and the only friend on the island on whom Charles knew that he could rely, was a young girl, who had no means of assisting him to prosecute his flight, but must seek to obtain those means through the intervention of others. Flora did this; but the measure to which she had recourse was scarcely less perilous than the position from which she sought to extricate the object of her generous solicitude, for whom she applied for succour in the house of his most dangerous enemy.

Lady Margaret Macdonald, the wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald, was a daughter of the Earl of Eglinton, and had been reared by her mother in principles of the most entire devotion to the house of Stuart. This was known to Flora, and upon this knowledge she proceeded, determining to rely upon Lady Margaret for the means of rescuing Charles from his present danger. Leaving Charles and MacKechan at the landing-place, Flora immediately proceeded to Lady Margaret's residence. She had apprized the lady some days before that she meditated

paying her a visit, and now confessed, without reserve, whom she had brought to the island, with a view of claiming the protection of the Countess of Eglinton's daughter. Lady Margaret received the news with pain and surprise,* but did not disappoint the confidence reposed in her generosity. Her house was full of militia officers, and she could not, therefore, with common prudence, have received the Prince within its walls. She sent, however, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, a kinsman of her husband's, to carry the necessary refreshments to Charles, but kept Flora to dine with her. The young lady was subjected to many searching questions by the English officers, but was able to answer them all without exciting suspicion. After dinner Flora set off again with another lady of the name of Macdonald, Neil MacKechan, and two other servants, to whom the Prince was not known. They found him with Kingsburgh, on

* All accounts agree in saying that it was at this interview that Flora first let Lady Margaret into the secret. Sir Alexander Macdonald, in a letter to the Lord President, writes, on the 29th of July, 1746: "Miss Macdonald went and made a visit to Lady Margaret, dined with her, and put her into the utmost distress by telling her of the cargo that she had brought from Uist."—(*Culloden Papers*, p. 291.)

the way to the house of the latter, but Charles had nearly betrayed himself by his awkwardness in female attire. As they went along, they had several streams to wade through, when Charles held up his petticoats so high as to excite the surprise and laughter of some country-people on the road. Being admonished by his friends, he promised to be more careful in future; and, accordingly, in passing the next stream, he allowed his skirts to hang down and float upon the water. "Your enemies," said Kingsburgh, turning to the Prince, "call you a pretender; but if you be, I can tell you, you are the worst of your trade I ever saw." The servants who were not in the secret were particularly struck by the manners and appearance of the supposed Betty Burke; and one of them even declared that she had never seen so impudent a woman as the Irish maid, and at last went so far as to declare that the creature looked just like a man in woman's clothes. These remarks excited Flora's uneasiness, and she prevailed on Mrs. Macdonald, who, like herself, was on horseback, to ride on, leaving Kingsburgh and Charles to bring up the rear, and to find

their way along byroads to the house of the former.*

The ladies arrived at Kingsburgh's house some time before Charles and his guide. The Prince was wet and weary, but a good supper soon put him into spirits again, and made him the life of the little circle of friends. It was long since he had lain in a comfortable bed, and when he got into one it cost some trouble to rouse him from it on the following morning; but it was necessary that he should leave the house as he had entered it, in female attire; and at some distance from Kingsburgh's he was enabled to exchange his inconvenient costume for that of a native of the Hebrides, consisting of a short green coat, short breeches, a wig and a bonnet. Under the conduct of a trusty guide, he arrived

* Sir Alexander Macdonald afterwards wrote an apologetic letter to screen his kinsman of Kingsburgh. "The Pretender," says Sir Alexander, "accosted Kingsburgh with telling him, that his life was now in his hands, which he might dispose of; that he was in the utmost distress, having had no meal or sleep for two days and two nights, sitting upon a rock, beat upon by the rains, and when they ceased, eat up by flies; conjured him to show compassion but for one night, and he should be gone. This moving speech prevailed, and the visible distress, for he was meagre, ill-coloured, and overrun with the scab. So they went to Kingsburgh's house," &c. —*Culloden Papers*, p. 291.

at Portree, fourteen Scottish miles from Monygetstot. Flora Macdonald, Kingsburgh, and MacKechan, had arrived before him, and took an affectionate leave of a revered Prince, who, after what they had ventured for his sake, had grown doubly dear to them. "For all that has happened," said Charles, as he bade adieu to Flora, "I hope, madam, we shall meet at St. James's." It was not his destiny, however, to see any of the party again.

To have remained longer in Skye would have been dangerous for Charles, as a rumour was already in circulation, not only of his escape from Uist, but even of the disguise in which he had got away. On the island of Rasay, however, five or six miles off, there happened at the time to be no troops, and there, it was thought, the Prince might be much more easily concealed. Kingsburgh had, accordingly, sent a messenger to Rasay, to apprise MacLeod, of Rasay, how matters stood. The latter, who had been present at Falkirk and Culloden, was not then at home, but young MacLeod of Rasay, and Malcolm MacLeod, came to conduct the Prince to their island. He remained about two hours at Portree, to take a little refreshment

and dry his clothes, and then, (12th of July) left the island on which two women had been his guardian angels.* That same day he arrived at

* According to Power (p. 231) Charles had only been four days in Lady Margaret's house, when his enemies sent a detachment thither in search of him. Lady Margaret, Flora, and the Prince, were together in a room, the latter not having had time to get out of the way. When the soldiers knocked at the door, Charles, we are told, opened the door, when his delicate features, and the softness of his voice, harmonised so well with his feminine garments, that the soldiers were completely imposed on, and retired in a very ill-humour at having found nothing but three women. Sevelinges has copied this anecdote, and various other inaccuracies, into the *Biographie Universelle.* In none of the authentic Jacobite records is any allusion made to such an occurrence; which is the less entitled to belief, as it happens that Charles never set foot in Lady Margaret's house. Many other anecdotes respecting this period of Charles's life, have obtained currency, without resting upon much better authority. In the *European Magazine* (October, 1785), we are told that, when Charles was changing his clothes, his worn-out shoes were taken possession of by Kingsburgh, who said they should serve him one day to obtain an audience at St. James's; whereupon Charles smiled, and bade Kingsburgh not forget to keep his word. Kingsburgh, it is added, kept these shoes most carefully, and after his death they were bought by a zealous Jacobite for twenty guineas. The *European Magazine* goes on to say, that Mrs. Macdonald of Kingsburgh kept the sheets in which the Prince had slept, ordered that they might never again be washed, but that when dead she might be buried in them: an injunction which, eventually, was strictly fulfilled. Pichot repeats these anecdotes, with a few embellishments. According to his version, the shoes were cut up and the fragments distributed among a number of Jacobite ladies, and the sheets equally divided between Mrs. Macdonald and Flora. Pichot also relates, that while these two ladies were busy adjusting the Prince's cap, they expressed a wish to have a lock of his hair;

Rasay, in company with his new friends, whose respect was quickly changed into the most devoted

whereupon Charles made Flora sit down, brought her a pair of scissors, and laid his head in her lap while she cut off a lock, which she divided with her friend. Pichot tells us, moreover, that, when Charles took leave of Flora, she bestowed a sisterly kiss upon him, and that he gave her his picture, bidding her keep it for his sake. No trace of any of these anecdotes is to be found, either in the *Jacobite Memoirs* or in Flora Macdonald's own brief narrative, which is given in the Appendix to Home, and it is difficult to believe, after what Charles had gone through, that he should have kept his own picture about him. Pichot copies from the *European Magazine* two other anecdotes, in which there is nothing improbable, but which rest on no better authority than the preceding. When preparations were making for Charles's passage to Rasay, great difficulty, we are told, was experienced in finding a suitable boat. It was not thought prudent to trust the boatmen of Portree, and at Rasay most of the boats had been destroyed or carried away by the English soldiers. At last a small boat was found at Rasay, so small as to be scarcely fitted for the voyage. This boat, however, was on a lake, and to launch it on the sea it required to be carried a good Scottish mile over bog and mountain. The faithful Jacobites undertook and performed the laborious office, but, in the mean time, Malcolm MacLeod had found a boat much better suited for their purpose. Malcolm then sought to persuade young MacLeod of Rasay to remain at home, since, as he had taken no active part in the struggle so far, it would be better not to entangle himself in any unnecessary responsibility. The young man, however, spurned all such considerations, declaring himself perfectly ready to sacrifice life and fortune in the Prince's service. When they were about to start for Portree to fetch the Prince, it became necessary to let the boatmen into their confidence, but the honest fellows kept the secret faithfully. When the Prince was about to leave the inn at Portree, to embark for Rasay, we are farther told, the landlord was unable to give change for a guinea which Charles tendered in pay-

attachment. He was to pass for their servant, under the name of Lewis Caw, the name of a young surgeon who had lately been attached to his service. Many of the preservers of Charles were afterwards exposed to persecution in consequence of their participation in his escape. Both Kingsburgh and Flora Macdonald were arrested, and conveyed, the former to Edinburgh, the latter to London. The conduct of Lady Margaret also was censured at court: but once, when the Princess of Wales had been speaking with some harshness on the subject to her husband, Frederick asked, "And would not you, madam, in like circumstances have done the same? I hope, I am sure, you would." It is said to have been at the intercession of Frederick that Flora was released from prison, after a confinement of twelve months. A collection was made for her among the Jacobite ladies in London,

ment for his entertainment. Charles would have let the man keep the difference, but Kingsburgh prevented so imprudent a display of liberality, which was calculated to excite suspicions, and found another way of satisfying his host. This last anecdote has found a place likewise in the *Jacobite Memoirs*, from which it appears that, notwithstanding Kingsburgh's caution, the landlord had a shrewd suspicion of the rank of his guest. "The landlord said he had entertained a strong notion that the gentleman might happen to be the Prince in disguise, for that he had something about him that looked very noble."

to the amount of nearly 1500*l.* She then married Kingsburgh's son, with whom she afterwards went to America; but both returned during the civil war, and died in their native Isle of Skye.*

* Tales of a Grandfather. Chambers' History.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHARLES IN RASAY — RETURNS TO SKYE — WRETCHED STATE TO WHICH HE IS REDUCED—ESCAPES TO THE MAIN LAND.

CHARLES enjoyed greater security in Rasay than he could have hoped for in Skye, but his new abode was calculated to awaken the most painful sentiments. The Laird of MacKinnon had taken an active part in the insurrection, and, when the war was over, a party of soldiers had been sent to Rasay, with orders to lay the island waste, to burn the houses, and to carry away the cattle. These orders had been but too well executed, and when Charles arrived on the island, he found it plunged in the deepest misery. The personal privations which he had, in consequence, to endure, were cheerfully borne, but the wretchedness to which he saw so many of his faithful adherents reduced

for his sake preyed upon his mind, and in his sleep he was more than once heard to exclaim: "Oh God! Poor Scotland! Poor England!"

His only shelter in Rasay was a cow-house, where his guides supplied him with food. There was a stranger on the island who was looked upon by the inhabitants as a spy, for he had come thither under the pretext of selling tobacco; and when he had disposed of his merchandise he did not leave the place, but amused himself by very leisurely exploring the island from one end to the other. While Charles lay concealed in his cow-house, this man came close up to the place; whereupon one of the Prince's companions recommended that the stranger should be immediately shot, and volunteered his own services for the occasion. Charles refused his consent to such an act of violence, and was rewarded for his humanity by seeing the man pass unsuspectingly along, without even looking into the shed. The limits of Rasay were, however so confined, the distress so great, and the necessity of a frequent change of place appeared to Charles so urgent, that he had been there only one day when he resolved on returning to Skye, whither, accordingly, his two former companions conveyed

him in their boat on the 13th of July.* The weather was again stormy, and the passage so dangerous, that his two friends at first advised him to postpone his design. Throughout his whole life, indeed, the verses of Claudian (De Cons. Hon. 98)

> " O nimium dilecte Deo, cui militat aether,
> Et conjurati veniunt ad classica nimbi ! "

could never be addressed to Charles; and on this day, likewise, he was for two hours in momentary danger of being swallowed up by the waves. At nine in the evening, however, he landed in Skye

* According to the *European Magazine*, Charles was induced to leave Rasay by an occurrence which Sevelinges, in the *Biographie Universelle*, relates in the following words : " Après avoir marché long-temps, épuisé par la faim et la fatigue, il se résout à frapper à la porte d'une maison. Au nom que prononcent les domestiques, il voit qu'il est tombé dans des mains ennemies. Il se présente néanmoins devant le maître de la maison. ' Le fils de votre roi,' lui dit-il, ' vient vous demander du pain et un habit ; prenez les misérables vêtements qui me couvrent, vous pourrez me les rapporter un jour dans le palais des rois de la Grande-Bretagne ! ' Ces nobles et touchantes paroles désarment l'ennemi des Stuarts. Il aide le prince à repasser en Ecosse." The version in the *European Magazine* varies slightly from the foregoing, but the more authentic Jacobite records make no allusion to any occurrence of the kind, and Malcolm MacLeod's own account is : " The Prince began to be anxious to be out of Rasay, alleging the island to be too narrow and confined in its bounds for the purpose, and proposed setting out for Troternish in Skye."—*Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 470.

in safety, though thoroughly drenched with sea-water. He kept MacLeod as a guide, and requested to be conducted to the territory of old MacKinnon, whose people had fought in the Highland army.

The old laird's house was from twenty-four to thirty miles distant from the spot where they landed, and the greater part of the way Charles and MacLeod walked during the night, the latter walking on before, the Prince, with a bundle on his shoulders, following as a servant. At this period of his wanderings, Charles appeared to his guide to have reached the last stage of misery, for, owing to the filthy holes in which, during the last two months, he had often been obliged to take shelter, he was now covered with vermin. His firmness and cheerfulness, however, continued unshaken. MacLeod related a number of the atrocities committed after the battle of Culloden, but Charles refused to believe that the Duke of Cumberland had been a party to such barbarity. MacLeod then turned the conversation to Charles's own sufferings, but the generous young man immediately replied, "that the fatigues and distresses he underwent signified nothing at all, because he was only a single person; but when he

reflected upon the many brave fellows who suffered in his cause, that, he behoved to own, did strike him to the heart, and did sink very deep within him."* When his fortunes were at the lowest ebb, he still derived consolation from the hope of ultimate success in his great design. This is evident from a number of chance remarks that escaped him ; some of which, made during this fatiguing night march, have been carefully recorded by his companion. "Do you not think, MacLeod," he said at one time, "that the Almighty must have preserved me thus far for some especial purpose?" And at another time, when his costume was the subject of discourse, he said, "I hope to God I may one day walk through the streets of London in the philabeg that I am now wearing!"

As they were then in a part of the country where the Prince's person must necessarily be known to many, he made his appearance as wretched as he could. He tied a dirty white handkerchief round his head, as low over his brow as possible, and over this he drew his Highland bonnet; still, MacLeod assures us, the native dignity of Charles's bearing could not

* Jacobite Memoirs, p. 476.

be wholly disguised. Thus apparelled they arrived at the house of John Mac Kinnon, who had served under the laird of Mac Kinnon, and had married a sister of Mac Leod's, who happened to be alone in the house when her brother arrived. Without at once letting her into his secret, Mac Leod only expressed a wish to repose himself with his servant for a short while; and, till the return of Mac Kinnon, Charles continued to support the humble character assigned to him, though tempted more than once to throw off his incognito. His appearance at this time must certainly have been calculated to disguise him even from the most curious glance, for during the night he had sunk into a bog, from which he had been extricated with some difficulty by his guide, but not without bringing away with him abundant marks of the accident. To remove the traces of the night's disaster from his person, Mac Leod applied to the servant girl to wash his feet for him, and then requested her to perform the same kind office to his poor sick follower, Lewis Caw. This the indignant damsel at first refused to do; and when, at last, she was prevailed on to comply, she set about her task in so rough a fashion, that

MacLeod fully expected the Prince would betray himself.

That night Charles and Mac Leod slept in Mac Kinnon's house, the wife of the latter watching to prevent a surprise. On the following morning, John Mac Kinnon returned, and Mac Leod told him, after a brief preface, who the guest was that had taken shelter under his roof. Mac Kinnon was agreeably surprised by the intelligence, but could not refrain from tears, a few moments afterwards, when he saw the fugitive Prince singing to one of the children whom he was carrying about in his arms, telling the boy he hoped to see him one day a brave officer in Prince Charles's army.

After a short consultation, it was agreed that the most prudent course for the Prince would be to return to the mainland, for which purpose Mac Kinnon should furnish a boat, but that the whole matter should be kept a secret from the old laird of Mac Kinnon, whom they were desirous of sparing, on account of his age and of the excitement which the knowledge might cause him, though they entertained not the slightest doubt of his fidelity and friendly disposition. John Mac

Kinnon could not, however, keep the secret from the laird, but though the Prince at this period of his life scarcely passed a day in which he was not subjected to the severest fatigues and privations, and in which he was not hourly in danger of falling into the hands of his pursuers, yet, from young and old, from men and women, from rich and poor, from gentle and simple, he received constant marks of disinterested kindness and devoted affection, for which we may vainly look in history for a parallel. In the course of the five months that he was hunted from place to place by his enemies, the secret of his concealment became known to hundreds, most of them poor, and some of them even of very questionable integrity in their general dealings; but not in a single instance does it appear that any of those in whom confidence was placed, was tempted, even for a moment, to betray the trust, by the tempting bait of the promised government reward of 30,000*l.* The aged laird of Mac Kinnon was animated by the spirit of his nation. Regardless of the responsibility which he incurred, as a lord of the soil, by merely concealing the fugitive, the old man not merely undertook to provide a suitable boat with

a proper crew, but even declared his readiness to accompany his guest in person.

During the few days of misery that Charles and Mac Leod had spent together, a mutual feeling of friendship had grown up between them, such as under ordinary circumstances would have required the ripening influence of years. Their parting was a painful one to both. The Prince with some difficulty forced a present of ten guineas upon his late guide, who resisted as long as he could without giving offence; and who perhaps received with much more pleasure a common pipe from which the Prince had smoked during his flight, and which Mac Leod ever afterwards preserved as a sacred relic.

Charles embarked at Ellegol. The weather was again stormy, and two English ships of war were in sight. The wind, however, soon afterwards fell, and the English vessels sailed away without taking any notice of the boat.

It is impossible, at this distance of time, to say what motive it was that induced Charles to return to the mainland of Scotland, which he had so carefully avoided since the battle of Culloden. Perhaps it was found impossible to conceal him

on Skye; perhaps he thought it might be less difficult, on the coast of Scotland, to obtain early intelligence of any French vessel sent to his assistance. At all events, his position was rendered worse by this step than it had ever been before, the perils by which he was surrounded more imminent, the chance of escape more remote.

He arrived at Loch Nevis on the 16th of July, the passage from Ellegol having been made during the night. Immediately after landing, he ascended the nearest hill, where he lay down for a few hours to sleep. He was in the costume of a Highland boatman, and was still accompanied by the Mac Kinnons, who would not leave him till they had entrusted him to safe hands. He first repaired to Macdonald of Moror, who lived seven or eight miles from the landing-place, but without finding the refuge he had looked for. During the night between the 25th and the 26th of July, Charles went four miles farther, to the honest old Æneas Macdonald at Borodale. The Prince had spent three nights in the open air; the fourth he passed in one of those wretched huts in which the Jacobite lairds had been reduced to live, in consequence of the

destruction of their houses by the soldiery. Such too had been the fate of Macdonald of Borodale, but his sufferings in the cause had in no way weakened his devotion to the son of his king, and his zeal was surpassed if possible by that of his wife. The Prince knew that one of her sons had perished at Culloden. He approached her, therefore, with some diffidence, and asked her whether she could endure the sight of one who had brought such severe affliction over her house. "Ay," replied the heroic lady, "though *all* my sons have fallen for your Royal Highness!" The two Mac Kinnons, who till then had remained with Charles, fell on their return into the hands of the soldiery, and were thrown into prison.

Charles was now in that part of the country where the insurrection had first broken out, and whither, immediately after the battle of Culloden, strong detachments of troops had been sent, partly to punish the inhabitants for the attachment they had shown to the Stuarts, and partly in the hope of taking the "Young Pretender," in case he should attempt to conceal himself there. The English officers by some means obtained early information that Charles had landed somewhere

in Loch Nevis, and they thought that they might insure his capture, by cutting off the district by means of a line of sentinels, posted so closely to one another, that no person could pass the line anywhere unperceived. At night each sentinel was to walk backward and forward between his own post and that of his neighbour, and by night or day, every stranger whose appearance excited suspicion, was immediately to be arrested. Macdonald of Borodale had, in the first instance, concealed the Prince in a wood near the coast, and, on receiving intelligence of the Mac Kinnons' arrest, he had conveyed him to an almost inaccessible place, the secret of which was known only to a few, and where he awaited the arrival of Macdonald of Glenaladale, to whom Charles had written to request him to come. The faithful adherent did not let the Prince wait long, and brought with him another Macdonald, who, as an officer in French pay, had accompanied Charles in both his campaigns. It was at once agreed, that the first thing to be done was to extricate the Prince from the line of sentinels by whom he was surrounded. The thing did not appear impossible, for, in one place, between two adjoining

posts, there was a narrow dark ravine, the bed of a winter stream, and through this passage, it was thought, that the vigilance of the soldiers might be eluded. After having remained two days with his friends, completely surrounded by soldiers, and not venturing either to light a fire or to come forth in search of provisions, nothing remained but for Charles to try the hollow way. He crept through in safety, but not without tearing his clothes into mere rags, and even then it was only the more immediate danger that had been surmounted, for the whole of the western Highlands were continually traversed by military detachments.

Under these circumstances, it was thought that Ross-shire might afford a more secure place of refuge, and thither Charles and his companions directed their march, during which they were exposed to severe sufferings, chiefly from the want of food, so much so, that more than once there seemed for the fugitive Prince no alternative but to die of hunger, or to surrender himself to one or other of the parties that were out in pursuit of him. In this way the wanderers reached Kintail, where they were forced to ask a night's shelter of Christopher Macraw, who, in the course of

conversation, declared without reserve that it was madness to hold any longer with Prince Charles, since, by giving him up, a large sum of money might be gained, and the country relieved from much of the oppression under which it was suffering. Fortunately Macraw did not know Charles, who had been presented to him as the younger Clanranald, but that same evening another stranger arrived, who immediately recognised the Prince.

This stranger, fortunately, was a Macdonald, who had served in the Jacobite army, and from whom no treason was to be apprehended. He took an early opportunity to warn the Prince of the opinions of his host, and to offer his own views as to the means most advisable to be adopted. To remain among the MacKenzies in Ross-shire, with parties of the military constantly on the move, did not, he thought, hold out much prospect of security. He related, however, how he had passed the preceding night on the mountain of Corado, between Kintail and Glenmoriston, where, in the most sequestered part of the mountain, there dwelt seven trustworthy fellows, most of whom had served in the High-

land army, and upon whose fidelity the Prince might place the most entire reliance. Charles, who wished to be nearer to Badenoch and Lochaber, where Lochiel and Cluny were at the time, immediately embraced the proposal, and, on the following morning, accompanied by his companions and their new guide, started for the mountain. Their road lay through the wildest part of the country, where they had to spend one night in a cleft of the rock, so narrow that Charles could not even stretch himself out at full length, and so little sheltered, that he was drenched by the rain, which fell in torrents, his only means of obtaining a little warmth being to smoke a pipe of tobacco.

They at length reached the place of refuge of the seven outlawed Jacobites. These were men of the humblest rank, having neither house nor hut, but holding themselves concealed in a cavern, where they subsisted on the cattle that they were able from time to time to "*lift.*" Charles was presented to his new hosts as the younger Clanranald, but was immediately recognised by them. His appearance corresponded with the sufferings which he had recently undergone. His coat was of coarse

dark cloth, with a ragged tartan waistcoat, tartan hose, and Highland brogues, that were all but dropping from his feet. A Highland bonnet was drawn over an old flaxen wig, a ragged cloth was bound round his neck, and his last remaining shirt was of the colour of saffron. His plaid was the only article of his wardrobe still in tolerable preservation. Neither his wretched appearance, however, nor the condition to which they had been reduced for his sake, prevented these rude men from immediately falling on their knees before their young Prince. They invited him and his companions immediately to join their meal, composed of a sheep that they had caught and killed; and, during the subsequent period that he spent in their company, they omitted nothing in their power to contribute to his security and convenience: in short, a more faithful and efficient body guard could not have been obtained for Charles than these rude and lawless men. Their unceasing vigilance baffled all the pursuits of his enemies; from a portmanteau which they captured from the servant of an English officer, they provided the Prince with linen and better apparel, and, singly and in various disguises, they even ventured to

Fort Augustus, whence they brought, now and then, a newspaper and certain intelligence respecting the movements of the troops.

The affection and devotion of these men to their royal guest, afforded a singular contrast to their way of life, and to the levity even with which worse crimes than robbery were committed by them. The same man, who, to obtain possession of a portmanteau, had not hesitated to commit a murder, a little while afterwards went to Fort Augustus, and brought the Prince a pennyworth of gingerbread, as the greatest dainty he could think of. One of these men, Hugh Chisholm, was some years afterwards, as we are told by Home, well known at Edinburgh. "Several people had the curiosity to see him, and hear his story. Some of them gave him money. He shook hands with his benefactors, and hoped they would excuse him for giving them his left hand, as, when he parted with the Prince, he had got a shake of *his* hand, and was resolved never to give his right hand to any man till he saw the Prince again."

Charles had already spent several weeks under the protection of these men; when, one day, he expressed a wish to Glenaladale to change his

quarters, and take up his residence at the house of some gentleman in the neighbourhood. He could hardly entertain a suspicion of the fidelity of his hosts, and there was consequently no immediate reason why he should change the place of his retreat, and a desire for better society was not likely to influence Charles greatly at such a time; but he seems, throughout his wanderings, to have always felt restless, and more than once he quitted a secure retreat without the slightest necessity. Glenaladale, to satisfy the Prince, endeavoured to ascertain, in conversation with the outlaws, who the neighbouring gentry were, what their relative circumstances, and their political attachments. The men were not long in guessing, from these questions, what was the intention of their guest. They conjured Glenaladale to dissuade him from his design. No reward, they said, could be any temptation to them, for, if they betrayed the Prince, they must leave their country, where nobody would speak to them except to curse them; whereas 30,000*l.* was a great reward to a poor gentleman, who could go to Edinburgh or London with his money, where he would find

people enough to live with him, and eat his meat and drink his wine.

A proof of devotion still more romantic was about this time (13th of August) afforded by Roderick MacKenzie. He was the son of a goldsmith of Edinburgh, had served in the Jacobite army, and was at this time hiding among the wilds of Glenmoriston. His retreat was discovered, and a party of soldiers was sent to seize him. He defended himself valiantly for some time, but, at last, he sunk overpowered by numbers, and, in his dying moments, told the soldiers he was the Prince. His object was, no doubt, to cause a less active search after Charles, by leading the government to believe that the man they had so long hunted from hill to hill, and from isle to isle, was no more. The intended effect, there is little doubt, was in some measure attained. The head of Roderick was brought to the Duke of Cumberland, who sent it to London, where a number of persons, who had seen Charles when living, declared the head to be that of "the Pretender." Richard Morison, the Prince's valet, who was lying in prison at Carlisle, under sentence of death, was sent up

to London, for the purpose of setting all doubts at rest. Morison, however, fell ill on his way, and continued for several weeks in a state of delirium; when at last he arrived in London, his evidence was no longer of any value.*

Peter Grant, the most active and intelligent of the seven outlaws of Glenmoriston, was sent to Lochaber, to find out some of the Camerons, and to communicate to them the Prince's wish to come among them. At Lochaber, Grant found Cameron of Clunes, who agreed to meet Charles on a cer-

* Johnstone (p. 154) is our chief authority for this memorable instance of self-devotion, which has been adopted by W. Scott and by Pichot as a well-known fact. Lord Mahon refuses to attach any credit to the anecdote, on account of the little reliance to which Johnstone is entitled, and this consideration, no doubt, has its weight; but there is nothing improbable about the story, and Scott sanctions it in a great measure by adopting it as a known fact. We have no proof indeed of the truth of the occurrence, but it seems to have been so generally believed at the time, both in England and Scotland, that it is difficult to suppose there was no foundation for it. The above version is that of Scott. According to Johnstone's, Charles at the moment of the attack was in the same hut with MacKenzie; both prepared to sell their lives as dearly as they could, and MacKenzie, by thus drawing the entire attention of the soldiers upon himself, not only saved Charles's life, but enabled him to effect his escape. Pichot says the head was shown to Charles's servant, who declared immediately it was not his master's, but whence Pichot may have derived this piece of information it is not easy to guess.

tain day at a place near the head of Glencoich, where Clunes had a little secret hut for his own security. Having received this notice, Charles started on a stormy night, attended by all those who had of late been his companions, and went in search of an older, though not a truer, friend. Travelling along the tops of the mountains, they reached Drumnadial, a high mountain on the side of Loch Lochie, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. There the party remained all day, while Grant went on to see whether Clunes had come to the appointed place. They had no provisions with them, and suffered much from want of food. Grant, on his return, said he had been at the hut, but Clunes was not there. The fact was, he had kept his appointment, but had been unable to wait. Grant, on his way back, had met a herd of deer, one of which he had killed and concealed; and, as soon as it was night, the hungry wanderers set out in search of the hidden treasure.

A second messenger, sent on the following morning, succeeded in finding Clunes, who immediately came with his three sons; after which the

men of Glenmoriston took their leave of the Prince, except Peter Grant and Hugh Chisholm, who remained with him for some time longer.*

* Sir W. Scott says, he is ashamed to be obliged to relate that one of these poor fellows, who had displayed such inflexible fidelity, was afterwards hung at Inverness for stealing a cow. There is nothing unlikely in the story that such a death overtook one who, as we have seen, was constantly engaged in violations of the law; but Bishop Forbes, to whom we are indebted for the *Jacobite Memoirs*, denies the fact.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHARLES JOINS LOCHIEL—LIVING LIKE A PRINCE—THE CAGE—CHARLES AND HIS FRIENDS EMBARK IN A FRENCH VESSEL FOR FRANCE.

STILL no prospect presented itself to Charles of being able to leave the country in which he wandered about as an outlaw. Indeed, the first intelligence he received from Clunes made it evident that, even to reach Badenoch and Rannoch, where Cluny and Lochiel were keeping, was more than it would be possible to effect under existing circumstances, all the ferries of the lakes and rivers being strictly guarded. It was necessary, therefore, that Charles should remain where he was, till the vigilance of his pursuers had in some measure abated. In a wood, near the place of their first meeting, Clunes possessed a secret hut, where he and Charles found a shelter at night when the weather was cold or rainy; but, when the vicinity

of a military party seemed to threaten danger, or when the weather was mild, they used to remain all night on the mountain. Such was their condition when Lochiel and Cluny, having reason to believe that Charles must be somewhere to the north of the lakes, and probably in great distress and danger, sent Macdonald of Lochgary, and Dr. Cameron (Lochiel's brother), to learn what they could respecting him. These gentlemen, who were well acquainted with the country, soon met with Clunes, who undertook to show them where the Prince lay concealed.

Charles was at the time on the mountain, with Peter Grant and a son of Clunes. Grant was keeping watch while the other two slept, but, being himself weary, he had been unable to resist the inclination to slumber, so that Clunes, Lochgary, and Dr. Cameron, with two servants, were close upon them before Grant was aware of their approach. As soon as he saw the strangers he roused the sleepers. Young Clunes and Grant were for immediately hastening to the top of the mountain, but Charles said if the strangers were enemies, it would be impossible to escape out of the reach of their fire-arms. The best plan,

therefore, would be to hide behind the rocks, and fire upon the Argyleshiremen as they approached. As Grant and he were excellent shots, they would certainly do some execution, and here Charles produced a pair of pocket pistols, which he had kept in reserve for an emergency of this kind. As the company that had alarmed them drew near, they distinguished Clunes, and a mutual recognition ensued, after which a council was held to consider what was best to be done, and Lochgary and Dr. Cameron agreed that it would still be too hazardous for Charles to attempt the ferries. It was, accordingly, determined that he must remain some time longer where he was; but Dr. Cameron undertook to go in search of intelligence among his brother's people in Lochaber, while Lochgary was to go to the eastern extremity of Loch Lochie, and remain on the isthmus between the two lakes, to watch the motions of the troops.

These arrangements having been made, the party broke up; but a rumour had, meanwhile, reached the troops, that either Charles, or some of the fugitive chiefs, were in that neighbourhood, and one day, after the Prince had been spending the night on the mountain, with Peter Grant and

one of Clunes's sons, they discovered, at day-break, a number of soldiers in the valley, some engaged in the destruction of the hut, and others in searching the adjacent woods. There was along the side of the mountain a covered way formed by the winter rains. This channel was now dry, and afforded Charles and his companions an opportunity to pass over to another mountain, called Mallentegart, a remarkably steep and craggy place, where they passed the whole day without food. Another son of Clunes's came in the evening, to tell them that his father would meet them at an appointed place with provisions; and, having delivered his message, returned to let his father know that the Prince would come. The place of rendezvous was at some distance, but Charles set out with his attendants as soon as it was night. The way was dreadful, and their clothes and limbs were torn more than once, as they climbed over rocks and stumps of trees. His guides would have prevailed on him more than once to stop and halt till morning; but, exhausted as he was, he insisted on going forward to meet Clunes, though he was unable at last to proceed

without help, so that his two guides were obliged each to hold him up by one of his arms, and thus supported he performed the last part of his arduous journey. Clunes and his son were waiting for them at the appointed place, where a cow had been killed, and a piece ready cooked for the expected guests.

In this remote part of the mountain Charles remained until the return of Dr. Cameron and Lochgary, who reported that the passes were less strictly guarded than they had been, and that the Prince might easily cross Locharkaig and reach the great fir-wood, belonging to Lochiel, on the western side of the lake. In that wood it was settled that Charles was to remain concealed, till a place could be determined on where he might meet Lochiel and Cluny. He accordingly reached the wood, where he did not remain long before he received a message that Lochiel and Cluny were in Badenoch, and that Cluny would meet him on a certain day at Achnacary, to conduct him to their retreat. Charles, however, was too impatient to see his friends to be able to await Cluny's arrival, and started with his guides for Badenoch. On the 9th of Sep-

tember, he arrived at Corinvuir, whence he proceeded to Mellanuir, where he met Lochiel, who was delighted to see his Prince again, and conducted him to his rude habitation, which, nevertheless, was a palace in comparison to any that had of late sheltered the grandson of James the Second. Cluny has himself left an account of the meeting between Charles and Lochiel, and the simple narrative would suffer by the slightest alteration :—

"The Prince lay the first night at Corinvuir, after his coming to Badenoch, from which he was conducted next day to Mellanuir, a sheiling of very narrow compass, where Lochiel with Macpherson of Breakachie, Allan Cameron, his principal servant, and two servants of Cluny, were at the time. It cannot but be remarked, that when Lochiel saw five men approaching under arms, being the Prince, Lochgary, Dr. Cameron, and two servants, he took the five men to be of the army or militia, who lay encamped not above four or five miles from them, and were probably in search of them. As it was in vain to think of flying, Lochiel at the time being quite lame, and not in any condition to travel, much less to run

away, it was resolved that the enemy, as they judged them to be, should be received with a general discharge of all the arms, in number twelve firelocks and some pistols, which they had in the small sheiling, house, or bothie, (as such small huts are commonly called,) in which they at the time lodged. Whereupon all was made ready, the pieces planted and levelled, and in short they flattered themselves of getting the better of the searchers, there being no more than their own number. But the auspicious hand of Almighty God, and his Providence, so apparent at all times in the preservation of His Royal Highness, prevented those within from firing at the Prince, with his four attendants; for they came at last so near, that they were known by those within. Lochiel, upon making this discovery, made the best of his way, though lame, to meet His Royal Highness, who received him very graciously. The joy at this meeting is much easier to be conceived than expressed; and, when Lochiel would have kneeled, on coming up to the Prince, 'Oh no, my dear Lochiel,' said His Royal Highness, clapping him on the shoulder, 'we do not know who may be looking from the top of yonder

hills, and if they see any such motions, they'll immediately conclude that I am here.'

"Lochiel then ushered him into his habitation, which was indeed but a very poor one. The Prince was gay, and in better spirits than it was possible to think he could have been, considering the many disasters, disappointments, fatigues, and difficulties he had undergone. His Royal Highness, with his retinue, went into the hut, and there was more meat and drink provided for him than he expected. There was plenty of mutton, an anker of whisky, containing twenty Scotch pints, some good beef sausages made the year before, with plenty of butter and cheese, besides a large well-cured bacon ham. Upon his entry, the Prince took a hearty dram, which he sometimes called for thereafter, to drink the healths of his friends. When some minced collops were dressed with butter in a large saucepan, which Lochiel and Cluny carried always about with them, being the only fire vessel they had, his Royal Highness eat heartily; and said, with a very cheerful countenance, 'Now, gentlemen, I live like a prince;' though, at the same time, he was no otherwise entertained than eating his collops out of the pan

with a silver spoon. After dinner, he asked Lochiel if he had always lived here, during his skulking, in such a good way. 'Yes, sir,' answered Lochiel, 'for near three months that I have been hereabouts with my cousin Cluny, he has provided for me so well, that I have had plenty of such as you see; and I thank Heaven your Royal Highness has got through so many dangers to take a part.'

"In two days after, his Royal Highness went and lodged with Lochiel at Mellanuir, to which place Cluny came to them from Auchincarry. Upon his entering the hut, when he would have kneeled, his Royal Highness prevented him, and kissed him as if he had been an equal; saying, 'I am sorry, Cluny, you and your regiment were not at Culloden; I did not hear till very lately that you were so near us that day.'

"The day after Cluny arrived, he thought it time to remove from Mellanuir, and took the Prince about two miles farther into Benalder, to a little sheil, called Uiskchibra, where the hut or bothie was superlatively bad and smoky; yet His Royal Highness put up with everything. Here he remained for two or three nights, and

then removed to a very romantic habitation, made for him by Cluny, two miles farther into Benalder, called the Cage, which was a great curiosity, and can scarcely be described to perfection. It was situated in the face of a very rough, high and rocky mountain, called Letternilichk, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the Cage, in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation; and, as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch-twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round, or rather of an oval shape, and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end, all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the

Cage; and by chance there happened to be two stones, at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The Cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons, four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idle looking on, one baking, and another firing bread and cooking."

In this singular retreat, Charles remained in comparative comfort till the 24th of September, when he received intelligence from Glenaladale, that two French frigates, the *Conti*, of 20 guns, and the *Heureux*, of 30 guns, under the command of Colonel Warren, of Dillon's regiment, had put into Lochnanuagh, having been sent by the French government for the purpose of facilitating the escape of the Prince and his friends. Charles took immediate measures to communicate this good news to as many of his adherents as lay concealed in that part of the country, and of whose hiding-places he was informed. He set off without loss of time, but, as he only travelled by

night, he reached Borodale, near Lochnanuagh, only on the 30th, and embarked, on the following day, with Lochiel, Barisdale, Lochgary, Colonel Roy Stuart, and about a hundred more of his late followers.

The crew of the French vessels, during the sixteen days that they had been searching about the coast, to obtain some news of the Prince, had taken three English soldiers belonging to the different parties that were hunting through every corner of the country, in the hope of earning the promised reward set upon his life. Charles, however, true to the character he had maintained throughout the whole momentous struggle, had no sooner set foot on the deck of the *Heureux*, than, as a first favour, he requested that these three prisoners might be set on shore. The request, it may easily be guessed, was immediately complied with. In the hands of Cluny he left a paper, in which he acknowledged the fidelity and attachment displayed to him by that chief and his clan, in his endeavours to maintain those rights which the Elector of Hanover had usurped. Charles deplores, in this document, the sufferings and losses endured by his friends for his sake, and promises, should God

extend to him the power, to recompense and indemnify them by every means within his reach.

Though now under the protection of the French flag, Charles could hardly be said to have escaped all danger of falling into the hands of his enemies. The English fleet, off the coast of Scotland, had, indeed, been dispersed by a storm, a circumstance to which alone it had been owing that the two French vessels had been able to make so long a stay at Lochnanuagh, and the *Heureux* was now running before a fair wind, along the Irish coast, on her way to France; but the sea was swarming with British cruizers, and it seemed scarcely probable to avoid falling in with some of them. The frigate that bore him, however, deserved her name, and, favoured by foggy weather, reached France in safety. A contrary wind prevented her from making Brest, but one French port was as good for her purpose as another, and, on the 10th of October, 1746, a year ever memorable in the annals of the house of Stuart, Charles landed, with his friends, at Roscof, near Morlaix, in Bretagne.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE PRINCE'S EXPEDITION TO SCOTLAND.

BEFORE we accompany to the luxurious court of Louis XV. the Prince whom we have so recently seen condemned to every species of privation, and rejoicing over his escape from hunger in the Cage of Latternilichk, it may not be superfluous to devote a few moments to a calm consideration of his fate during the terrible months that preceded his embarkation for France. No narrative could be made to embrace a full detail of all his sufferings during that period, but enough has reached us to place his character in a strong light, too much to allow his biographer to pass over in silence a multitude of calumnies of which Charles subsequently became the object, and to which his conduct during his wanderings

through the Highlands of Scotland, offers the most satisfactory contradiction. Before, however, we proceed to speak on this point, let us render homage to those to whom he so often stood indebted for his preservation.

When Charles landed in Scotland, scarcely a century had elapsed since the country had incurred the disgrace of having delivered her king into the hands of his executioners; but for the crime against the First Charles (for which, in point of fact, individuals only can be held responsible), the whole nation may be said to have nobly atoned by their conduct to his great grandson. Even granting that, in their conduct till the battle of Culloden, the chiefs, in what they did for Charles, were actuated by disappointed ambition, and many of the common men impelled by a hope of plunder; and granting that the mortification of national pride by the act of Union was not without its share in producing the attachment shown to him by many of the higher classes; yet their conduct after the battle of Culloden, and their fidelity to their unfortunate Prince, are to be attributed to the purest and most ennobling motives. Ambition and avarice had alike nothing

more to hope for from Charles, but both might have looked for ample gratification from the court of St. James's, by simply delivering up a man, who, if the entire *blame* of what Scotland was suffering did not rest upon him, had at least been its immediate cause. Even a regard for the welfare of the country seemed to offer a pretext for delivering the sought-for victim into the hands of the "Butcher" Cumberland; since it might be anticipated that the ravages of the soldiery would in a great measure cease, as soon as the head of the insurrection was in the power of the Government.

The more highly, however, the magnanimous devotion of the Scots to the descendant and representative of so many of their kings deserves our commendation, the more gratifying is it to know, that the conduct of Charles throughout this dark period of his life was not unworthy of so rare a display of affection and fidelity. We have seen how the magic of his manners had gained for him the people and the soldiery throughout the whole war, not only during the flood-tide of his fortunes, but also during the reverses that ensued after the ill-judged retreat

from Derby. The love which he manifested on every occasion for the country of his ancestors; his attachment to its customs; the personal courage with which he encountered every new danger; the cheerful temper with which the descendant of so many kings endured the unwonted hardships of a military life; the irresistible attraction of his manners, set off as they were by a remarkably handsome person; his facility of access; his condescension to the meanest of his followers; the boldness and humanity with which he hazarded his own life unhesitatingly to preserve that of his soldiers—all this had not failed to produce a powerful impression on minds predisposed by a sense of duty to venerate the son of their king; and that respect which, had he been less amiable, would not have been withheld from him, assumed the character of zeal, of devotion, such as generous minds alone can feel when love is measured by the standard of enthusiasm.

These sentiments survived unimpaired the disaster of Culloden, and followed their object to a foreign land; nor can it be denied, that the spirit with which Charles bore up against the

misery that he was forced to endure, while hunted through the isles and mountains of Western Scotland, was calculated to heighten, if possible, the love and veneration of his contemporaries, and to force posterity to the admission that, in those trying days, no less than in those that preceded them, Charles proved himself worthy of the affection he had inspired; worthy of a devotion not less honourable to himself than to the nation that displayed it. It was often with a bleeding heart that he fled from one place of refuge to another; but his heart bled not for those personal sufferings which for five months he endured uncomplainingly and often jestingly; his sorrow and sympathy were for the land he loved, and for the faithful partisans who had sacrificed themselves for his cause. The services constantly rendered to him during his flight cannot be too highly estimated, and without them it would have been impossible for him to escape the pursuit of his enemies; but those services would have been unavailing, had it not been for the courage, prudence, and presence of mind of Charles himself.

It has sometimes been asserted that every mark of affectionate devotion rendered to him at this

trying period, was received by him as the unquestionable right of the legitimate prince; but those who approached his person during the war, and all who were brought into contact with him during his flight, are unanimous in their accounts of the gratitude with which he received every act of service, and which he manifested, not only by words but by the whole of his demeanour, to those who approached him. The feudal system, as it existed in the Highlands of Scotland, may have gone far to facilitate his first successes, and may have deterred from betraying him some who, in a different state of society, would not have resisted the temptation held out to them; but it is only the personal character of Charles, and the affection and respect which he inspired, that can at all account for the enthusiasm which he awakened in Scotland, and which long survived the eventful period through which we have followed him. A French vessel bore him away from the Highlands that he loved, "but his remembrance," as Lord Mahon observes, "departed not with him from the Highlanders. For years did his name continue enshrined in their hearts, and familiar to their tongues; their plaintive ditties

resounding with his exploits, and inviting his return. Again, in these strains, do they declare themselves ready to risk life and fortune for his cause; and even maternal fondness—the strongest, perhaps, of all human feelings—yields to the passionate devotion to 'Prince Charlie.'" *

As long as the hills of Scotland stand, says Sir Walter Scott, the disinterested fidelity shown by the Scots to Prince Charles will continue to shine in the light of their own glory; but it may with equal justice be added that, as long as the sun shall shine upon the unfortunate, the conduct of Charles Stuart must continue a model to those who would rise superior to the calamities by which they are beset. The words of Seneca, which have been placed as a motto to the title-page of this work, could never perhaps have been more aptly applied than to Charles and his Highlanders during this period of his history.†

* In a Scottish ballad ("O'er the water to Charlie," No. 37 of Mr. Hogg's Second Series) we find this stanza:—

"I ance had sons, but now hae nane,
I bred them toiling sairly;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie."

† Poetry and painting have alike seized upon the adventures of Charles Stuart as a subject worthy of the illustration of genius.

Among the first of the works, half history half fiction, to which his life has given rise, we may name Alexander Duval's drama of *Edouard en Ecosse*, which, as Bourrienne tells us, was performed two or three times at the Comédie Française in Paris, about the end of February, 1801, but in which some political allusions were discovered, in consequence of which the piece disappeared from the répertoire, and the author from Paris. Kotzebue has given us an imitation of Duval's play in *Eduard in Schottland, oder die Nacht eines Flüchtlings*. More recently, Paul Delaroche, who, from his partiality for the dead and the dying as subjects for his pencil, might fairly be called the painter of death, has given us a picture which is generally described as "the last of the Stuarts dying of hunger, and supported by Flora Macdonald." Historical truth, it will be seen, has not been very closely followed by the artist. It is singular, however, that poetry and painting should have hitherto confined their attention to that part of Charles's life which relates to his flight after the battle of Culloden. Surely the whole period from his landing in Scotland to his embarkation at Lochnanuagh is rich in materials for imagination to work upon. A little tale, *Der Prätendent*, by W. Alexis, has been published in the *Urania*, for 1841, but the adventures of Charles are used in this work only as a vehicle for allusions to modern events.

In the Appendix, No. 2 and 3, will be found many minute particulars respecting this eventful period in the life of Charles Stuart, derived from books now become rare and not accessible to every reader.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RECEPTION OF CHARLES AT VERSAILLES—HIS JOURNEY TO MADRID—LETTER TO HIS FATHER—HE RETURNS TO PARIS—HIS BROTHER IS CREATED CARDINAL—CHARLES'S AFFLICTION AT THIS EVENT.

On landing in France, Charles was hardly in a condition to start immediately for Paris. His health, indeed, he appears to have rapidly recovered, either while in the Cage with Lochiel, or during the passage from Scotland; but the Prince, on his arrival, required not the less a few days of repose. Neither he, nor any of his companions, had been able to bring a well-appointed wardrobe. Many had scarcely possessed the means of changing their garments since the day of Culloden, and some delay, therefore, was necessary, before the Prince could appear with his retinue in a suitable manner at the French court.

Immediately after his landing, Charles ad-

dressed the following letter to his brother Henry :—

"*Morlaix, October* 10, *N. S.*, 1746.

"Dear Brother,

"As I am certain of your great concern for me, I cannot express the joy I have, on your account, of my safe arrival in this country. I send here inclosed two lines to my master,* just to show him I am alive and safe, being fatigued not a little, as you may imagine. It is my opinion you should write immediately to the French king, giving him notice of my safe arrival, and at the same time excusing my not writing to him myself immediately, being so much fatigued, and hoping soon to have the pleasure of seeing him. I leave to your prudence the wording of this letter, and would be glad no time should be lost in writing and despatching it, as also that you should consult nobody, without exception, upon it, but Sir John Graham, and Sir Thomas,† the reasons of which I will tell you on meeting. It is an absolute necessity I must see the French king as soon as possible, for to bring things to a right head. Warren, the bearer, will instruct

* His father. † Sheridan.

you of the way I would wish you should meet me at Paris. I embrace you with all my heart, and remain,

"Your most loving brother,

"CHARLES, P."

A few days sufficed to enable the Prince to assume an appearance suitable to his rank. The fame of his heroism and of his misfortunes had preceded him to France, and the nobility of Bretagne eagerly offered him their services, and quickly provided Charles and his companions with everything necessary for the supply of their immediate wants. Forgetful as the French cabinet had been of the blood of the Béarnais, and of the Sobieski that flowed in the veins of the young Stuart, yet his conduct during the campaigns in Scotland and England had too frequently reminded the world of his ancestry, and particularly of the courage and chivalrous bearing of the victor of Ivry, for the French nation not to have manifested an interest in his fortunes; and his frequent declaration, that with a few thousand French soldiers he could easily have expelled his Hanoverian enemies from their ill-gotten throne,

had not failed to flatter the vanity, and win for him the hearts of a people alike susceptible and warm in its affection and its enmity.

Accordingly, after a few days spent on the coast, Charles set off with post-horses for Paris; not, however, to remain there, though King Louis had assigned him the Château de St. Antoine for a residence, but to proceed immediately to Versailles, to pay his respects to the king and the royal family. The Duke of York, with several Scottish, joined by a few French nobles, hastened to congratulate, on his arrival on French ground, the Prince for whom the events of the preceding months had for ever secured a prominent place in history.

His appearance at this time is described in the following letter addressed to his father by Charles's brother:—

"*Clichy, October* 17, 1746.

"The very morning after I writ you my last, I had the happiness of meeting with my dearest brother. He did not know me at first sight, but I am sure I knew him very well, for he is not in the least altered since I saw him, except grown

somewhat broader and fatter, which is incomprehensible after all the fatigues he has endured. Your Majesty may conceive, better than I can express in writing, the tenderness of our first meeting. Those that were present said they never saw the like in their lives, and indeed I defy the whole world to show another brother so kind and loving as he is to me. For my part, I can safely say, that all my endeavours tend to no other end but that of deserving so much goodness as he has for me. . . . The Prince sees and will scarce see anybody but myself for a few days, that he may have a little time to rest before he is plagued by all the world, as to be sure he will when once he sees company. I go every day to dine with him. Yesterday, I brought him privately to see my house, and I perceive he has as much goût for the chase as ever he had. Most humbly asking your Majesty's blessing, I remain,

"Your most dutiful son,

"HENRY."

At the moment of Charles's arrival at Versailles, King Louis was presiding over the deliberations of an extraordinary council of state, but imme-

diately left the room on hearing of the Prince's arrival. He passed through several rooms to meet his guest, whom he embraced with these words: "I thank Heaven for the joy it gives me to see your Royal Highness again. The glory you have earned will never die, and I trust you will one day reap the harvest of such great efforts and so many dangers." These words were not perhaps much in harmony with the treatment which the heroic Stuart had experienced from the French government during the two last eventful years; nor was the king's sincerity manifested by his subsequent conduct; still, at the moment the speech was uttered, it may have been the expression of a real though not of a long enduring sentiment; but, even supposing the language of Louis to have been used, according to the principle of a modern statesman, to disguise his thoughts, there is no reason to believe that the lively interest shown by the queen was not perfectly sincere, when, after an interview of a quarter of an hour with the king, Charles went to pay his respects to Maria Lesczinska. The queen, who had spent some of her early years with the Princess Sobieski, the mother of Charles, beheld in

the Prince the son of a dear friend, and not only expressed the liveliest interest in his fate, but continued for some time afterwards to distinguish him by the most marked attention.

From that time till the conclusion of the peace, Charles visited the soirées of the queen once or twice every week, on which occasions she rarely omitted an opportunity to lead him to narrate his adventures and sufferings in Scotland and England, never failing to afford him all that consolation which unfeigned sympathy can alone bestow. The interest shown him by Maria's daughters, the princesses of the royal house, there is reason to believe, was equally sincere. The romantic fortunes of our young hero, gifted, according to the unvarying testimony of friends and foes, with a handsome person and singularly winning manners, could hardly fail of producing a lively impression upon the imagination of these young ladies; and there is nothing, therefore, improbable in the statement of several contemporary writers, that one of these young princesses was animated towards him by a softer sentiment than sympathy or admiration.*

* Allusion to this subject is also made in the letters written at that time from Paris, and which are reprinted in the Appendix to the *Lockhart Papers.* One of these letters says: "Nor were the

The attention shown to him by the royal family naturally made Charles an object of assiduous courtship to the nobility and the foreign ambassadors, while the whole mob of courtiers were emulous in displaying their respect for him. To have seen him at Paris at this time, it has been said, by those who witnessed his appearance there, one would have supposed that the dauphin himself had escaped the dangers and adventures which Charles had so recently surmounted.

Some expressions in the letter written to his brother, from Morlaix (see page 116), show that Charles continued to entertain hopes of being soon enabled to resume his attempts for the recovery of the English throne; but an additional proof of this is afforded by the following memorial, addressed to Louis, and which bears the date of the 10th of November, 1746, just one month after his landing in France:—

"La situation dans laquelle j'ai laissé l'Europe à mon départ, mérite toute l'attention de votre

young princesses, *one of them especially*, less affected with the melancholy story." For "one of them," we are told by Donald Mac Leod, (*Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 391) "Charles often expressed much affection when in Scotland, and when he proposed his favourite toast, 'the Black Eyes,' the 'second daughter of France' was always in his mind."

Majesté. Ce royaume est à la veille de se voir anéantir, et le gouvernement d'Angleterre est résolu de confondre les sujets qui lui sont restés fidèles avec ceux qui ont pris les armes pour moi ; d'où il est aisé de conclure que le mécontentement de cette nation est général, et que j'y trouverais aujourd'hui trois partisans pour un que j'y ai trouvé en débarquant.

" Ce serait tromper votre Majesté que de la flatter que je pourrais encore soulever l'Ecosse, si le Parlement a le temps cet hiver d'y mettre les lois pénales en exécution. Votre Majesté devrait alors renoncer pour jamais au secours d'une révolution dans ce pays là, et moi je n'aurais de ressource que dans les cœurs des sujets de mon père, quand il plaira à la Providence de les rappeller.

" Le nombre de sujets aguerrés ne m'a jamais manqué en Ecosse. J'ai manqué tout à la fois, d'argent, de vivres, et d'une poignée de troupes régulières. Avec un seul de ces trois secours je serais encore aujourd'hui maître de l'Ecosse, et vraisemblablement de toute l'Angleterre.

" Avec trois mille hommes de troupes régulières,

j'aurais pénétré en Angleterre immédiatement après avoir défait le sieur Cope ; et rien ne s'opposait alors à mon arrivée à Londres, puisque l'Electeur était absent, et que les troupes Anglaises n'avaient pas encore repassé.

"Avec des vivres, j'aurais été en état de poursuivre le général Hawley après la bataille de Falkirk, et de détruire toute son armée, qui était la fleur des troupes Anglaises.

"Si j'eusse reçu plutôt la moitié seulement de l'argent que votre Majesté m'a envoyé, j'aurais combattu le Duc de Cumberland avec un nombre égal, et je l'aurais surement battu, puisque avec quatre mille hommes contre douze, j'ai long-temps fait pencher la victoire, et que douze cent hommes de troupes réglées l'auraient decidé en ma faveur, au vu et au su de toute mon armée. Ces contre-temps peuvent encore se réparer si votre Majesté veut encore me confier un corps de dix-huit ou vingt mille hommes. C'est dans son sein seul que je déposerai l'usage que j'en veux faire : je l'emploierai utilement pour ses intérêts et pour les miens. Ces intérêts sont inséparables, et doivent être regardés comme tels par tous ceux qui ont

l'honneur d'approcher de votre Majesté, et qui ont la gloire et l'avantage de son royaume.

" CHARLES, P. R."*

Whatever may have been the King's ulterior views, he did not allow the Prince Regent of England, under which title Charles had been received at the French court, to be without the means of maintaining all the outward parade of royalty. Considerable sums of money were placed at his disposal; and it has even been said, that, at the intercession of the Marquise de Pompadour, a yearly pension of 200,000 livres was assigned to him, in addition to which, a handsome provision was made for him by the Spanish court. These marks of sympathy inspired him with fresh hopes for what he looked upon as the main purpose of his life.

On the tenth day after that on which he had had his first interview with the king at Versailles, took place the public reception of Charles at court.

* This memorial was originally published in the Appendix to Lord Mahon's History. The omission of a word or two in the last sentence obscures the meaning. The sentence should probably have run thus :—et qui ont *au cœur* la gloire et l'avantage de soi royaume.

The description left behind by an eye-witness of the pageant, affords a fresh proof of the growing fondness of Louis for trifles and court etiquette, in proportion as all sense of real greatness died within him. The procession, in which the Prince drove from the Château de St. Antoine to the palace, consisted of three carriages. In the first were Lords Ogilvie and Elcho, and Glenbucket and Kellie, secretaries to the regency. In the second carriage was the Prince himself, with Lord Lewis Gordon and Lochiel the father. The third was occupied by four chamberlains. The victor of Preston had necessarily laid aside the simple but graceful costume of the Highlands for a magnificent court suit. He was dressed in a doublet of pink velvet embroidered with silver; his waistcoat was of silk and gold; his cockade and shoebuckles were loaded with diamonds, and his stars of St. George and St. Andrew presented a blaze of jewels. By the side of the Prince's carriage were two pages sumptuously dressed, and ten footmen in the royal livery of England. Young Lochiel, and a number of other nobles followed the procession on horseback. In the evening, the Prince supped with the king and the royal family, and

his followers, according to their respective rank, found each a place at some other table in the palace.

Charles, while playing his part in this court spectacle, suspected probably that the splendour of a procession afforded but little security for that active succour to which alone he could now look for the realisation of his hopes. The thought cannot but have suggested itself to him, that the king of France was but desirous of enhancing the splendour of his court by an additional pageant; but, even had Charles continued in doubt on the subject, he was not long allowed to remain in uncertainty. His banished partisans, indeed, who had either accompanied him to France or had found their way thither singly, were taken into French pay, formed into regiments commanded by Lochiel, Ogilvie, and other Jacobite officers, and sent to Calais, Boulogne, and Dieppe, where a new army was assembled, ostensibly for the invasion of England; but Charles saw plainly that the means were wholly inadequate to the end, and that, in the position in which Scotland had been placed by the battle of Culloden, nothing could have justified him, if, relying on so insufficient a

force, he had exposed his friends in Great Britain to a fate which could scarcely have been deemed a doubtful one. A visit, however, which he shortly afterwards received from Cardinal Tencin, was calculated to dissipate every remaining doubt.

The churchman pointed out to Charles, that the surest way of prevailing upon the French ministry would be to undertake, in case of success, to cede Ireland to France, as an indemnity for the expenses of the war. Charles is said to have been deeply mortified by a proposal which he felt as a personal insult. He rejected the injurious overture with much warmth, and the cardinal hastened to assure him that the suggestion was an idea of his own, for which the other members of the government were not to be held responsible. It has been said, that, in making the proposal, the cardinal looked rather to his own interest than to that of his most Christian Majesty, and flattered himself, could the cession have been effected, with the prospect of the dignity and revenues of primate of Ireland. Be this as it may, and supposing even the other ministers to have had no cognizance of the proposal, it had proceeded from one in whose person the whole power of the

ministry centered; and Charles justly felt that he could have little to hope for from a man to the level of whose baseness he had refused to descend.

Charles spent the year 1747 in Paris, with the exception of a few weeks occupied by a journey to Madrid, where Ferdinand the Sixth had, about eight months previously, succeeded to the throne on the death of his father Philip. At the Spanish as at the French court, the assurances of sympathy and good wishes were not wanting; but at the Escurial even less than at Versailles did considerations of state policy allow the Prince to receive more than courteous treatment. Spain no longer occupied the rank which she had held under her first Charles, and which she maintained under the second Philip. The empire on which the sun never set had rapidly declined, and her ministers, in awe of British power—but let us hear from Charles himself an account of his reception, as he described it in a familiar letter to his father.

"*Guadalaxara, March* 12, 1747.

"Sir,—I believe your Majesty will be as much surprised as I am, to find that no sooner arrived, I was hurried away without so much as allowing

me time to rest. I thought there was not such fools as the French court, but I find it here far beyond it. Your Majesty must forgive me if I speak here a little out of humour, for an angel would take the spleen on this occasion. Notwithstanding you will find I behaved towards them with all the respect and civility imaginable, doing *à la lettre* whatever they required of me, to give them not the least reason of complaining of me, and by that putting them entirely *dans leur tort.* I shall now begin my narration of all that has passed since my arrival in this country.

"For, to arrive with the greater secrecy and diligence, so that this court should not hear of me until I let them know it, I took post at Perpignan, with Vaughan and Cameron, the rest not being able to ride, and not to be so many together. I arrived at Barcelona, and finding that, by the indiscretion of some of our own people (which the town happened then to be full of), it was immediately spread I was there; this hindered me to wait here for the rest of my people coming up, as I intended, and made me take the resolution to leave even those that had come there with me, for the greater blind and expedition, and to take

along with me only Colonel Nagle, who had been with the Duke of Ormond.

"I arrived at Madrid the 2nd instant, and addressed myself immediately to Geraldine, Sir Charles Wogan being at his government; and it happened better so, for I find they are not well together, and Geraldine is all in all with the ministers. I gave him immediately a letter for Caravajal, which inclosed one for the king, of which I send here a copy; this was the channel he advised me to go by. Upon that I got an appointment with the said minister; and he carried me to him in his coach, with a great many ridiculous precautions, for I find all here like the pheasants, that it is enough to hide their heads to cover the rest of the body, as they think. After I made Caravajal many compliments, I asked him that I supposed he had delivered my letter to the king, and had received his orders what I should do? To which he said he had not, telling me it was better he should not give it, and that I should go back immediately; that he was very sorry the situation of affairs was such, that he advised me to do so. This he endeavoured to persuade me to by several very

nonsensical reasons. I answered them all, so that he had nothing in the world to say, but that he would deliver my letter. I told him that my sudden resolution of coming here was upon one of my friends coming just before I parted from Paris to me, from the rest, assuring me that they were ready as much as ever, if they had the assistance necessary, to allow them time to come to a head; at the same time expressing what a conceit that nation had for the Spaniards' good inclinations, and how popular it would be for me to take a jaunt in that country, out of gratitude for all they had endeavoured to do for us; that I could be back at any event for any expedition of effect, for that, with reason, none could be undertook till the month of April or May. I added to that my personal inclinations, which hit with theirs. I parted, after all compliments were over, and was never in the world more surprised than when Caravajal himself came at the door of the *auberge* I was lodged in, at eleven at night and a half, to tell me that the king wanted to see me immediately. I went instantly, and saw the king and queen together, who made me a great many civilities, but at the same time desiring me to go

back as soon as possible; that, unluckily, circumstances of affairs required so at present; that nothing in the world they desired more than to have the occasion of showing me proofs of their friendship and regard. (One finds in old histories, that the greatest proofs of showing such things are to help people in distress; but this, I find, is not now *à la mode*, according to French fashion.) I asked the king leave, in the first place, to see the queen dowager, and the rest of the royal family, to which he answered there was no need to do it. Upon my repeating, how mortifying it would be for me, at least, not to make my respects to the old queen, to thank her for her goodness towards us, he said I might speak of that to Caravajal. I found by that he had got his lesson, and was a weak man just put in motion like a clock-work. At last, after many respectful compliments, and that the chief motive of my coming was to thank his Majesty for all the services his royal family had done for ours, at the same time to desire the continuation of them; to which he said, if occasion offered he would even do more; after that I asked him, for not to trouble him longer, which was the minister he would

leave me to speak to of my affairs, and of what I wanted? to which he said, that he had an entire confidence in Caravajal, and that to him alone I might speak as to himself. I spoke then, that Caravajal might hear, that there was nobody that could be more acceptable to me than him: says I, in laughing, he is half an Englishman, being called Lancaster. I parted; and who does I make out at the door but Farinelli, who took me by the hand with effrontery. I thought at first it was some grandee, or captain of the guards, that had seen me in Italy, and was never so much surprised as when he named himself, saying that he had seen me formerly, which he was sure I could not remember.

"From thence I went in the minister's apartment, and staid some time with him; but I perceived immediately that he *battait la campagne*, and concluded nothing to the purpose, but pressing me ardently to go out of the town and away immediately. I told him, though I had made a long journey, notwithstanding, being young and strong, I would be ready to go away that very same night; but that, if he cared to assist me in the least, he must allow me a little time to explain and settle

things with him; that, if he pleased, I would be next day with him again. He agreed to that, but that absolutely it was necessary, to do a pleasure to the king, I should part the day after. I went to him as agreed upon, and brought a note of what I was to speak to him about, which, after explaining, I gave to him a copy of, which I enclose here, along with the answer he made before me in writing, which seems to me not to say much. He pressed me again to part next day. I represented it was an impossibility, in a manner, for me to go before any of my people coming up. At last he agreed to send along with me Sir Thomas Geraldine, as far as Guadalaxara, where I might wait for my family.

"We parted, loading one another with compliments."

Within a fortnight from the date of the above, Charles was again in Paris, for, on the 26th of March, we find him writing to Lord Clancarty in the following terms:—

"*Paris, March* 26, 1747.

"I thought it proper to come back again in this country (but intend to keep myself absolutely in

private) as the season is now favourable to make another attempt, and to bring these people here to reason if possible. On our side, we must leave no stone unturned, and leave the rest to Providence. If you have anything to let me know of, you have only to write to me under cover to young Waters, who will always know where to find me. At present I have nothing more particular to add, so remain, assuring you anew of my constant regard and friendship.

"CHARLES, P. R."

The year was not to close without being marked by an event which affected Charles the more painfully, as it was not the result of untoward accident, but of the free determination of a brother, who next to himself had the strongest claims to the British throne. On the 3d of July, the Duke of York was metamorphosed into the Cardinal d'York, and in doing so abandoned all idea of aiming at the possession of an earthly crown. With this view, Prince Henry had some time previously left Paris, in secret, for Rome, and the first hint which Charles received of his brother's design was contained in a letter from

their father, dated the 13th of June. This event, in the eyes of the partisans of the Stuart cause, was a severer blow to Jacobitism than even the disaster of Culloden, and so deeply was Charles afflicted that, though till then he had ever shown the tenderest affection to his brother, he broke off all correspondence with him, and even the few letters of a later date, from Charles to his father, that have reached us, are couched in a style of coldness and reserve, of which we should vainly seek a trace in any portion of their earlier correspondence. The following is the letter from his father, in which Charles was first apprised of what he deemed, not without reason, a domestic calamity:—

"*Albano, June* 13, 1747.

"I know not whether you will be surprised, my dearest Carluccio, when I tell you, that your brother will be made a cardinal the first day of next month. Naturally speaking, you should have been consulted about a resolution of that kind, before it had been executed; but as the Duke and I were unalterably determined on the matter, and we foresaw that you might probably not approve of it, we thought it would be

showing you more regard, and that it would even be more agreeable to you, that the thing should be done before your answer could come here, and to have it in your power to say it was done without your knowledge and approbation. It is very true, I did not expect to see the Duke here so soon, and that his tenderness and affection for me prompted him to undertake that journey; but after I had seen him, I soon found that his chief motive for it was to discourse with me fully and freely on the vocation he had long had to embrace an ecclesiastical state, and which he had so long concealed from me and kept to himself, with a view, no doubt, of having it in his power of being of some use to you in the late conjunctures. But the case is now altered; and, as I am fully convinced of the sincerity and solidity of his vocation, I should think it a resisting the will of God, and acting directly against my conscience, if I should pretend to constrain him in a matter which so nearly concerns him. The maxims I have bred you up in, and have always followed, of not constraining others in matters of religion, did not a little help to determine me on the present occasion, since it would be a monstrous proposition that a

king should be a father to his people and a tyrant to his children. After this, I will not conceal from you, my dearest Carluccio, that motives of conscience and equity have not alone determined me in this particular; and that, when I seriously consider all that has passed in relation to the Duke for some years bygone, had he not had the vocation he has, I should have used my best endeavours, and all arguments, to have induced him to embrace that state. If Providence has made you the elder brother, he is as much my son as you, and my paternal care and affection are equally to be extended to you and him; so that I should have thought I had greatly failed in both towards him, had I not endeavoured by all means to secure to him, as much as in me lay, that tranquillity and happiness which I was sensible it was impossible for him to enjoy in any other state. You will understand all that I mean, without my enlarging farther on this last so disagreeable article; and you cannot, I am sure, complain that I deprive you of any service the Duke might have been to you, since you must be sensible that, all things considered, he would have been useless to you remaining in the world. But let us look

forward and not backward. The resolution is taken, and will be executed before your answer to this can come here. If you think proper to say you were ignorant of it, and do not approve it, I shall not take it amiss of you; but, for God's sake, let not a step, which naturally should secure peace and union to us for the rest of our days, become a subject of scandal and *éclat*, which would fall heavier upon you than upon us in our present situation, and which a filial and brotherly conduct in you will easily prevent. Your silence towards your brother, and what you writ to me about him since he left Paris, would do you little honour if they were known, and are mortifications your brother did not deserve, but which cannot alter his sentiments towards you. He now writes to you a few lines himself, but I forbid him entering into any particulars, since it would be giving himself and you a useless trouble after all I have said about him here.

"You must be sensible that on many occasions I have had reason to complain of you, and that I have acted for this long while towards you more like a son than a father; but I can assure you, my dear child, nothing of all that sticks with me,

and I forgive you the more sincerely and cordially all the trouble you have given me, that I am persuaded it was not your intention to fail towards me, and that I shall have reason to be pleased with you for the time to come, since all I request of you hereafter is your personal love and affection for me and your brother. Those who may have had their own views in endeavouring to remove us from your affairs, have compassed their end. We are satisfied, and you remain master; so that I see no bone of contention remaining, nor any possible obstacle to a perfect peace and union amongst us for the future. God bless my dearest Carluccio, whom I tenderly embrace. I am all yours,

"JAMES R."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PEACE OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE—HUMILIATING TERMS IMPOSED ON FRANCE—CHARLES, REFUSING TO LEAVE PARIS, IS SEIZED, CONFINED, AND CONVEYED ACROSS THE FRONTIERS TO AVIGNON.

FRANCE, whose resources had been exhausted by an eight years' war, longed ardently for peace; and, considering the successes by which, on many occasions, the French arms had been crowned, she might, notwithstanding some recent reverses, have expected to conclude one alike honourable and advantageous to the nation. The peace concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle, on the 18th of October, 1748, can certainly not be looked on as bearing such a character, and the terms of that treaty may not unfairly be deemed a punishment for the ambiguous conduct pursued by France towards Charles during the eventful years 1745 and 1746. Had the Prince been cordially supported at the proper time, by the landing of a French

army in Scotland or England, it is scarcely to be doubted that the ministers of Louis might have dictated their own terms at Aix-la-Chapelle, instead of being obliged to treat upon the basis of the *status quo* before the war, notwithstanding the victories of the Marshals de Saxe, Belleisle, and Richelieu.

Among the conditions of the peace was one that can hardly be looked on in any other light than as deeply humiliating. As early as April, 1748, on the first meeting of the plenipotentiaries of England, France and Holland, it became evident that no peace was to be hoped for, unless the King of France would bind himself, in compliance with the demands of England, that no member of the Stuart family should thenceforth reside within the French territory. Louis and his counsellors were willing enough to yield to this demand; but, desirous to preserve appearances, they were anxious that the removal of Charles should, at least, seem to be a voluntary act of his own. He was, accordingly, offered, probably with the consent of the British government, a residence at Freiburg in Switzlerland, where, as Prince of Wales, a suitable pension was

to be allowed him, with the privilege of maintaining a body-guard. Charles declined an offer which bore to him too much the air of a command from the Hanoverian court, and his father was thereupon prevailed upon to call upon him to leave France. This device failed entirely.

Charles, aware that his father was wholly under the hated influence of the Earl of Dunbar, had determined, under existing circumstances, not to return to Rome, and, having been invited to France under the positive promise of active assistance, he was unwilling to leave the country, till he had shown to the world the full extent to which he had been deceived by the French cabinet. This last consideration induced him to remain in Paris, even after it had been intimated to him that the Earl of Dunbar had been directed to retire from James's court, and to fix his residence at Avignon. In the mean time, Charles made several vain efforts to obtain an audience of King Louis, with a view of reminding him of all the arguments that might be opposed to the terms of the treaty then under negotiation. The French minister, the Marquis de Puisieux, had his own reasons for preventing such an interview; and this

it was the more easy for him to effect, as Louis was daily becoming, more and more, a mere tool in the hands of his ministers, his favourites, and his mistresses.

By the eighteenth article of the treaty, the contracting powers bound themselves to the condition already described, respecting the members of the house of Stuart, and guaranteed to the Hanoverian dynasty the possession of the British crown. While the negotiations were going on, Charles and his father entered a protest against any measure by which the claims of the Stuarts to the English throne might be infringed; and the Prince added a declaration that he would accept of no offer, nor consent to any terms, by which he might be constrained to renounce his legitimate rights, or to separate himself from his adherents and dependents. When the terms of the peace became publicly known, he deemed it fitting to take no notice of the circumstance. He appeared, indeed, less frequently at Versailles, Fontainebleau, and Choisy; and, when he appeared at court, shortened his visits as much as possible. He avoided instead of seeking an opportunity to speak with the king alone; and if the peace

happened to be spoken of in his presence, he generally found means to give another turn to the conversation; but where he could not do so, he kept himself entirely aloof from it. On the other hand, he showed himself more frequently at the different public places of amusement, where he thought, or affected to think, himself more secure than in his own house. He even hired a handsome hotel on the Quai des Théatins, for the purpose, as he said, of being nearer the opera.

If by this conduct he sought to mark his displeasure at the recent treaty and his contempt for the French ministry, he displayed, at the same time, on more than one occasion, a solicitude for the land of his fathers, more honourable to his patriotism than was perhaps consistent with prudence. The treaty was clogged with a condition most unwelcome to British pride, that Cape Breton should be restored to France, and that hostages should be given for its restitution. In this character, two noblemen of high rank, the Earl of Sussex and Lord Cathcart, were sent to Paris. At the news of their arrival, Charles is said to have displayed the utmost indignation, and to have exclaimed, "If ever I mount the throne of

my ancestors, Europe shall see me use my utmost endeavours to force France in her turn to send hostages to England." * On another occasion, the Prince de Conti, meeting him in the gardens of the Luxembourg, said, in a sneering tone, "I am astonished at your magnanimity in taking up the cause of the English navy, seeing that the English ships have displayed so little kindness to your Royal Highness in return."—"Very true," replied Charles, "but I shall not the less always defend the British navy against all its enemies. The glory of England I shall always consider as my own, and the glory of England reposes on her navy." This conversation referred to a medal which Charles had caused to be struck. The medal bore his own bust, with the inscription, *Carolus Valliæ Princeps*, and on the reverse was a ship, with these words, *Amor et Spes Britanniæ*. The medal was struck in silver and copper, and numbers were distributed by the Prince. The French ministers would have resented an act which they looked upon as an insult to France, the inference being that the peace had been extorted by the successes of the British navy;

* Lockhart Papers.

King Louis, however, deemed it the wiser course to take no notice of the matter.

The French court had hoped from time to time that Charles would leave Paris of his own accord, but, seeing no prospect of this, began to hint to him that disagreeable measures might be resorted to if he remained longer. Cardinal de Tencin and the Duc de Gesvres visited him for the purpose of communicating these menaces in a courtier-like manner. Charles, who affected not to understand his guests, told them he had not yet resolved on the course he should take, and in the end dismissed them, saying that the King of France had bound himself to the cause of the Stuarts by his honour, a far weightier obligation than any considerations of state.

King Louis, about this time, had ordered a service of plate, to the value of about 100,000 crowns; but, hearing that his goldsmith had received a similar order from Charles, with an urgent request to have it promptly executed, the king commanded that the Prince's order should be first attended to, and, at the same time, guaranteed the punctual payment. Louis had imagined the order to have been given with a

view to an early departure from Paris, a step which he was willing to facilitate by every means in his power; but, to his annoyance, he found that the plate had been ordered for a splendid entertainment which Charles was about to give to the Princesse de Talmont, Madame de Maisieux, the Duc de Bouillon, and about thirty other persons of distinction.

The French court was seriously embarrassed by the conduct of the Prince, but his spirited bearing gained great favour for him in the eyes of the Parisians, and whenever he appeared in public he never failed to receive signal marks of public sympathy and admiration. Many persons of high rank, among others the Princesse de Talmont, manifested their sentiments in such a manner as to draw down upon them the severe displeasure of the court. The English government began to complain loudly of the non-execution of the treaty, and the Marquis de Puisieux had some trouble to excuse his government. He promised, however, that immediately on the return of a courier, who had been sent to Rome, the French cabinet would come to a determination that should fully satisfy the King of

England. Nor was this promise given in vain. Another attempt had been vainly made by the Duc de Gesvres, in the king's name, to prevail on Charles to remove to Freiburg, where the canton, he was assured, was ready to receive him in a manner suitable to his rank and merit. James had also been induced to address another letter to his son, entreating him to yield to the force of circumstances, and not to incense the King of France by farther resistance. This letter was transmitted from Rome open to King Louis, who sent it with an autograph letter of his own offering the Prince a pension to be spent out of France, and leaving a blank for the amount to be filled up by Charles himself. These letters, delivered by the Duc de Gesvres, failed to produce the intended effect; and a similar message from the king, conveyed subsequently by the Comte de Maurepas, was equally ineffectual. A regular council of war was thereupon called, on the 21st of December, 1748, at which it was resolved that the more serious measures with which he had been repeatedly threatened, should be put into execution.

On the afternoon of the same day, as Charles

was walking in the garden of the Tuileries, an anonymous letter was handed to him, in which he was informed of every particular that had occurred in the council; but the intelligence thus conveyed was incapable of altering his determination to yield only to open force. At the usual hour, he drove to the Opera. On his way through the Rue St. Honoré, some unknown person warned him, in a loud voice, that he was about to be arrested, but this did not prevent him from proceeding as he had intended. In the vicinity of the theatre, all the requisite measures had been taken to secure the Prince's person without danger. The opera house was surrounded by twelve hundred men under the command of the Duc de Biron. The guards at all the avenues had been doubled, and the sentinels at the doors received orders to let no one pass out of the theatre. In case Charles should take refuge in an adjoining house, scaling-ladders had been provided, and battering-rams to force in doors and windows. Three surgeons even, and a physician, had been ordered to be in attendance in case of accident.

All these preparations having been made, Major de Vaudreuil, of the French guard, attended by a

number of non-commissioned officers in plain clothes, placed himself at the entrance of the theatre, and, as soon as the Prince had stepped out of his carriage, two sergeants, at a preconcerted signal, seized his arms from behind, two caught hold of his hands, his thighs were grasped by the arms of a fifth, and his feet secured by a sixth. In this manner he was carried through a long passage into an alley, or *cul-de-sac*, near the theatre, where de Vaudreuil declared him a prisoner in the king's name. The attendants of Charles had, in the mean time, delivered up their swords, and, with one exception, been conveyed to the Bastille, orders having been sent to the governor to treat them with respect. The livery servants were sent to a prison, and all the Prince's effects were placed under seal. In the *cul-de-sac*, after the Prince had delivered up his sword, his pistols, and a double-bladed knife, arms which, since his return from Scotland, he had been constantly in the habit of carrying about him, he was bound hand and foot by Vaudreuil, on a signal given by the Duc de Biron. When this indignity was offered him, Charles had already pledged his word that he would attempt no

violence either on his own person or against others. By an absurd affectation of respect for the prisoner's rank, ten ells of crimson silk ribbon had been provided for the purpose of binding him. Charles expressed his surprise at seeing an officer of the royal guard undertaking such a task, but to this reproach no answer was returned. Swathed like an infant, as Power expresses himself, the Prince was then lifted by four soldiers into a *fiacre*, where Vaudreuil placed himself by his side. Two other officers took the opposite seats, two others rode, one at each window of the carriage. Six grenadiers with fixed bayonets mounted behind, and a detachment of cavalry followed. In the Faubourg St. Antoine the horses were changed, when Charles could not refrain from asking, whether they were taking him for sale to Hanover.

His prison was to be the Château de Vincennes, the governor of which, the Marquis du Châtelet, was well known to the Prince, and highly respected by him. As soon as the carriage had entered the court, and the drawbridge been raised again, Charles, with mingled jest and bitterness, invited the governor to embrace him, his bonds preventing

him from anticipating the compliment. The marquis manifested the deepest affliction at the treatment which his prisoner had experienced, but which, Vaudreuil assured him, had been resorted to merely for the purpose of preventing the Prince from committing violence against himself. The governor inquired whether Charles had any other arms about him. The latter then delivered up a pair of compasses, and gave his word of honour that he had no other weapon in his possession; an assurance which did not prevent Vaudreuil from carefully searching his person, and taking from him his pocket-handkerchief. The marquis himself unbound his prisoner, and then announced that his instructions were to confine him in an apartment at the top of the tower. To arrive at the cell destined for him, the Prince had to mount fifty steps, after which he was introduced into a room seven feet broad and eight long, furnished with a *lit de sangle* and a rush-bottomed chair. The marquis offered him the use of an adjoining room for exercise, but, to obtain this indulgence, he must have again pledged his word of honour, and this he refused to do, after his previous pledges of the same kind had been treated with so little

respect by Vaudreuil. The governor felt the distressing position in which he was placed, and, while tears came into his eyes, he knelt down, and declared that day to be the most wretched of his whole life. Charles gave him his hand, assuring him that he should never confound his friend with the governor. Charles next inquired after the gentlemen who had accompanied him to the opera, and expressed a hope that they had not been treated as he had been. After the battle of Culloden, he said, he had indeed been hunted like a wild beast, but like a wild beast he had at least had ground to range over.

One of his own people only was allowed to remain with Charles, namely, Mac Donald Mac Eachan, of the Isle of Skye, a kinsman of Flora's, and father of the Macdonald who afterwards rose to the rank of marshal in Napoleon's army. When left alone with his faithful attendant, the captive no longer sought to control his feelings, but burst into tears. Time never obliterated from his mind the painful impression left upon it by these events, and forty years afterwards, at Rome, being then old and infirm, he fainted away on one occasion, on accidentally meeting the son of Vaudreuil.

This young man, who afterwards became a favourite of Marie-Antoinette and of the Duchess de Polignac, accompanied his father several times to Vincennes during Charles's imprisonment there, and was consequently well known to him.*

Seven days and nights did Charles continue in this confinement, maintaining a dignified reserve in the presence of strangers, and indignantly rejecting all offers of pecuniary assistance. When alone with Macdonald, however, he made no attempt to control his grief and vexation. Among

* The different accounts that have been published of the Prince's arrest vary in many of the details. According to Sevelinges (*Biographie Universelle*, T. XLIV. p. 98) Charles was arrested while leaving the opera house, and when in the act of stepping into his carriage. According to Samuel Baur (*Gallerie Historischer Gemälde aus dem achtzehnten Jahrhunderte*) Charles drew his sword and attempted to use his pistols, but for this there does not appear to be any authority deserving of confidence. Pichot says that the Prince was conveyed to a house near the theatre, and that there only Vaudreuil declared him a prisoner. Baur also says,—"His house was searched, and was found to have been converted into a regular arsenal. There were arms enough to have provided the means of resisting a regular military attack. He had determined not to leave Paris, but to defend himself to the last extremity, and then to set fire to a barrel of gunpowder, and thus blow the house and the assailants into the air." From what source Baur may have obtained these particulars we are not aware. The above account is taken from the work of Power, who received most of his information from the Prince himself or his companions; and in none of his details is Power contradicted by any testimony entitled to respect.

the *Lockhart Papers* (vol. ii. p. 584) there is an account of the impression produced by the Prince's behaviour on the officers and soldiers at Vincennes. Those who had arrested him were full of admiration of the dignified manner in which he had borne his misfortune. This admiration they made no attempt to conceal on their return to Paris, so that within an hour the news of the outrage committed on him was known in all quarters of the town.

On the 28th of December, he was taken under a military escort to Beauvoisin, a small French town on the borders of Savoy. The carriage in which he had travelled drove over the bridge that served to mark the limits of the two states, and then, unaccompanied even by a servant, Charles was set down upon the highroad, to find his way on foot to Chambéry in the best manner he could. At Chambéry he found himself immediately surrounded by the officers of an Irish regiment lying there in garrison, who received him with the utmost kindness and respect. He had not changed his dress since the day of his arrest, and now, in compliment to his hosts, assumed the Irish uniform. He remained at Chambéry three days, and

then repaired to the papal city of Avignon, where he was received in a manner suitable to his rank by the Vice-Legate, and where for some time he enjoyed the society of Colonel Power.

Charles would fain have fixed his residence for some time at Avignon, but the British ministry considered him as still too near the French territory, into which he was even said to have made several excursions; and an application was made to Louis to enforce his feudal rights over the county of Avignon, to obtain the expulsion of the refugee. With this demand the King of France did not hesitate to comply, and Benedict XIV., who had occupied the papal throne since 1740, to avoid a quarrel with the French court, intimated to Charles that he could not remain longer at Avignon, and that, if he did not leave the place of his own accord, measures similar to those employed against him in Paris would be resorted to.

At Avignon, Charles had an interview with the Infante Don Philip, then on his way to the Duchy of Parma, which had been assigned to him by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. By the Infante's permission, Colonel Power was to remain with the

Prince until the gentlemen of his suite arrived from Paris. These had not been allowed to leave the French capital, till the Prince's escort had returned from the frontier. The Infante and Charles were both equally anxious for this interview, but it cost some trouble, on the score of etiquette, to bring it about. The Infante's superior rank prevented him from making the first overtures, and Charles had been too recently and too deeply insulted by the house of Bourbon to allow of his taking a step by which he might appear to pay court to one of that family. Several deliberations were held at the Vice-Legate's to arrange some plan for bringing the two princes together, and at last a proposal of Colonel Power's was adopted. The Vice-Legate gave a masked ball, to which both were invited, and they were brought, as if by accident, by two different doors, into a private room, where they laid aside their masks, and remained together in conversation for some time.

Charles left Avignon under an assumed name, accompanied only by Colonel Goring, and turned his steps, in the first instance, to Italy. At Rome he was unwilling to fix his residence, on many accounts, but chiefly in consideration of the un-

friendly terms on which he stood with his brother, in consequence of his acceptance of the dignity of cardinal. The senate of Venice refused to allow Charles to remain in that city, nor was it till some years afterwards that he obtained permission from Duke Leopold of Tuscany to establish his residence at Florence.

CHAPTER XXIX.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CONDUCT OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT—SYMPATHY OF THE PUBLIC—THE KING AND THE DAUPHIN.

BEFORE we follow the royal exile into the retirement of private life, it is perhaps necessary to a just estimate of his character, to say a few words respecting his conduct towards the French government during the latter part of his residence in Paris, a conduct which has alternately been the subject of warm praise and severe blame.

France, it has often been argued, was exhausted by the war; peace was necessary to her, and could be obtained only by the removal of Charles from the French territory; King Louis, however he might be personally disposed, could not avoid the fulfilment of the obligation which he had contracted; and the Prince's resistance must, under these circumstances, be fruitless, while, at the

same time, it could not be looked on in any other light than as insulting to the King.

There may be some truth in these arguments; still, on a close examination, they do not necessarily prove our hero to have been deserving of unqualified censure. Charles had the best reasons to be incensed against the cabinet of Versailles. In 1744 he had been invited to France, and had received repeated promises that, come what might, his cause should not be abandoned. Yet, during his campaigns in Scotland and England, the French government afforded him none but the most insignificant assistance, and thereby contributed mainly to the failure of his enterprise. The position, therefore, in which he stood when the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was concluded, was one into which he had been drawn less by his own acts than by the false and ill-judged policy of the French government. It may also be questioned whether, in the preliminary negotiations at Aix-la-Chapelle, the French ministry made even one serious effort to secure to the Prince that protection which the honour of France, his own achievements, and the valuable diversion which he had procured for the French arms, had

well entitled him to look for. If no such effort was made by France, Charles was sacrificed with culpable levity.

An attempt has been made to compare the conduct of Louis XV. at Aix-la-Chapelle with that of his predecessor at Ryswick, but the comparison will not hold. Louis XIV. did not acknowledge William III. as King of Great Britain, till after a feasible plan to secure the British crown to the house of Stuart had been suggested to James II. and refused by him, and by him alone of all those who were interested in the question. The offer of a residence at Freiburg can scarcely have appeared an acceptable one in his eyes. An empty title could not but seem worthless to him, accompanied, as it probably was, by the condition that he should renounce those pretensions which he looked on as his birthright. He did not require to be furnished with the means of living in a manner suitable to his rank, and the permission to live in Switzerland was certainly not a boon by which the French king could acquire any powerful claim on the gratitude of his guest. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had, consequently, placed France in a deeply humiliating position, and, if

the mean proceedings of her rulers invited the contempt of the world, it would have been surprising if he, who was the immediate victim of those proceedings, he, who on all occasions had shown the nicest, the most chivalrous, sense of honour, had been the only man not to feel and express his sense of the disgraceful levity with which he had been sacrificed.

Had Charles yielded to the force of circumstances, which it was not in his power to control; had he listened to the voice of prudence, and duly considered the impossibility of obtaining any succour from France at that time; had he reflected that a more favourable period might eventually arrive; and that, to be prepared to take advantage of it when it came, it would not be expedient for him to incense King Louis or his ministers—had he been guided in his conduct by such considerations, Charles would no doubt have chosen a more prudent line of policy than he did, and would have merited, as a statesman, to stand more nearly upon a line with a Cardinal Dubois or a Cardinal Tencin; but it may be doubted whether, by such conduct, he would have better entitled himself to the esteem of posterity than by the unreserved

frankness with which he avowed his indignation at the proceedings of the court and cabinet of Versailles.

It would be absurd to suppose that Charles ever imagined it would be in his power to meet force by force, and to remain in France in defiance of the king; but before he left a country to which he had been invited by the most flattering promises, a country where, but a year before, he had been received with royal honours, he was resolved to show to the world the full extent of degradation to which a fickle government had been reduced by its disregard of the most solemn engagements. Nothing could serve as a more complete justification of the contempt of Charles for the ministers of Louis than the manner of his arrest. Louis, when he signed the order to have his guest taken into custody, is said to have exclaimed, "Poor prince! how difficult it is for a king to be a true friend!" This exclamation would have done the king more credit, had he taken care to intrust the execution of his order to another than Vaudreuil, had he seen that the execution of it had not been accompanied by personal outrage of a most revolting kind.

Public opinion did not fail to pronounce itself

unreservedly against the treatment which Charles had experienced from his inconstant friends. He had all along been a great favourite with the Parisians, to whom the romance and chivalrous bearing that marked his adventures in Scotland had singularly endeared him. Nothing could surpass the enthusiasm with which he was greeted on his first appearance at the opera-house after his return to France, nor had anything since occurred to lessen his popularity. When his arrest became known, public sympathy was loudly and generally expressed. Power describes the day that followed as one of "general public mourning." "The Prince," he goes on to say, "was beloved by the people, and they sympathised with his unhappy fate. He had been invited to France, and the French people had felt that he was worthy of their protection. There seemed to be scarcely a house in which an air of sadness did not prevail, in which indignation was not loudly expressed, in which it was not felt that a blot had been cast on the glory of the king of France and of every individual Frenchman."

The indignation, thus loudly and generally expressed, induced the government to reprimand

the officers, who, by their account of what had occurred at Vincennes, and on the occasion of the arrest, had contributed so powerfully to increase the Prince's popularity. To extenuate their own conduct, the ministers caused an account to be circulated, that, after the Prince had given his word of honour that he had surrendered all the arms in his possession, a pistol had been found secreted about his person, and that it was only after this discovery had been made that his hands were bound; but the tale found credence nowhere, and only one or two of the officers disgraced themselves so far as to sanction it. The attempted calumny was looked upon generally as a fresh outrage, and only aggravated the public feeling which it had been intended to allay. A multitude of pamphlets appeared, in which the captive was spoken of with affection and respect, the king and his ministers with the opposite sentiments. Many of these effusions were couched in a poetical garb. In one of these, in which the Duchess de Châteauroux, the former mistress of the king, is often addressed under the name of Agnès Sorel, we find these lines:—

"Quoi! Biron, votre roi vous l'a-t-il ordonné?
Édouard, est-ce vous, d'huissiers environné,

Est-ce vous, de Henri le fils digne de l'être ?
Sans doute à vos malheurs j'ai pu vous reconnaître.
Mais je vous reconnais bien mieux à vos vertus.
O Louis ! vos sujets, de douleur abattus,
Respectent Édouard captif et sans couronne :
Il est roi dans les fers ; qu'êtes vous sur le trône ?
J'ai vu tomber le sceptre aux pieds de Pompadour,
Mais fut-il relevé par les mains de l'amour ?
Belle Agnès, tu n'es plus, le fier Anglais nous dompte,
Tandis que Louis dort dans le sein de la honte,
Et d'une femme obscure indignement épris,
Il oublie en ses bras nos pleurs et nos mépris ;
Belle Agnès, tu n'es plus ! ton altière tendresse
Dédaignerait un roi flétri par sa faiblesse ;
Tu pourrais réparer les malheurs d'Édouard," &c.

The foregoing lines possess but little poetical value, but they express the sentiments that were general in Paris at the time. Some other lines, very superior to those just quoted, were attributed to Dufresnoy. They begin thus :—

"Peuple jadis si fier, aujourd'hui si servile,
Des princes malheureux vous n'êtes plus l'asile : "

and a little farther on, the author continues :—

" Hélas ! auriez-vous donc couru tant de hasards
Pour voir . . . . . .
. . le fils de Stuart, par vous-même appelé,
Aux frayeurs de Brunswick lâchement immolé !
Et toi que tes flatteurs ont paré d'un vain titre,
De l'Europe en ce jour te diras-tu l'arbitre,
Lorsque dans tes états tu ne peux conserver
Un héros que le sort n'est pas las d'éprouver ;

Mais qui dans les horreurs d'une vie agitée,
Au sein de l'Angleterre à sa perte excitée,
Abandonné des siens, fugitif, mis à prix,
Se vit toujours du moins plus libre qu'à Paris ?
De l'amitié des rois exemple mémorable,
Et de leurs intérêts victime déplorable,
Tu triomphes, cher prince, au milieu de tes fers ;
Sur toi dans ce moment tous les yeux sont ouverts.
Un peuple généreux et juge du mérite,
Va révoquer l'arrêt d'une race proscrite.
Tes malheurs ont changé les esprits prévenus,
Dans les cœurs des Anglais tous tes droits sont connus,
Plus flatteurs et plus surs que ceux de ta naissance,
Ces droits vont doublement affermir ta puissance," &c.

Corrupt as was the court of Louis XV., there were not wanting individuals who felt how unworthy had been the treatment that Charles Stuart had experienced. Among those who gave expression to such a sentiment, none was more conspicuous than the young Dauphin, upon whom the hopes of his country centred at that time. On the morning after the arrest, he expressed himself to the king at the levee, without the least reserve, and in presence of many gentlemen of the court. He spoke of the event as a crime of the ministry, and as a violation of all the laws of hospitality, and many, emboldened by the Prince's example; did not hesitate to avow their participation in his sentiments. The king reminded those about him

that the Dauphin's youth disqualified him from judging of such matters; but this remark did not prevent the Prince from again giving expression to his feelings, and the conversation between the king and his son became at last so animated, that the courtiers deemed it prudent not to remain witnesses of it, and one after another withdrew from the royal presence.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONDUCT OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT AFTER THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN—BARBAROUS TREATMENT OF THE HIGHLANDERS—INGRATITUDE TO THE LORD PRESIDENT, DUNCAN FORBES—EXCESSES OF THE SOLDIERY—WHOLESALE EXECUTIONS—TRIALS AND EXECUTION OF THE REBEL LORDS.

When, in 1749, Charles Stuart left France, he could scarcely avoid feeling that the love and respect of all who had moved within his circle accompanied him into the retirement of private life. Of his history during the period of his retirement, very little information has reached us, but that he never lost sight of England, nor abandoned the wishes and hopes with which his early years were flattered, might, if other proofs were wanting, be inferred from his characteristic inflexibility and love of enterprise. Nor were circumstances wanting to justify the continuance of those expectations. The extreme severity with which the British government proceeded against

the Jacobites after the battle of Culloden, and the sweeping measures adopted to prevent the renewal of any similar attempt for the restoration of the ancient dynasty, made it evident that Charles would find Scotland much changed from what it had formerly been, should he be disposed to repeat his enterprise of 1745.

All the accounts coincide in describing the conduct of the soldiers, after the victory, as disgraceful to human nature; and as the Duke of Cumberland never attempted to restrain the atrocities of his men, his tacit acquiescence can scarcely be looked on in any other light than in that of an implied approval, if not of a direct encouragement. Some of the Jacobite accounts of the diabolical villanies perpetrated by the soldiers, without any attempt from the officers to restrain them, may be exaggerated; but even the statements of English officers, published shortly after the events which they narrate, prove but too undeniably the truth of many of the charges preferred against them. Those among the prisoners against whom there was the least suspicion of having formerly served in the royal army, were hanged at Inverness on the same day, by the duke's command, and on the following day the soldiers returned to the field to murder those

among the wounded who might still be found alive. Many a wounded Highlander had found a shelter in some adjoining hut, but was eagerly hunted out and put to death by the licentious troops. A number of wounded men were found in a stable, where some charitable shepherds were engaged binding their wounds. The building was immediately surrounded, set on fire, and all within were consumed, amid the jeers and merriment of their destroyers. The least unfortunate, perhaps, were those who perished in the battle, or who were murdered in the few succeeding days. Far more wretched was the fate of those who had crawled to the adjoining woods and bogs, to be hunted like wild beasts, or, when found, to be murdered with the forms of justice.

That Cumberland, who could thus sully the only victory he ever gained, should have equally distinguished himself by ingratitude towards one who would have stayed him in his sanguinary course, need hardly excite surprise. No one had contributed more to the failure of the insurrection than the Lord President Duncan Forbes. But for his indefatigable exertions, the house of Hanover would infallibly have been driven from the British throne. On the very day, however,

on which it was proposed in the House of Commons to reward the achievements of the victor of Culloden with a settlement of 25,000*l.* a year, we find Duncan Forbes applying vainly for 1500*l.*, not for himself, but to enable him to pay debts which he had contracted for the service of Government. "Above nine months ago," says this excellent man in a letter to Mr. Scroope,* "my zeal led me into this north country to quench a very furious rebellion, without arms, without money, without credit; and, if the king's enemies are to be credited, my endeavours were attended with some success. His Majesty was pleased to intrust me with the disposition of commissions for raising some independent companies; which I, accordingly, raised and employed, I hope usefully. The Marquis of Tweeddale, then secretary of state for Scotland, acquainted me, by order, that, for supplying any extraordinary expense, I was to draw on Mr. Pelham; but the total interruption of correspondence made my receiving money on such drafts impossible, and I was forced to supply the necessary expense, after employing what money of my own I could come at in this country, by

* See Addenda to the *Culloden Papers*.

borrowing upon my proper notes such small sums as I could hear of. The rebellion is now happily over, and the persons who lent me this money at a pinch are now justly demanding payment; and I, who cannot coin, and who never hitherto was dunned, find myself uneasy. The whole of the small sums does not exceed 1500*l.* Now, if Mr. Pelham would impress that money into the hands of George Ross, or any other person, to be remitted to me to account; or if he would authorise me to draw upon him, or upon any other person whom he may direct, for that sum, in like manner to account, it would tend much to the quiet of my mind. I have of this date wrote to Mr. Pelham of this subject."

The amount of services rendered by Duncan Forbes was known to all men, and it was equally notorious that he had expended three years' income of his own fortune in the public service. Nor had his sacrifices been merely of a pecuniary character. He, a judge, a man of a quiet disposition, had perhaps exposed himself during the course of the war to more personal danger and fatigue than any general engaged in the service of George the Second in Scotland. Yet not only

was he left wholly unrewarded, but he was never repaid what he had expended from his private fortune, and he was left to bear the entire responsibility of the debts he had contracted. An excuse has been made for George the Second, by supposing him to have been ignorant of the extent of the Lord President's services, which the ministers could not acknowledge, without acknowledging at the same time the extent of their own misconduct, since to their want of foresight might, in some measure, be attributed the serious aspect which affairs assumed in Scotland: but even supposing the king to have been ignorant of Duncan Forbes's services, they could not but be known to the Duke of Cumberland, though perhaps the humane interference of the old Whig, to save the lives of some of his poor Highland neighbours, may have cancelled, in the duke's judgment, every previous claim to gratitude. It is upon record that, when Duncan Forbes manfully remonstrated with the duke against the enormities committing by the soldiery, and invoked the outraged laws of his country, Cumberland exclaimed:—"Laws! what laws? I'll make a brigade give laws!" The high-

minded Scot continued to urge the policy of a more merciful course, till Cumberland and the ministers of the day, unable to estimate his generous motives, filled up their baseness by intimating a suspicion that Forbes himself was tainted with disaffection, if not with downright Jacobitism. This ungenerous treatment at last broke the spirit and destroyed the health of the Lord President, who died at Edinburgh towards the close of 1747, in the sixty-third year of his age, complaining on his death-bed of the treatment he had met with, and advising his son to keep aloof from public life. His affairs were found in such embarrassment, that his family saw no prospect of relief but by selling one of his estates to save the other. "But he left behind him," says Sir Walter Scott, "a name endeared, even in these days of strife and bitterness, to enemies as to friends, and doubly to be honoured by posterity, for that impartiality which uniformly distinguished between the cause of the country and political party."

Of the conduct of the soldiery after the battle of Culloden, and of the treatment of the prisoners, a frightful picture is drawn by Smollett. "Imme-

diately after the decisive action at Culloden," says that historian, "the duke took possession of Inverness, where six-and-thirty deserters, convicted by a court-martial, were ordered to be executed. Then he detached several parties to ravage the country. One of these apprehended the Lady Mac Intosh, who was sent prisoner to Inverness. They did not plunder her house, but drove away her cattle, though her husband was actually in the service of government. The castle of Lord Lovat was destroyed. . . . All the gaols of Great Britain, from the capital northwards, were filled with those unhappy captives; and great numbers of them were crowded together in the holds of ships, where they perished in the most deplorable manner, for want of necessaries, air, and exercise. . . . In the month of May, the Duke of Cumberland advanced with the army into the Highlands, as far as Fort Augustus, where he encamped, and sent off detachments on all hands, to hunt down the fugitives, and lay waste the country with fire and sword. The castles of Glengary and Lochiel were plundered and burned; every house, hut, or habitation met with the same fate, without distinction;

all the cattle and provisions were carried off; the men were either shot upon the mountains, like wild beasts, or put to death in cold blood, without form of trial; the women, after having seen their husbands and fathers murdered, were subjected to brutal violation, and then turned out naked, with their children, to starve on the barren heaths. One whole family was inclosed in a barn, and consumed to ashes. Those ministers of vengeance were so alert in the execution of their office, that in a few days there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast, to be seen in the compass of fifty miles: all was ruin, silence, and desolation."

The testimony of Smollett has sometimes been questioned, on account of the national and political bias imputed to him; but there is little reason to believe that he exaggerated any part of the military licentiousness tacitly encouraged by the Duke of Cumberland. Ray, a volunteer in the duke's army, describes with disgusting facetiousness the abundance of the booty and the uses the soldiers made of it. This Ray had no taste for picturesque beauties, and describes the black mountains, and the waters rolling down them, as a sight suf-

ficient to give a well-bred dog the vapours. He assures us that these solitary horrors caused numbers of the soldiers to fall sick daily; and this, he adds, "might have been still worse, had it not been for the duke's presence. To divert their melancholy, his Royal Highness and the officers frequently gave money to be run for by Highland horses, sometimes without saddles or bridles, both men and women riding.* Here were also many foot-races performed by both sexes, which afforded many droll scenes. It was necessary to entertain life in this manner, otherwise the people were in danger of being affected with hypochondriacal melancholy. At this time most of the soldiers had horses, which they bought and sold to each other at a low price, and on which they rode about, neglecting their duty, which made it necessary to publish an order to part with them, otherwise they were all to be shot. I saw a soldier riding on one of these horses, when, being met by a comrade, he asked him, 'Tom, what hast

* The Rev. James Hay, of Inverness, says in an attestation sent to Bishop Forbes, in the month of June, that the women that rode races on horseback, for the amusement of the English camp, were *naked*, and that in other particulars there was the grossest indecency and depravity.

thou given for the galloway?' Tom answered, 'Half a crown.' To which the other replied with an oath, 'He is too dear; I saw a better bought for eighteen-pence.' Notwithstanding the low price, the vast quantity of cattle, such as oxen, horses, sheep, and goats, taken from the rebels' and bought up in the lump by the jockeys and farmers from Yorkshire and the south of Scotland, came to a great deal of money, all which was divided among the men that brought them in, who were sent out in parties in search of the Pretender; and they frequently came to rebels' houses who had left them, and would not be reduced to obedience. These sort our soldiers commonly plundered and burnt, so that many grew rich by their share of spoil."

Lord John Russell, in his "History of Modern Europe," has expressed some doubt as to the barbarities attributed to the Duke of Cumberland, but Volunteer Ray, whom we have just quoted, is certainly not likely to aggravate the offences of his own party. We have a host of witnesses, however, of all parties, including officers of the English army, who speak of such atrocities as had not been witnessed in our island since the dark ages. Among these witnesses are bishops and

clergymen, ministers, and elders, and gentlemen of rank and character. They state specific cases, with names and dates, and their signatures are attached to the papers. The brutal treatment of the women and children, as described by those witnesses, will scarcely bear repetition in these pages. It was a common spectacle to see men, women, and children, frantic with hunger, following in the track of the plunderers, and begging for the blood and offal of their own cattle, carried off and slaughtered for the use of the Duke of Cumberland's army. Mr. Chambers, the editor of the "Jacobite Memoirs," says that the authentic details of violence and cruelty to be found in that work, "will greatly exceed the previous conceptions even of those who have been accustomed to hear the least favourable version of the story. In thus fixing the historical evidence of so dark a tale," he proceeds, "it is to be feared that some blame will be incurred for reviving, or running the risk of reviving, animosities which it were as well to leave asleep; but, besides the abstract value of truth, there may be some use in showing how liable an improved system of government, like that of the Brunswick family, is to fall into the worst errors of that which preceded it, and how liable

the people are to be disappointed in their most sanguine expectations of political perfection. The cruelties which followed Culloden, and the domineering and unconstitutional violence with which the country in general was then treated, may stand, moreover, as a good offset to the tyrannical barbarity of the latter Stuarts; for, though the former were less infamous in degree and duration, they had also the less excuse from the age in which they took place. *It is but just, when the faults of one party are so much insisted upon, that the sins of the other should not be altogether overlooked.*"

After thus glancing at the treatment which the country experienced at the hands of the victor, it becomes our duty to say a few words of those of Charles's followers who fell into the hands of their enemies. A number of tribunals were established in different parts of the country for the purpose of *trying* the prisoners, who may be said to have been condemned to death by anticipation. As a prelude to the trial of the leaders of the insurrection, eighteen officers of the garrison of Carlisle* were

* These were Colonel Townley and the other officers of the Manchester regiment.

executed on Kennington Common, with all the horrible details of drawing and quartering. It is not necessary to particularise all the executions that took place, twenty or thirty often on one day, at Kennington, Carlisle, York, Edinburgh, and at various other places in England and Scotland. A still greater number of the prisoners were transported to the plantations, and many perished of gaol fevers brought on by the crowded state of some of the prisons. Numbers purchased their lives by turning king's evidence. Among these, the most conspicuous was Secretary Murray, of Broughton, who lived for many years afterwards, in Scotland, an object of universal detestation. Many of the prisoners displayed the utmost firmness to the last, and many exulted in a death accompanied, as they deemed, with glory little less than that of martyrdom. Mr. Coppock, a clergyman, who had accepted from Charles the dignity of Bishop of Carlisle, was executed in that city in the month of October following. At the place of execution he addressed the multitude in vindication of his own conduct, prayed for King James and Prince Charles, and denounced King George as a usurper. Observing some of his companions

droop on arriving at the scaffold, he asked them what they were afraid of, and added, "We shall not be tried by a Cumberland jury in the other world."

The trial of the Earl of Cromarty, the Earl of Kilmarnock, and Lord Balmerino, before the House of Lords, commenced on the 8th of August, the Chancellor, Lord Hardwicke, acting as Lord High Steward. In the correspondence of Horace Walpole a lively account is given of this trial, which he seems to have followed with the utmost interest. "Three parts of Westminster Hall," says Walpole, "were inclosed with galleries and hung with scarlet, and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency. . . . . No part of the royal family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men who were to become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine lords were present. . . . I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of the prisoners' crimes, and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian in weepers for his son, who fell at Culloden; but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me, their behaviour melted me." Cro-

marty and Kilmarnock pleaded guilty, and expressed the deepest contrition for what they had done; but Lord Balmerino was cheerful throughout the trial, and pleaded not guilty, in order, as he afterwards said, that so many fine ladies might not be disappointed of the show they had come to see. "He is," says Walpole, "the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. . . . At the bar he plays with his fingers upon the axe,* while he talks to the gentleman gaoler; and, one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child, and placed him near himself." He took several exceptions to the indictment, and pleaded that he had not been present at the taking of Carlisle, but several

* The axe in such cases was always brought from the Tower with the prisoners, and held by the executioner near to them during the time of trial. In the morning, when the three lords were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go. Old Balmerino cried out, "Come, come, put it with me."

witnesses were brought forward to prove that he had entered Carlisle at the head of his regiment, though not on the day specified in the indictment. His exceptions having been overruled, the Lord High Steward asked him whether he had anything farther to offer in his defence? to which the old lord replied with a smile, that he should give their lordships no farther trouble.

The three prisoners were found guilty, and were reconveyed to the Tower. On being brought up to receive sentence, they were called on to say whether they had anything to urge in arrest of judgment. The two earls addressed the court at some length to sue for mercy. "Nothing, my lords," said Cromarty, "remains, but to throw myself, my life, and fortune, upon your lordships' compassion; but of these, my lords, as to myself is the least part of my sufferings. I have involved an affectionate wife with an unborn infant, as parties of my guilt, to share its penalties. I have involved my eldest son, whose infancy and regard to his parents hurried him down the stream of rebellion. I have involved also eight innocent children, who must feel their parent's punishment before they know his guilt. Let them, my lords,

be pledges to his Majesty, let them be pledges to your lordships, let them be pledges to my country, for mercy; let the powerful language of innocent nature supply my want of eloquence and persuasion. . . . But if, after all, my lords, the sacrifice of my fortune and family is judged indispensably necessary for stopping the loud demands of public justice, and if the bitter cup is not to pass from me, not mine but thy will, O God, be done!"

Lord Kilmarnock is represented by contemporary witnesses to have made a more able and impressive speech, but, in the report that has been preserved, there is nothing from which the superiority of the address might have been inferred. The case of the unfortunate lords had been prejudiced rather than assisted by a very indiscreet letter, which the Dutch ambassador at Paris had been induced by the French court to write to the Duke of Newcastle, recommending humanity, clemency, and *greatness of soul;* the last named quality being one than which perhaps none was more rare at the court and in the cabinet of George the Second. Alluding, no doubt, to this letter, Lord Kilmarnock said: "It is with the utmost abhorrence and detestation that I have

seen a letter from the French court, presuming to dictate to a British monarch the manner in which he should deal with his rebellious subjects. I am not so much in love with life, nor so void of a sense of honour, as to expect it upon such an intercession. I depend only upon the merciful intercession of this honourable house, and the innate clemency of his sacred Majesty."

Old Balmerino scorned to sue for mercy: he started some fresh objections to the indictment, but afterwards withdrew them, saying, that "his counsel had satisfied him there was nothing in the objections that could be of service to him, and, therefore, he was sorry for the trouble he had given his Grace and the peers." All the prisoners having thus submitted to the court, the Lord High Steward addressed them in a speech of some length, and concluded with pronouncing sentence in these words:—

"The judgment of the law is, and this high court doth award, that you William Earl of Kilmarnock, George Earl of Cromarty, and Arthur Lord Balmerino, and every of you, return to the prison of the Tower, from whence you came; from thence you must be drawn to the place of

execution; when you come there, you must be hanged by the neck; but not till you are dead; for you must be cut down alive; then your bowels must be taken out, and burnt before your faces; then your heads must be severed from your bodies, and your bodies must be divided each into four quarters; and these must be at the king's disposal. And God Almighty be merciful to your souls!"

Powerful intercession was made for the condemned noblemen, and the Earl of Cromarty, in consideration of his wife's pregnancy, was pardoned. The Earl of Kilmarnock, it was thought, might have been equally fortunate, but for some offence which he had given to the Duke of Cumberland. Lord Balmerino never sued for mercy, and to the last refused to express any regret for what he had done. He was dining with his wife when word was brought him that the day for his execution had been fixed. Lady Balmerino fainted at the announcement, but, with her husband's assistance, soon recovered her self-possession. He then invited her to resume her place at the table, reminding her that she had shown more firmness when he was going into battle, yet a man

might gain as much honour, he said, on the scaffold as in the field, if the cause he died for was a good one. Kilmarnock and Balmerino suffered on the same day. The more ignominious part of the sentence (the hanging, drawing, and quartering) was dispensed with, as had long been usual in the case of persons of rank suffering for high treason.

On the fatal morning, just before they came out of the Tower, Balmerino called for wine, and drank a bumper to the health of King James. Both lords had to walk from their prison to the scaffold. As they were taking leave of each other, Balmerino asked his companion whether he knew anything of a resolution said to have been taken in the Highland army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put all the English prisoners to death. Kilmarnock replied, "My Lord, I was not present, but since I came hither I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the Duke of Cumberland has the pocket-book with the order." Balmerino, who *was* present, rejoined indignantly, "It is a lie, raised to excuse their barbarity to us." And as no such order was ever produced to

the world, and as such an order would have been entirely at variance with the whole character of Charles, we may rest assured that no such order ever existed, and that the tale was but a foul calumny, either coined or sanctioned by the duke, who felt that, without some deception of the kind, the whole world must join in condemning the thirst for blood which he displayed throughout the course of these unhappy proceedings.*

Kilmarnock, who still entertained some hopes of a reprieve, renewed his assurances of contrition on the scaffold, declaring himself satisfied with the legality of King George's title, and expressing a wish that all who had embarked in the Pretender's cause might meet the same fate. Balmerino, on the contrary, was calm and cheerful. He had arrayed himself in the uniform which he had worn at Culloden, and trod the scaffold without levity, but with all the composure of a

* "The king," says Horace Walpole in one of his letters, "is much inclined to some mercy; but the duke, who has not so much of Cæsar after a victory as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed in the city to present him with the freedom of some company. One of the aldermen said aloud, 'Then let it be of the butchers.'" Was it to this civic *bon-mot* that his Royal Highness was indebted for the surname which history has so justly bestowed on him?

general in a field of battle. He examined his coffin, and smiled at the inscription; felt the edge of the axe, and looked with seeming pleasure at the block, which he called his "pillow of rest." He then put on his spectacles, and read a written speech in an audible voice, afterwards handing the manuscript to the sheriff.

In this speech, the stanch old Jacobite spoke of George as a good kind of prince, but denied his right to the throne, and declared that Prince Charles was so sweet a prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him. "If I had a thousand lives," he said, "I would lay them all down here in the same cause." He then called the executioner, who would have knelt to ask forgiveness, but Balmerino stopped him, saying, "Friend, you need not ask me forgiveness; the execution of your duty is commendable." Then giving the man three guineas, he continued, "Friend, I never had much money; this is all I have; I wish it was more for your sake, and am sorry I can add nothing to it but my coat and waistcoat." He then took leave of his friends. "I am afraid," he said, "there are some who may think my behaviour bold; but remember what I

tell you; it arises from a confidence in God, and a clear conscience." With the same composure that had marked his conduct throughout the trying scene, he knelt down at the block, and having, with extended arms, pronounced this short prayer, "O, Lord! reward my friends, forgive my enemies, bless King James, and receive my soul!" he gave the signal to the executioner, who, taken by surprise at the quickness of the summons, struck a false blow, and did not sever the head from the trunk till the third stroke.

Charles Ratcliffe, brother of the Earl of Derwentwater, was put to death, though he had not directly participated in the recent insurrection. Ratcliffe had been condemned in 1716, but had escaped the block by breaking out of prison. He had lately, however, been taken at sea, on board a French vessel, and was supposed to be on his way to Scotland, to join Prince Charles. He was ordered for execution, without the formality of a fresh trial, upon the former sentence, pronounced thirty years before, and died with firmness, on Tower Hill, on the 8th of December, three months after Kilmarnock and Balmerino.

Of all who perished on the scaffold during this melancholy period of English history, none obtained or merited less sympathy than the old intriguer, Lord Lovat. He had not appeared openly in arms, like Kilmarnock and Balmerino, and it was, therefore, the more difficult to prove an overt act against him. He was, consequently, not brought to trial till the spring of 1747, and might even then have got off, but for the treachery of Murray of Broughton, whose ample revelations were sufficient, not only to convict Lovat, but to fix the guilt of treason, or treasonable correspondence, upon several English Jacobites of high rank, such as the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Watkyn Williams Wynn, and others, who had been in correspondence with the Stuart family for many years. Lovat's conduct during the trial was marked with a levity bordering, in Sir W. Scott's opinion, on insanity. "At his trial," says Horace Walpole, "he affected great weakness and infirmity, but often broke out into passion. Murray, the Pretender's secretary, was the chief evidence, who, in the course of his information, mentioned Lord Traquair's having conversed with Lord Barrymore, Sir W. W. Wynn, and Sir

John Cotton, on the Pretender's affairs, but that they were shy. He was proceeding to name others, but was stopped by Lord Talbot, and the court acquiesced—I think very indecently. It was imagined that the Duchess of Norfolk would have come upon the stage." At the moment when sentence was about to be passed upon him, he made his judges laugh at his buffoonery; and, turning to Lord Ilchester, who sat near him, he addressed him in the words of an old French song—

"Je meurs pour ma patrie,
Et ne m'en soucie guères."

Both before and after his trial he made his prison echo with his jests, but, on the scaffold, though his intrepidity continued the same, he behaved at least with decorum. Almost his last words were a quotation from Horace: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*"

The Marquis of Tullibardine escaped a public execution by dying in the Tower before his trial came on. Sir Thomas Sheridan escaped to the Continent, where he is supposed to have died of grief, in consequence of the reproaches heaped upon him by James, who suspected him of having

incited Charles to his adventurous attempt. In June, 1747, the English government at length passed an act of indemnity, granting a pardon to all who had been engaged in the rebellion. From this act of grace, however, no fewer than eighty individuals were excepted by name. Notwithstanding this act, many Jacobites were detained in prison. Lord Pitsligo lived in concealment till his death, in 1762, and others did not obtain their liberty till the accession of George the Third. Lord George Murray escaped to the Continent, and died in Holland in 1760.

With a view to guard against any renewed attempts on the part of the Jacobites, several acts of parliament were passed for the purpose of destroying the feudal authority of the Highland chiefs over their clans. A bill was passed, not only for disarming the clans, but for restraining the use of the national garb. Another bill made it imperative on the master and teacher of every private school in Scotland to swear allegiance to King George, his heirs, and successors, and to register their oaths. By another bill the system of hereditable jurisdiction, by which many Scottish lairds had been allowed to administer the

law on their own estates, was abolished for ever. By the operation of these measures, and by the slow but sure effect of time, the remnant of the feudal system, with all its good and all its evil, gradually disappeared from Scotland.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHARLES'S PEREGRINATIONS—ABORTIVE CONSPIRACIES IN ENGLAND—VISITS OF CHARLES TO ENGLAND—APPREHENSION AND EXECUTION OF DR. CAMERON—CHARLES'S CONNEXION WITH MISS WALKENSHAW.

It is well known that Charles did not remain long in Italy after his return from France, but where he spent the next few years remained long a mystery to his friends as well as to his foes. His letters were addressed to his banker, Warrent, at Paris, and he occasionally wrote to his father, but without affixing any date. With his brother he had broken off all correspondence. It has now, however, been long known, that during this period he visited Germany, spent some time privately in Paris, but resided chiefly in the dominions of his friend the Duc de Bouillon, where, surrounded by the wide and solitary forest of Ardennes, his active spirit sought, in the dangerous chase of wolves and bears, some

compensation for the military enterprise from which he was excluded.

If, under these circumstances, a new plan was matured for the expulsion of King George from the throne, it may be inferred that it would be likely to surpass in boldness even the undertaking of 1745. Lord Elibank and his brother, Alexander Murray, placed themselves, in 1753, at the head of a Jacobite plot, the success of which was dependent on a multitude of highly improbable occurrences. The design was to seize George II. in his own palace of St. James's, to carry him off, and to raise the standard of revolt in Scotland. To gain over the Scottish Jacobites to this design, Macdonald of Lochgarry, and Dr. Archibald Cameron,* repaired secretly to the north, and the Jacobite Duchess of Buckingham went to Paris and Rome, as an agent of the conspirators; but whether Charles, informed of the plot, made a secret journey to London at this time, in order to satisfy himself of the feasibility of the scheme,

* The brother of Lochiel. Lochiel himself died at Paris in 1748. When Louis XV. gave Lochiel a regiment, the Doctor was appointed chief surgeon to it, and he remained in the French service, universally respected, till he unfortunately engaged in the plot of 1753.

is a question not easily answered. The chief authority for this secret journey rests upon the following

LETTER FROM DAVID HUME THE HISTORIAN, TO SIR JOHN PRINGLE, M.D.

"*St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, Feb.* 10, 1773.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"That the present Pretender was in London in the year 1753, I know with the greatest certainty, because I had it from Lord Marechal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge. Two or three days after his lordship gave me this information, he told me, that the evening before he had learned several curious particulars from a lady (whom I imagined to be Lady Primrose), though my lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to her house in the evening, without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room when she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name; she thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him; but she had presence enough of mind to call him by the name he

assumed, to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away, the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the Prince's picture which hung on the chimney-piece in the very room in which he entered. My lord added (I think from the authority of the same lady), that he used so little precaution, that he went abroad openly in daylight in his own dress, only laying aside his blue ribband and star; walked once through St. James's, and took a turn in the Mall.

"About five years ago, I told this story to Lord Holdernesse, who was Secretary of State in the year 1753, and I added that I supposed this piece of intelligence had at that time escaped his lordship. 'By no means,' said he; 'and who do you think first told it me? It was the king himself; who subjoined, "And what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?'" Lord Holdernesse owned that he was puzzled how to reply; for, if he declared his real sentiments, they might savour of indifference to the royal family. The king perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it by adding, 'My lord, I shall just do nothing at

all; and when he is tired of England, he will go abroad again.' I think this story, for the honour of the late king, ought to be more generally known.

"But what will surprise you more, Lord Marechal, a few days after the coronation of the present king, told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London, or at least had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. 'Why,' says he, 'a gentleman told me so who saw him there; and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words: 'Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here.' 'It was curiosity that led me,' said the other; 'but I assure you,' added he, 'that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence, is the man I envy the least.' You see this story is so near traced from the fountain-head as to wear a great face of probability. Query: what if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?

"I find that the Pretender's visit in England in the year 1753, was known to all the Jacobites;

and some of them have assured me that he took the opportunity of formally renouncing the Roman Catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the New Church in the Strand, and that this is the reason of the bad treatment he met with at the court of Rome. I own that I am a sceptic with regard to the last particulars.

"Lord Marechal had a very bad opinion of this unfortunate prince, and thought there was no vice so mean or atrocious of which he was not capable, of which he gave me several instances. My lord, though a man of great honour, may be thought a discontented courtier; but what quite confirmed me in that idea of that Prince was a conversation I had with Helvetius at Paris, which I believe I have told you. In case I have not, I shall mention a few particulars. That gentleman told me that he had no acquaintance with the Pretender; but, some time after that Prince was chased out of France, 'a letter,' said he, 'was brought me from him, in which he told me that the necessity of his affairs obliged him to be at Paris, and as he knew me by character to be a man of the greatest probity and honour in France, he would trust himself to me, if I would promise to conceal and

protect him. I own,' added Helvetius to me 'although I knew the danger to be greater of harbouring him at Paris than at London; and although I thought the family of Hanover not only the lawful sovereigns in England, but the only lawful sovereigns in Europe, as having the free consent of the people; yet was I such a dupe to his flattery, that I invited him to my house, concealed him there, coming and going, near two years, had all his correspondence pass through my hands, met with his partizans upon Pont Neuf, and found at last that I had incurred all this danger and trouble for the most unworthy of all mortals; insomuch, that I have been assured, when he went down to Nantz to embark on his expedition to Scotland, he took fright and refused to go on board; and his attendants, thinking the matter had gone too far, and that they would be affronted for his cowardice, carried him in the night time into the ship, *pieds et mains liés.*' I asked him if he meant literally. 'Yes,' said he, 'literally; they tied him, and carried him by main force.' What think you now of this hero and conqueror?

"Both Lord Marechal and Helvetius agree that, with all this strange character, he was no

bigot, but rather had learned from the philosophers at Paris to affect a contempt of all religion. You must know that both these persons thought they were ascribing to him an excellent quality. Indeed, both of them used to laugh at me for my narrow way of thinking in those particulars. However, my dear Sir John, I hope you will do me the justice to acquit me.

"I doubt not but these circumstances will appear curious to Lord Hardwicke, to whom you will please to present my respects. I suppose his lordship will think this unaccountable mixture of temerity and timidity in the same character not a little singular.

"I am yours, very sincerely,

"DAVID HUME."

Whether George II. was really aware of the presence of his rival, and whether he really looked upon that presence with the calmness here stated to have been shown by him, may safely be registered among the doubtful facts of history, when we consider how that rival had shaken his throne but eight years before, with what severity the partizans of that rival had been dealt with,

and that even at Avignon the Prince had been deemed too near the English coast. But that Charles really was in London at the time stated seems highly probable, unless we suppose him to have been ignorant of the designs of his friends; for, if he knew of them, he was not likely to be deterred by personal risk from assuring himself with his own eyes of the prospect of success. The existence of two medals, of the dates of 1750 and 1752, seems also to indicate the activity of the Jacobite party at that period.* During his stay in London, Charles is said to have soon become convinced that among his adherents there were few capable of bold and energetic measures, that most of them were guided by purely selfish motives, and that, among others, Dr. King, of Oxford, was far more anxious to discover impediments to the hazardous design than to join

* The one was struck in silver and bronze, and bears the bust of Charles on the face, and on the reverse is a withered tree, from which a vigorous young branch is shooting forth, with the legend *Revirescet*, and the date MDCCL. The other medal, struck in silver, bears likewise the bust of Charles, with the legend *Redeat magnus ille genius Britanniae.* On the reverse, Britannia is seen looking with anxious desire at some approaching vessels. The legend: O diu desiderata navis:; and in the exergue: Laetamini cives. Septbr. xxiii., MDCCLII.

in prompt and vigorous measures.* Charles is said to have soon satisfied himself of the hopelessness of the whole scheme, and to have left London after a stay of only a few days.

The government obtained information of the plot, before the first step had been taken towards its execution, and Dr. Cameron was discovered and arrested. Evidence, however, was wanting to enable the ministers to prosecute him for the new attempt, or perhaps it was deemed more prudent to ignore the existence of the conspiracy altogether. Dr. Cameron was not, however, allowed, on that account, to escape the vengeance of the court. He was taken in Scotland, and brought up to London. As he had been excepted in the Act of Amnesty and included in the Acts of Attainder, the ministers and judges held that he might at once be executed as a traitor; and George II. was accordingly asked to sign his death-warrant forthwith, which the king is said to have done with extreme reluctance.

Dr. Cameron's conduct in prison was worthy of the brother of Lochiel. His parting with his

* For Dr. King's account of Charles's visit to London, and of his general character, see Appendix No. IV.

wife, the night before his execution, was at once tender and heroic. She remained with him till the last moment, and, when the gates of the Tower were about to be locked for the night, he told her she must go. On this announcement, she fell at his feet in an agony of grief; but he said to her, "Madam, this was not what you promised me," and, embracing her for the first time, he forced her to leave the dismal prison. He then stood at the window, looking at her coach with seeming firmness; but, when it was out of sight, he turned away and wept. "His only concern," says Horace Walpole, "seemed to be at the ignominy of Tyburn; he was not disturbed at the dresser for his body, or at the fire to burn his bowels." Walpole adds a horrible and almost incredible circumstance. "But what will you say to the minister or priest who accompanied him? The wretch, after taking leave, went in a landau, where, not content with seeing the Doctor hanged, he let down the top of the landau for the better convenience of seeing him embowelled!"

The assertion that at this time the cause of the Stuarts found its chief, if not its only, support in Frederick the Great is the more striking, as it

appears to have been made in the most unqualified manner by the Duke of Newcastle, in a letter addressed to the Lord Chancellor, on the 21st of September, 1753; but though Frederick speaks of the Prince, in his writings, more than once, with the greatest personal respect, nothing appears there to warrant a belief that the Prussian monarch ever contemplated an active interference in the affairs of Charles.

Two years after the abortive conspiracy, which cost Dr. Cameron his life, the cabinets of London and Versailles were again placed in a position hostile to each other, and the hopes of the banished Stuarts and their partisans in Great Britain began to revive. In June, 1755, an English fleet, under Admiral Boscawen, had been sent to intercept some reinforcements on their way to Canada, where it was known that the French were making extensive warlike preparations. The main fleet escaped Boscawen, and got off safe into the St. Lawrence; but two French vessels, having parted company from the rest, fell in with two of Boscawen's ships, and were captured after an action that lasted several hours. This aggression, though provoked by a series of encroachments in

America, could scarcely be looked on in any other light than as a declaration of war, and had the effect of accelerating the hostilities for which it was notorious the French government was preparing. Count Thomas Arthur de Lally,* faithful to the principles which had led his family to emigrate from England on the fall of James the Second, reminded the cabinet of Versailles of the important services which Charles Stuart might render to France at such a moment. In the Council of State the Count declared that France ought either to land the Prince with an army in England, or to attack the English in India, or to effect the conquest of the North American colonies. The Prince, privately informed of the new pro-

* Many a noble family was removed from England to France by the fall of James II., and contributed afterwards to decorate the annals of the adopted country. The above Count Arthur de Lally, was created by James, in 1746, an Irish peer, with the title of Earl Lally of Moenmoys, Viscount Ballymote, and Baron of Tolendal. In 1761, Count Arthur was taken by the English at Pondicherry, was tried in France for his unsuccessful defence of that place, and was subsequently put to death. His execution, however, was afterwards recognised to have been a judicial murder, and the unjust sentence was reversed in 1778, chiefly through the influence of Voltaire, and at the solicitation of the Count's son. This son was the Count de Lally-Tolendal, who escaped from France during the horrors of the revolution, but offered to return to Paris to plead the cause of Louis XVI.

spects that were opening, lost no time in repairing to the Duc de Bouillon at Narvarra, and to King Stanislaus at Nancy, and had several interviews with the Count de Lally, who had been appointed to the military command in Picardy, and was already engaged in an active correspondence with the Jacobites in Great Britain and Ireland. The French cabinet, however, allowed the favourable moment again to pass away. The time was consumed in fruitless negotiations, and Charles returned to Italy, and to the retirement of private life.

About this time it was that an occurrence took place in which Charles had an opportunity of displaying the characteristic inflexibility which always marked his conduct, when an attempt was made by his partisans to control him in his private relations. Miss Walkenshaw, an English lady, with whom Charles first became acquainted in Scotland, had for several years accompanied him through his different wanderings. She is supposed to have born him a son, who died young; and is known to have born him a daughter, who survived both her parents.* Miss Walkenshaw had a sister

* In the Introduction will be found a more detailed account of this lady's connection with Charles.

who was in the household of the Princess Dowager of Wales, and the English Jacobites were led to believe that, through the medium of the two sisters, the English government obtained access to the most private correspondence of Charles with his adherents in the United Kingdom. Under these circumstances, the Jacobites sent Mr. Macnamara, one of their party, to Florence, where the Prince was then residing, to endeavour to prevail on him, either to break off his intimacy with Miss Walkenshaw, or to insist on her temporary retirement to a convent. By many of the Jacobites, no doubt, suspicions were really entertained that Miss Walkenshaw was betraying the unlimited confidence reposed in her by the Prince, but by others the application was probably made merely with a view to obtain a decent pretext for detaching themselves from a cause which was every year becoming more hopeless. Charles himself looked upon the attempt to control his domestic relations as an encroachment which he was bound to repel, the more so as he felt satisfied that the suspicions of his partisans were unfounded. He therefore dismissed Mr. Macnamara, with a flat refusal to permit any interference of the kind that had been

attempted ; and many of the Jacobites in England, availing themselves of this refusal as a pretext to break off all correspondence with Florence and Rome, attached themselves from that time to the court of St. James's. Among these deserters from the cause was the celebrated Dr. King, who appears to have been anxious to palliate his own defection by representing every part of the Prince's conduct in the most unfavourable light. The conduct of Charles, with respect to Macnamara's mission, has frequently been made the subject of censure, but, as our knowledge of the affair rests only on the authority of Dr. King, we are bound to be cautious in our judgment.*

On the sudden death of George the Second, in 1760, George the Third ascended the throne. At the coronation, Prince Charles is said to have mingled with the spectators in Westminster Abbey. Our only authority for the Prince's visit to England on this occasion is the letter of Hume the historian, of which mention has already been made. In that letter Charles is made to assign mere curiosity as the motive of his secret journey; but, if he really was in London, and there are many grounds for doubting the accuracy of the

* See Appendix, No. IV.

narrative, his presence was probably connected with some designs, the nature of which has never transpired, but which were, in some measure, indicated by a remarkable occurrence which took place during the ceremony of the coronation. When the king's champion, according to ancient custom, had thrown down his mailed gauntlet, and called on any one to come forward who would venture to gainsay the king's right to the throne, the gage is said to have been snatched up by a young maiden, who immediately disappeared again among the crowd of supposed Jacobites by whom she was surrounded, and by whom alone her escape could have been facilitated. Whether the act was merely intended as a public demonstration of hostility to the reigning dynasty, or whether it was to have been the signal for an insurrectional explosion, it is now impossible to say; but the latter may be looked on as the most probable solution of the mystery, if Charles himself was really present on the occasion.*

* In Scott's novel, the *Redgauntlet*, the little episode of the champion's gage is related with the author's accustomed spirit. The rumours of the day, however, represented the gauntlet to have been taken up by a man in disguise, who left behind him another gage, in which was found a paper stating that, under promise of a safe-conduct, a champion was ready to come forward and accept the challenge.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHARLES SETTLES AT FLORENCE AND ASSUMES THE TITLE OF COUNT OF ALBANY—DEATH OF HIS FATHER—HIS MARRIAGE—MUTUAL PASSION OF ALFIERI AND THE COUNTESS—SHE LEAVES HER HUSBAND—HIS AFFLICTION—HIS HABITUAL INTEMPERANCE.

CHARLES had returned to Italy, and had fixed his permanent residence at Florence, when, by his father's death (1st of January, 1766), he became the eldest surviving prince of the house of Stuart. James left his claims to the British throne to the son who had laboured with such constant zeal to win it for him, and who, according to the principles of legitimacy, was now the only rightful monarch of Great Britain. The gradual and almost complete dissolution of the Jacobite party had, however, in the mean time, destroyed every reasonable hope of the restoration of his family, though it may be doubted whether Charles himself ever altogether renounced a hope, the

realisation of which had so long formed the chief object of his life.*

During the American war of Independence, an attempt was made by some Jacobites to induce the insurgent colonists to declare for Charles, but the attempt, as might easily have been foreseen, failed altogether. No record has reached us of any

* Walter Scott *may* have had some historical foundation for the account which he gives in *Redgauntlet* of a subsequent visit of Charles to England, and of an interview which he had at Fairladies with a number of his adherents; but the details of that interview, as told by Scott, can hardly be correct, the connection with Miss Walkenshaw having been broken off in 1760. Scott's anecdote is, therefore, perhaps, only an amplification of Dr. King's account of Macnamara's mission, of which mention was made a few pages back. When Charles positively refused to sacrifice his mistress to his party, Macnamara is represented by Dr. King to have left Charles with these words: "What can your family have done, sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it through so many ages?" Pichot calls this speech "a gratuitous insult," but believes it to have been altogether an invention of the Doctor's, whose chief object at that time was to blacken Charles, by way of excusing his own defection. Scott puts nearly the same words into the mouth of *Glendale;* and, had the conduct of Charles really been as King represented it, such language might, with some show of justice, have been addressed to the Prince even by his most devoted adherents. In his *Tales of a Grandfather*, Scott makes no allusion to the scene at Fairladies: to which we are the less bound to attach credit, as the novel of *Redgauntlet*, though resting on historical foundations, is, after all, confessedly a work of fiction. Lord Mahon adopts as an undoubted fact the Prince's presence in England in 1750, but speaks of the supposed visit in 1752 or 1753 as doubtful.

overtures made in the latter years of his life, to induce foreign powers to interfere in his favour, though France and Spain, by their pecuniary support, continued to manifest their sympathy for his fallen fortunes; nor do we hear of any further correspondence with the adherents of his family in England. It does not follow, however, that he did not continue to carry on such a correspondence: on the contrary, we may safely assume that, until the vigour of his mind yielded to the pressure of bodily infirmities, the hope of an eventual restoration was never entirely abandoned. Even amid the deepening gloom of his prospects, the example of his grand-uncle, Charles the Second, was still calculated to keep alive the faint gleam of hope that might yet remain.

Charles continued to reside at Florence after his father's death, although about the same time a complete reconciliation had taken place between himself and his brother, the Cardinal. He did not, however, assume the title of king, which his father had borne, but contented himself with that of Count of Albany; under which, in the early part of this work, we have seen him visiting the most important cities of Italy. As Count of Albany, he

was enabled to live in a manner more consonant to his pecuniary circumstances than he could have done with a loftier title ; at the same time that he avoided all disputes about etiquette, which must otherwise have arisen, in consequence of the different politics of those with whom he came from time to time into contact. The tales that have been told of his disputes on points of etiquette with the papal see, must be inaccurate, if not altogether unfounded. By at once assuming the incognito, which he never afterwards laid aside, he seems himself to have renounced, for the time, all claim to be treated as a sovereign. It may be true, as stated by Duclos, that the Pope refused to allow the Count of Albany to take precedence of the Cardinal d'York, as also that the Pope thought fit to censure the superiors of some convents who had publicly addressed the Count as "His Majesty;" but, while Charles retained his incognito, he could not take offence at its being respected by the Roman government. Private individuals who approached him might without hesitation address him as a king, and appear frequently to have done so.*

* Duclos (Voyage en Italie, ou Considérations sur l'Italie) says,

Several years had elapsed since the death of James, when an event occurred which could hardly fail to exercise a powerful influence over the evening of Charles's life; which was likely either to brighten his declining years by domestic consolation, or to add to the long series of disappointments that may be said to have characterised his career. On the 17th of April, 1772, Charles married the Princess Louisa Maximiliana Caroline of Stolberg-Gedern, born at Mons on the 21st of September, 1752, the daughter of Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Stolberg-Gedern, who was killed at the battle of Leuthen, in 1757.

France and Spain, in whose interest James the Second may be said to have misgoverned his kingdom, had given abundant proofs that they no longer seriously contemplated a restoration of the Stuarts, whatever promises or assurances Charles might have received from them; but the exiled dynasty had often been to those powers a useful

speaking of the Prince: "Je l'ai souvent rencontré dans les rues de Rome, marchant avec deux carosses. J'avais eu avec lui à Paris quelques conversations, et il parut me reconnaître en me faisant un signe de bonté; mais je n'allai point lui faire ma cour, ne voulant dans les circonstances présentes (1767) ni lui donner, ni lui refuser, le titre de majesté."

instrument of annoyance against England, and it was desirable that a weapon which might at some future time be again found available, should not entirely pass out of their hands. The extinction of the house of Stuart was, therefore, an unwelcome prospect to them; and if they did not themselves first conceive the idea of the union in question, there is no doubt that all the negotiations relative to it were conducted under their sanction, and that the three Bourbon courts contributed jointly to form a suitable establishment for the newly married couple. What the inducement of Charles may have been, it is difficult to say: the more so as, on several occasions, he had manifested great repugnance to any matrimonial alliance, so long as he remained in the ambiguous position in which fortune had placed him. It is true that in 1748 he made overtures to Frederick the Great for the hand of a Prussian princess; and even went so far as to ask Frederick's advice and friendly interest on the subject, should a union with the royal house of Prussia not be deemed admissible. On this occasion, Charles expressed his determination to Frederick never to marry any but a Protestant, and there was at one time a

prospect that the negotiation would have led to some result. Some years afterwards, however, the Prince appeared to have come to a determination never to marry.

In 1754, his father urged him to look out for a wife; but Charles's reply was, that "the unworthy behaviour of certain ministers, (the 10th of December, 1748,) has put it out of my power to settle anywhere, without honour or interest being at stake; and, were it even possible for me to find a place of abode, I think our family have had sufferings enough, which will always hinder me to marry, so long as in misfortune; for that would only conduce to increase misery, or subject any of the family, that should have the spirit of their father, to be tied neck and heel, rather than yield to a vile ministry." When, eighteen years afterwards, he, nevertheless, gave his hand to a Catholic princess, a personal inclination to the object of his choice can scarcely have been his chief inducement; the persuasions of the Spanish and French governments, no doubt, were chiefly instrumental in bringing about the match; and, as age was advancing upon him, the wish may have revived in him, not to suffer

the royal line of the Stuarts to become wholly extinguished.

Without relying too implicitly upon the testimony of Alfieri,* we may safely assume that the Princess Louisa possessed personal beauty and mental accomplishments well calculated to captivate and retain the affections of a husband; nevertheless, if to the many disappointments of

* Vita di Vittorio Alfieri da Asti. Scritta da osso. Speaking of the Princess Louisa, the poet says: "L'impression prima me n'era rimarta negli occhi e nella mente ad un tempo piacerolissima. Un dolce focoso negli occhi nerissimi accopiatosi (che raro addiviene) con candidissima pelle e biondi capelli davano alla di lei bellezza un risalto, da cui difficile era, di non rimanere colpito e conquiso. Era di anni venticinque; molta propensione alle bell' arti e alle lettere, indole d'oro." In 1778, Alfieri addressed to the princess his sonnet "Negri, vivaci, in dolce fuoco ardenti," and to her inspiration, he tells us on another occasion, the world is indebted for all his subsequent amatory poems. He speaks of her mostly as "la mia Donna," and describes her character as "schietissima ed imparreggiabile indole." His expressions are always those of affection and respect, and time appears to have had no power to alter these sentiments. To her he dedicated his *Myrosa*, calling her the fountain of his genius, and declaring that his own life had only commenced on the day that bound him to her. He wished to repose with her in one grave; and even wrote an epitaph, in which he described her as "Aloysia e Stolbergis, Albaniae comitessa, incomparabili animi candore præclarissima à Vittorio Alfieri annorum [ ] spatio ultra res omnes dilecta et quasi mortale numen ab ipso constanter habita et observata." Lord Mahon indeed speaks of Charles and Louisa as "a harsh husband" and "an intriguing wife," but assigns no ground or justification for such severe and sweeping expressions.

his early life, Charles had now to add the absence of that domestic comfort, which might have poured the balm of consolation on his wounded spirit, we shall be guilty of great injustice, if we attribute the entire blame to him. At the age of fifty-two, and after a life made up of hope deferred, it is not improbable that his character may have assumed a gloomy tone, and that some sacrifices or concessions were required on both sides, to make the union a source of happiness or harmony to two individuals of such disproportioned ages. Alfieri, indeed, would have us believe, not only that Charles made none of these sacrifices or concessions, but that he was guilty of *continue vessazioni*, and embittered the life of the princess by a course of downright domestic tyranny; but, in judging of the worth of this testimony, we must not lose sight of the fact, that, according to Alfieri's own account, it would appear that the domestic afflictions of the Countess of Albany did not assume a serious character till the year 1777, which happens to have been the year in which her acquaintance with her poet-admirer commenced. Alfieri's passion for her was immediate and ardent. He never attempted

either to restrain or to conceal it; and Louisa, even supposing her to have been innocent of any direct violation of her conjugal vow, could not but excite the jealousy and anger of her husband, by the evident pleasure with which she received, and even encouraged, the homage of a young and popular poet. Under such circumstances, a separation could not but appear desirable both to Charles and his wife, the more so as their marriage had not been blessed with children, who might otherwise have served as a bond of union between them. A judicial separation did not take place till 1783; but this had three years previously been preceded by an actual separation, brought about by the princess herself, assisted by Alfieri.

According to the narrative of the poet, the domestic jars of the Count and Countess of Albany had become so serious in 1780, that she considered herself no longer safe under her husband's protection. She accompanied him to a convent in Florence, ostensibly for the mere purpose of a visit, but, on her arrival there, she expressed her determination to remain; and an order from the government, obtained through the intercession of Alfieri, was produced, authorising

the princess to stay in the convent, so that it was out of her husband's power to compel her to return. After a residence of only a few days at the convent, Louisa left it, to take shelter with her brother-in-law (the Cardinal d'York) at Rome, whither Alfieri followed her.* This last circumstance was certainly not calculated to make either Charles or the world believe, that upon him alone rested the blame of his domestic unhappiness.

* The following is Alfieri's own account of this affair : " Le continue vessazioni del marito si terminavano finalmente in una si violenta scena Baccanale nella notte di S. Andrea, che ella per non soccombere sotto si orribili trattamenti, fu alla per fine costretta di cercare un modo per sottrarsi a si falta tirannia, e salvare la salute e la vita. Ed ecco allora, che io di bel nuovo dovei (contro la natura mia) raggirare presso i potenti di quel Governo, per indurli a favorire la liberazione di quell' innocente vittima da un giogo sì barbaro e indegno. Io, salvai la Donna mia della tirannide d'un irragionevole e sempre ubriaco padrone, senza che pure vi fosse in ne nessunissimo modo compromessa la di lei onestà, nè leso nella minima parte il decoro di tutti. Il che certamente a chiunque ha saputo o visto dappresso le circostanze particolari della prigionia durissima, in cui ella di continuo da oncia ad oncia moriva, non parea essere stata cosa facile a ben secondarsi e riuscirla, come pure riusci, a buon esito. Da prima dunque essa entrò in un monastero in Firenze, condottori dello stesso marito, como per visitar quel luogo, e dovutavela poi lasciare con somma di lui sorpresa, per ordine e disposizione date da chi allora comandava in Firenze. Statavi alcuni giorni, venne poi dal di lei cognato chiamata in Roma, dove egli abitava, e quivi pure si ritirò in altro monastero. E le raggioni di sì fatta rottura tra lei e il marito furono tanti e si manifesti, che la separazione fu universalmente approvata."

The last hope, the hope of domestic peace, had left the desolate mansion of Charles Stuart. He had now arrived at the age of sixty-three, and, whether he turned his eyes to the past, to the present, or to the future, none but the gloomiest prospects presented themselves to his view. The history of his house displayed to him a long line of ancestors, who by their own conduct had prepared the humiliation of their descendants. He saw the line of ancestral monarchs terminate in a king, who sacrificed to an unhappy infatuation his duty to his country, to his people, and to his family. He saw his father totally devoid of that energy without which it was impossible to retrieve the fortunes of his house; and the recollection of his own youth, and of all the honest efforts he had made to accomplish what he believed would have been conducive to the happiness of his country and to his own glory, tended only to embitter the disappointment of every purpose of his life, and to darken the gloom of that domestic desolation, which at length had overtaken him. Nor could he seek for consolation by looking forward. The house of Stuart, he knew, would survive only for a few years in the scarlet hat of a Roman

cardinal, and the successful calumnies with which his own fair name had been assailed seemed to strip him even of the hope that posterity might yet do him justice.

We have already seen that, in Hume's letter to Sir John Pringle, written in 1773, the historian, who has generally spoken of the Stuarts with much frankness and moderation, mentions it as the opinion of Lord Marischal that "there was no vice so mean or atrocious of which Charles was not capable." Among those specific vices which have been laid to the Prince's charge, that of drunkenness has been chiefly dwelt on, not only by English travellers, who may have thought to recommend themselves to their own rulers by traducing the man who had at one time been so formidable to those rulers, but particularly by Alfieri, who has probably done more than any other writer to fasten this reproach upon the memory of Charles. Alfieri speaks throughout of Charles and the cardinal with studied disrespect. The former is repeatedly described as the *ebro marito*, the *sempre ubriaco padrone*, and the ill treatment of Louisa, *i torti e le feroci e pessime maniere del marito con essa erano cose verissime*

ed a tutti notissime; and the two brothers are *questi personaggi fratelli* whom "he will not drag forth from the obscurity to which time has consigned them, *laudare non li potendo, ni li volendo biasimare.*"

We have placed before our readers the very words of some of the revilings by which it has been sought to blacken the name of Charles to posterity; but we are as little disposed to place these revilings in one and the same class, as we are disposed to confound two such men as Alfieri and Helvetius. Some of the charges are so gross, so palpably false, that they can have been put forward merely upon the old principle that, to calumniate effectually, a man must be unsparing in his calumnies, in the hope that at least some of them may cleave to their object. The story that Charles had to be bound, in order to be taken on board at Nantes, is too absurd to be tolerated for a moment, when we know what his conduct was in Scotland and England. A scene of such a kind could not, moreover, have been enacted without a crowd of witnesses, even admitting for a moment the psychological possibility of the fact. The whole letter of Hume, however, is apocryphal.

When Lord Marischal was dying, he sent for Lord Elliot, the English ambassador at Berlin, and said to him, "I have sent for you, because I derive satisfaction from the idea that a minister of George the Second should receive the last sigh of a stanch old Jacobite." With such sentiments, Lord Marischal is not likely to have spoken of Charles in the terms quoted in the letter attributed to Hume. Nor could Lord Marischal describe himself as a "discontented courtier," since James and Charles never for a moment withdrew their favour from him, and to the house of Hanover he had never made any overtures. The assertion that Helvetius received and concealed the Prince in Paris, after the expulsion of the latter, can refer only to the time when Charles resided at Avignon, whence he is said to have frequently made excursions into France; but such a visit, it is manifest, could not have lasted for a period of two years.* If the letter in question, given in the *Gentleman's*

* It may not be out of place to mention here that, for some years after the Prince's expulsion from France, a multitude of strange rumours were spread respecting him, the greater part of which have since been disproved, or were too absurd to require contradiction. Among these is a silly story of his having been in Poland in 1751, and of his having contracted a marriage there with a Princess Radzivil.

Magazine of 1788, was ever written by Hume, it is well for his fame that a larger portion of his correspondence has not been preserved.

Of a different character in every respect are the reproaches which Alfieri has so unsparingly poured out upon the husband of the woman he loved. Alfieri was too high-minded a man to be guilty of intentional calumny, and what he has said he certainly believed to be true. There is but too much reason to believe that Charles was not free from the disgraceful vice attributed to him by the poet. The youth of Charles falls in a period when the higher classes, both in England and France, were addicted to an immoderate enjoyment of wine. Charles, when associating with the courtiers of Louis XV., was not in a school of moderation. He early contracted the habit of drinking freely, and in after life, when his constitution was broken, even a little wine may have had a powerful effect upon him, fretted as his mind was by the discord which prevailed within his home. Nor can it be denied that, at an earlier period of his life, his indulgence in wine had been noticed. Shortly after his return from Scotland, the matter seems to have been spoken of, if we may judge from the

following letter addressed to Lord Dunbar, which was found among the Stuart papers:—

"*Paris, April* 15, 1747.

"My Lord,—An Irish Cordelier, called Kelly, who gives himself out for the Prince's confessor, has distributed in this town an infamous paper, entitled 'A Sonnet on the death of a Caledonian Bear,' and has been indiscreet enough to publish that his Majesty has been of late troubled with vapours, which have affected his judgment, and that your Lordship governs him despotically; in fine, he has said that the king is a fool and that you are a knave. As he is known to have access to his Royal Highness, his discourse has produced very bad effects; people imagine that the Prince contemns his father. I am persuaded he does not deserve that censure. It were to be wished, however, that his Royal Highness would forbid that friar his apartment, because he passes for a notorious drunkard. The opinion prevails here that the Cordeliers in general are great drinkers, yet even among them this Kelly is infamous for his excesses; in fine, the wine of the Prince's table is termed Friar Kelly's wine; and the same person

who governs his conscience is said to regulate his diversions, and his Royal Highness's character, in point of sobriety, has been a little blemished on this friar's account."

As the author of this letter is not known, it is impossible to say what degree of confidence it may be entitled to; but there is reason to believe that it was not written from the purest motives. Even the little court of James at Rome was not wholly free from intrigues and cabals, as we may judge from an extract from one of Charles's letters to his father, written about four months earlier than the foregoing. Kelly had before been accused, apparently, by this Paris correspondent, but Charles defends the character of his follower. "It is my humble opinion," says the Prince, "it would be very wrong in me to disgrace George Kelly, unless your Majesty positively ordered me to do it. I must do him the justice to assure you, I was surprised to find your Majesty have a bad opinion of him; and hitherto I have had no reason to be dissatisfied with him, for this was the first I heard of his honesty and probity to be in question. I shall take the liberty to represent that, if what he

has been accused of to you be wrote from hence, there is all reason to believe, *id est*, in my weak way of thinking, that such that have writ so to you mistake, because of my never having heard any body accuse him to me here of such things, and my having declared that my ears were open to every body, so as to be the better able to judge the characters of people."

The unfortunate habit to which we have alluded seems to have been contracted during the adventures and escapes of Charles in the Highlands of Scotland, after the battle of Culloden. At that time, the excitement of a dram of whisky was frequently put in requisition to enable him to bear up against the fatigues and privations with which he had to struggle. The habit may have continued after the first cause had ceased; nor is it impossible that it may have been strengthened by the fluctuating hopes and disappointments by which, for some years afterwards, his mind was kept in a state of almost constant excitement.

Charles may have been harsh to his wife; but on this point the testimony of Alfieri must not be adopted without making some allowance for

the irritation, which any husband might be excused for feeling, at the terms on which the Princess Louisa was known to be with her accomplished admirer. We shall have occasion to see that, even in the closing years of his life, Charles's mind was not unsusceptible to the finer affections; and therefore, though we believe that Alfieri was not intentionally guilty of slandering Charles, we may still take it for granted that the poet's unbounded devotion to the princess led him insensibly to exaggerate the defects of the husband; and as Alfieri himself says, "Terminerò con tutto cio, per amor del vero e del retto, col dire, che il marito e il cognato e i loro respettivi preti avevano tutte le raggioni di non approvare quella mia troppa frequenza."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LAST YEARS OF CHARLES'S LIFE AND RESIDENCE AT ROME—HIS LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH—SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY—THE COUNTESS OF ALBANY —CARDINAL YORK.

In April, 1783, Charles was suddenly taken so dangerously ill, that his brother, who left Rome on receiving the intelligence, scarcely expected to find him alive. The crisis, however, passed quickly, and the cardinal, on arriving at Florence, found his brother out of danger; he, nevertheless, remained with him fifteen days, during which time the ambiguous position of the princess with respect to Alfieri formed a frequent topic of their conversation, and the cardinal satisfied himself of the impropriety of allowing his own house to continue to be made the scene of their intercourse.

It is impossible to say what share his domestic afflictions may have had in the deep gloom which about this time appears to have settled on the

mind of Charles, but which never extinguished his deep-rooted affection for Scotland, the land of his youth, the theatre of his own heroic deeds, the country that he could never hope to see again. He always took the warmest interest in the accounts of Scottish travellers who procured introductions to him: but, on more than one occasion, these visitors were shocked at the extent to which their host became excited when his imagination was carried back to the tales of '45. On one occasion, at a musical entertainment given by the Prince at his villa, a brother exile ventured to sing the plaintive Highland ditty, "We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more." The melody was calculated to revive painful recollections, for Dr. Cameron was known to have sung it in his prison on the night before his execution. Charles, who all his life had been fond of music, had, on the evening in question, gradually resumed some portion of his once accustomed cheerfulness; but scarcely had the well-remembered tones of the song that told of Scotland and her sorrows fallen on his ear, than he bent down his head, covered his face with both his hands, and burst into tears.

At this period of life Charles would lie for hours together on a sofa, speechless and almost motionless, without deigning to notice any one who entered his apartment, and giving no sign of life but by occasionally caressing a favourite dog that seldom quitted his side. In this condition he was seen by Gustavus III. of Sweden, who, in the autumn of 1783, came to Italy to take the waters of Pisa, and who is said to have shed tears on beholding the hero of Preston and Falkirk, the Prince in whose veins the blood of the Stuarts mingled with that of Sobieski and of Henry of Navarre.*

Long before the visit of Gustavus, however, the manners and appearance of Charles must have lost much of that attraction for which his youth was so remarkable. The following, at least, is the picture drawn of him, when in his fiftieth year, by an English lady who saw him in Italy in 1770:—

"The Pretender is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in the face; his countenance heavy and

* Joseph Gorani. Geheime und kritische Nachrichten von den Höfen, Regierungen und Sitten der wichtigsten Staaten in Italien. Aus dem Französischen. Cölln, 1794.

sleepy, which is attributed to his having given into excess of drinking; but when a young man he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the contour of his face a long oval; he is by no means thin, has a noble person, and a graceful manner. His dress was scarlet, laced with broad gold lace; he wears the blue riband outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo antique, as large as the palm of my hand; and he wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble order of St. George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholy, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him; they are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics you may be sure. . . . At Princess Palestrina's, he asked me if I understood the game of *Tarrochi*, which they were about to play at. I answered in the negative; upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards? I replied that they were very odd indeed. He then, displaying them, said, 'There is everything in the world to be found in these cards—the sun, the moon, the stars; and here,' says he, throwing me a card, 'is

the Pope; here is the Devil; and,' added he, 'there is but one of the trio wanting, and you know who that should be!' I was so amazed, so astonished, though he spoke this last in a laughing good-humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look; and as to a reply, I made none."*

In 1785, the home of Charles was brightened by the arrival of his daughter by Miss Walkenshaw, of whom mention has already been made. This young lady, whose gentleness of disposition did much to dissipate the gloom that hung over the few remaining years of her father's life, had been educated at Paris. She must have been at this time in her thirtieth year, and was, with the exception of an old Scottish servant, the only human being that seemed united by the ties of affection to the last princely scion of an expiring race. The domestic peace, however, that had thus been restored to his home, was destined to be interrupted by a fresh mortification, which, though apparently of trifling import, was not the less a source of chagrin to the aged sufferer. He had always had an aversion to Rome as a permanent residence, and would willingly have continued at

* Letters from an Englishwoman. London, 1776, vol. ii. p. 198.

Florence; but Pius VI. intimated his desire that the Prince should remove to the Eternal City, and even hinted that the pension which Charles received from the Papal treasury would be withdrawn, unless the Pontiff's wish were complied with. It was vain to resist an order which, in his younger days, the Prince would have indignantly spurned.

The brief period that remained of his life was spent in tranquillity and comparative happiness in the society of his daughter, whose polished manners and sweetness of disposition made her every day more dear to him. He legitimatised her, and made her the heiress to his private fortune, which was by no means inconsiderable. To his Scottish attendant he secured at the same time the reversion of an annuity of 3000 scudi. His last royal act was to create his daughter Duchess of Albany, a proceeding which has by some been made a subject of derision, but which at all events was a harmless exercise of imaginary power, and was meant as kindness to one who well deserved his kindness. Many precedents for similar creations might be referred to. The titles conferred by the father of Charles are, in many

instances, still borne by the descendants of those who first received them; and even Napoleon, shortly before his death, at St. Helena, marked his sense of the faithful services of one of his attendants, by conferring on him the rank of count.

Before we arrive at the closing scene of our hero's career, we must relate a characteristic anecdote, which has been preserved, and which shows how strongly to the last his affections were rivetted to the land where, it is probable, whatever may have been his sufferings there, the happiest moments of his life were passed. After his last removal to Rome, few strangers had access to him; but Mr. Greathed, a personal friend of Mr. Fox's, succeeded in obtaining an interview. Being alone with him for some time, the English traveller studiously led the conversation to the events of 1745. The Prince showed at first some unwillingness to enter on the subject, and seemed to suffer pain at the remembrance. Mr. Greathed, however, persevered, with more curiosity than discretion. At length, the Prince appeared to shake off the load that oppressed him; his eye brightened, his face assumed unwonted animation, and he began

the narrative of his Scottish campaigns, with a vehement energy of manner, recounting his marches, his battles, his victories, and his defeat, his hair-breadth escapes, and the inviolable and devoted attachment of his Highland followers, proceeding, at length, to the dreadful penalties which so many of them had subsequently undergone. The recital of their sufferings evidently affected him more deeply than the recollection of those which he had himself endured. Then, and not till then, his fortitude forsook him, his voice faltered, his eye became fixed, and he fell to the floor in convulsions. At the noise, in rushed the Duchess of Albany, who happened to be in an adjoining room. "Sir," she exclaimed to Mr. Greathed, "what is this? You must have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders! No one dares to mention these subjects in his presence."*

The health of Charles had long been declining, and in January, 1788, he was seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of one half of his body. On the last day of the same

* Scottish Episcopal Magazine, vol. ii. p. 177; and Chambers's History of the Rebellion of 1745, vol. ii. p. 321.

month, he expired in the arms of his daughter. The following night the body, followed by the whole of his household on horseback, bearing wax tapers, was conveyed, in a sealed coffin, to Frascati, the bishopric of the Cardinal d'York, where it was received in the cathedral by the assembled dignitaries of the chapter. There the coffin was once more opened in the presence of a notary, and was then buried in the church, the spot being marked by a simple monument, that bears only the name and title of him whose remains lie there.* His

* It is a singular coincidence that, during four succeeding centuries, the year eighty-eight should always have been marked by a calamity for the house of Stuart. On the 11th of June, 1488, James III. lost a battle against his rebellious subjects. On the 15th of February, 1588,* Mary Queen of Scots perished on a scaffold. On the 12th of December, 1688, James II. abandoned the British throne by his flight from London. On the 31st of January, 1788, the last of the Stuarts closed his earthly career. Lord Mahon says, he was told by Cardinal Caccia Piatti, at Rome, that Charles died, not on the 31st, but on the 30th of January, but that his attendants, disliking the omen, as the anniversary of King Charles's execution, concealed his death during the night, and asserted that he had died at nine the next morning. How Pichot and Sevelinges can have been led to say that Charles died at Florence, it is difficult to conceive, seeing that Alfieri, who may be considered good authority on such a subject, says: "Venuto intanto il Febbrajo del 1788, la mia Donna riceva la nuova della morte del di lei marito seguita in Roma, dove egli da piu di due anni si era ritirato, lasciando Firenze."

* This is a mistake. It was in 1587 that Mary was beheaded.—EDITOR.

heart was deposited in an urn, which bears the following inscription, composed by the Abbate Felice, one of the Cardinal's chaplains :—

"Di Carlo III. Freddo Cinere
Questa brev' urna serva ;
Figlio de terzo Giacomo
Signor d'Inghilterra.

Fuor di regno patrio
A lui che tomba diede ?
Infidelta di popolo,
Integrità di fede.*

The line of the Stuarts may well be said to have closed with Charles, although his brother, the cardinal, survived him nearly twenty years. In Pichot's work, mention is made of a son of Charles by Miss Walkenshaw, but, as this son is not alluded to by any other writer, it may be doubted whether he ever existed, or, if he did, he must have died in infancy. The Duchess of Albany survived her father only one year. Mention is made of her by Göthe, in his Italian Journey of 1786, but only to let the world know that she expressed a wish to see the German poet, but that no step was taken on his part to gratify her wish.

Respecting the widow of Charles, more com-

* The above epitaph is copied from Pichot, vol. ii. p. 412.

plete details have reached us. According to Alfieri she received the news of her husband's death with sincere though not exaggerated sorrow. "Benchè questa morte," he says, "fosse preveduta gia da un pezzo, attesi e replicati accidenti, che da piu mesi l'aveano percosso, e lasciasse la vedova interamente libera di se, e con venisse a perdere nel marito un amico, con tutto ciò io fui con mia maraviglia testimonio occulare, ch' ella ne fu non poco compunta, e di dolore certamente non finto ne esagerato."

Her hand had become free by the death of Charles, and as she was not restrained by any prejudices of rank, there would have been nothing surprising in the fact if she had consented to become the wife of Alfieri. Her marriage with the poet rests, however, only on the authority of Pichot, who declares that they were united at Paris after the death of her first husband. All other accounts that have reached us, including the narrative of Alfieri himself, simply state, that they "lived thenceforth on the most intimate and indissoluble terms with each other," sometimes in Alsace and sometimes in Paris, a pension of 60,000 livres, which she received from the court, enabling her to maintain an appearance suitable to her rank.

They visited Switzerland and England, and retired to Florence in 1792, where Alfieri died on the 8th of October, 1803, and where she erected to his memory a handsome monument, executed by the hand of Canova, and which was placed in the church of the Holy Cross, between the monuments of Michael Angelo and Macchiavelli. When the fortunes of war threw Tuscany under French domination, Bonaparte, aware of the dislike which the Countess of Albany had expressed towards him, compelled her to make a journey to Paris, where he loaded her with reproaches; but he seems to have been moved by the dignified manner in which she behaved on the occasion, for she was allowed to return to Florence, and to live there unmolested.

One of her sisters, Francisca Claudia, became attached to the suite of Napoleon's empress, and through every change of fortune continued her faithful companion, till separated by the grave. Another sister, Caroline, married Duke Charles Bernhard, of Berwick, who was descended from a collateral branch of the house of Stuart. The Countess of Albany herself, it has been said, contracted afterwards privately a third marriage with a painter of the name of Fabre, a friend of

Alfieri's. She died at Florence on the 29th of January, 1824, and her remains were laid in the same grave with those of Alfieri. Her fortune she bequeathed to Fabre, who, in his turn, left his valuable museum to his native city, Montpellier.

The Cardinal d'York, in the course of a long life, attained to a number of ecclesiastical dignities. He became Bishop of Ostia, Velletri, and Frascati, Vice Chancellor of the Roman Church, and Archpriest of the Basilica of the Vatican. From the King of France he received the wealthy abbeys of Anchin, St. Amand, &c. Like his father and grandfather, the Cardinal is said to have thanked God for depriving him of three kingdoms; but this pious humility harmonised little with the conduct which he observed on his brother's death. According to the principles of legitimacy, the Cardinal had undoubtedly become the rightful king of Great Britain and Ireland, and, according to the precedents of the Roman hierarchy, he ought to have resigned the cardinal's hat, or his claims to the British crown. He resigned neither. On the contrary, he caused a medal to be struck, bearing his bust, with the inscription "Henricus IX. Magn.

Brit. Franciae et Hibern. Rex Fid. Def. Card. Ep. Tusc." On the reverse is seen Religion with a Bible and Cross in her hands, and a lion, a crown, and a cardinal's hat at her feet. In the distance is seen the Church of St. Peter, and the whole is encircled with the motto "Non desideriis hominum, sed voluntate Dei." The medal bears the date of 1788. In his own house the Cardinal insisted upon a strict observance of all the etiquette usual in the residence of a reigning sovereign—a rule with which even a son of George III. was obliged to comply, when curiosity induced him to seek an interview. By his will, the Cardinal expressly required that his kingly title should be graven on his tomb, and his rights to the British throne he solemnly bequeathed to Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia, who was constrained to renounce his own sovereignty in 1821.

The Cardinal did not, however, refuse to accept a pension of 4000*l.* from the British government. He enjoyed it from 1799 till his death; but he received it ostensibly in consideration of a debt claimed by Maria d'Este, the consort of James II., and secured to her by the terms of the peace of Ryswick. His Spanish pension was withdrawn

from him, and the revenues of his French abbeys were confiscated during the course of the revolution. The closing years of his life were marked by other trials. To assist Pius VI. during his reverses, the Cardinal d'York sold all his jewels, including a ruby valued at 50,000 louis-d'or. Old and poor, he was obliged to flee from Rome in 1798 with his brother cardinals, and sought refuge in Venice, whence, however, he was allowed to return to Rome in 1801. He died at Frascati, on the 13th of July, 1807. The papers of his family he bequeathed to the British government, in acknowledgment of the pension which alone had secured him against penury during the last few years of his life.* With the death of Henry of

* These papers are at present in the custody of the Queen's librarian, and all access to them is denied to those who might be desirous to search among them for facts likely to throw a light on the annals of the exiled dynasty. The motive for this exclusion is not known to us. The papers have, however, been partially examined by favoured individuals, among whom may be mentioned Lord Mahon, who has published a portion of the family correspondence, the greater part of which has been incorporated with the present work.

[The author seems not to have been aware that it was from these papers, while deposited in Carlton House, that a life of James II. was, by command of George IV., then Prince Regent, collected by his librarian, the Rev. James Stanier Clarke, from memoirs written by James's own hand, and published in two quarto volumes.—EDITOR].

York, the direct line of the Stuarts finally became extinct.*

Thirty-one years after the death of Charles, George IV., then Prince Regent, caused a stately monument from the chisel of Canova to be erected under the dome of St. Peter's, at Rome. On a bas-relief, executed in white marble, are represented the likenesses of James, Charles, and Henry, with the following inscription :—

JACOBO III., JACOBI II., MAGN. BRIT. REGIS FILIO,
CAROLO EDUARDO ET HENRICO, DECANO
PATRUM CARDINALIUM, JACOBI III. FILIIS,
REGIAE STIRPIS STUARDIAE POSTREMIS
ANNO MDCCCXIX.
BEATI MORTUI QUI IN DOMINO MORIUNTUR.

* For further particulars of the Cardinal, see Appendix, No. V.

APPENDIX

OF

HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

APPENDIX

OF

HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

No. I.

THE following letter from the old Pretender to one of his adherents in Scotland affords some insight into the plans, hopes, and expectations of the Stuarts, in the years immediately preceding the attempt of Charles.

"*March* 11*th*, 1743.

"I received, a few days ago, yours of the 18th of February, and am far from disapproving your coming into France at this time. The settling of a correspondence betwixt us on this side of the sea, and our friends in Scotland, may be of consequence in the juncture. I hope you will have concerted some safe method for that effect with Lord Semple, before you leave him; and that, once determined, you will, I think, have done very well

to return home, where you may be of more use than abroad. I shall say nothing here of what is passing in France, of which you will have been informed by Lord Semple; and you may be well assured that I shall neglect nothing that depends on me to induce the French to assist us, as it is reasonable to hope they will, if there be a general war. But, if they ever undertake anything in my favour, I shall, to be sure, have some little warning of it before; but that may be so short, that I fear it will be impossible that General Keith can come in time to Scotland, how much soever both I, and, I am persuaded, he himself also desires it; because you will easily see that one of his rank and distinction cannot well quit the service he is in, either abruptly or upon an uncertainty. I remark all you say on that subject, and when the time comes it shall be my care to dispose all such matters, as much as in me lies, for what I may then think the real good of my service and the satisfaction of my friends, for in such particulars it is scarce possible to take proper resolutions before the time of execution.

"I had some time ago a proposal made to me in relation to the seizing of Stirling Castle. What I

then heard, and what you now say on the subject, is so general, that I think it not impossible but that the two proposals may be found originally one and the same project. I wish, therefore, you would enter a little more into particulars, that I may be the better able to determine what directions to send. As to what is represented about the vassals, I suppose what you mean is the same as what I have inserted in a draught of a declaration for Scotland I have long had by me, viz.; That the vassals of those who should appear against my forces, on a landing, should be freed of their vassalage, and hold their lands immediately of the crown, provided such vassals should declare for me, and join heartily in my cause. As this is my intention, I allow my friends to make such prudent use of it as they may think fit.

"Before you get this, you will probably have received what was wrote to you from hence about the Scotch Episcopal Clergy, so that I need say nothing on that subject here, more than that I hope the steps taken by me will give satisfaction, and promote union in that body. It is a great comfort for me to see the gentlemen of the concert [? council] so zealous, so united, and so frank

in all that relates to my service; and I desire you will say all that is kind to them in my name.

"I remark you have advanced 100*l.* of your own money for Sir J. E., which I take very well of you; but I must desire you will not give me an more proofs of that kind of your good-will towards me; and, as for what is past, I look upon it as a personal debt, and shall take care that it be repaid. I remark what you say about the difficulty there is of raising money. I foresaw that it would be no easy matter, and I think it should not be insisted upon. I think I have now taken notice of all that required any answer, in what you wrote to me and Morgan; and shall add nothing further here, but to assure you of the continuance of my good opinion of you, and that your prudent and zealous endeavours to forward my service shall never be forgot by me."

No. II.

EXTRACTS FROM THE YOUNG CHEVALIER; OR, A GENUINE NARRATIVE OF ALL THAT BEFEL THAT UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURER. BY A GENTLEMAN WHO WAS PERSONALLY ACQUAINTED NOT ONLY WITH THE SCENES OF ACTION, BUT WITH MANY OF THE ACTORS THEMSELVES.

On Monday the 14th April, 1746, which was two days before the battle of Culloden, he mustered his troops in the town of Inverness, and walked along the lines, encouraging them as he passed. Never were men in more exalted spirits. They raised a cheerful huzza, and expressed themselves with a confidence which denounced, as it were, on their enemies that fatal blow they themselves received. "We have seen Cumberland before; we will give him another Fontenoy," was the phrase of the day. Thus exulting, on they marched to the Parks of Culloden and Castle Hill, on which they encamped; while the Chevalier and

his general officers took up their lodgings in the mansion houses.

About six o'clock the next morning, the pipes of the Highlanders played, the drums of the French beat to arms, and the troops marched in order of battle to the place of engagement, where they halted and rested on their arms, expecting with the utmost impatience every moment to engage the Royalists; and during the time several false alarms were raised, which only inflamed their desire of coming to blows. The Chevalier, desirous of improving this ardour of his troops, proposed to them to march forward, about nine o'clock at night, and attack the duke's army in the dark. "For," said he, "they will be drowned in sleep, the effect of this day's rejoicing, as it is the birthday of the usurper's son." This scheme was approved by Sullivan and Sheridan, and with little or no difficulty agreed to by most of the chiefs. But before setting out, they thought of a way to deceive the country people, or the patrolling parties of the enemy. This was to make great fires, on which they put large quantities of wet straw, which kindled but slowly, caused a violent

smoke, which being agitated by a south-east wind, that then began gently to blow, very effectually covered their designs. Big with the hopes of success, about ten they defiled in the most silent manner, with two pieces of cannon, and, through parks and byways, they arrived by one in the morning on Kildruming Muir, within two miles of the Duke of Cumberland's camp.

The picquets of the royal army were disposed in the best order, but were no way able to resist their united force, had they directly marched on: but here, through a most unaccountable error, they separated. The Chevalier, with one body turned to the north-west, in order to surround the enemy, whom he judged himself capable of hemming in on all hands, namely, by the water of Nairn on the east, the sea on the north, and his own troops on the west and south. Nothing now impeded him but a morass and a lake, betwixt which he was obliged to march his forces as through a defile. About two o'clock he came so near the sentries as to hear them calling to, and answering one another. "Is all well?" "Yes, all's well." Now was the time of executing his daring scheme, which nothing but the most

fatal delusion could have prevented. And here it will be proper to take notice of a circumstance, which, though little of itself, yet, like other incidents which frequently happen, contributed much to their favourable conjuncture, more than the terrors of a battery, or avenues lined with rows of cannon. The matter was this:—

A stallion they had with them, coming to a place where some days before he had covered a mare, began to neigh. The owner did all he could to stop him, but to no purpose, and therefore would have shot him through the head, had not one of the generals prevented it, for fear of giving an alarm. After endeavouring to pacify him, they ordered him back, but forthwith began to dread their design was discovered, and a damp appeared among them. This story may be entirely depended upon, for I had it not only from several who were along with the Chevalier, but likewise from some in Nairn, the town and people whereof I had the best opportunities of being acquainted with: and unanimously averred, that this accident, more than anything else, hindered the adventurers from breaking in. The Chevalier immediately called a council of war, in which the

grand question was, whether or not to advance. The chiefs were generally against it, while the Chevalier and his two *Irish* favourites urged the matter. But the report of the spies, who, taking the picquets for the whole army, with the circumstance of the horse mentioned above, and that of some battalions having mistaken their way, prevailed upon them to return. This disappointment provoked the Chevalier extremely; and he was heard to say "God d——n it, are my orders still disobeyed? Fight when you will, gentlemen, the day is not mine." However, he gave orders for marching back to the field of battle, and reposing themselves upon their arms; and, at the same time, sent out some parties to search the country for all the provisions they could find. His commands were obeyed. One battalion marched into Inverness, while the main body came up to the place of action. The Chevalier, with most of his general officers, retired to Culloden House, where they reposed themselves for some hours, and ordered a hot dinner to be got ready for them. In the meanwhile the Royalists were advancing, and by eleven o'clock were observed at the distance of two miles, by a patrolling party,

who directly carried the news to the camp: an express was sent to the Chevalier, and a cannon was fired as a signal of the enemy's approach. He instantly rose up, and, when at the stairs, was met by the steward, who told him that his dinner, viz., a roasted side of lamb and two hens, and the table-cloth was just ready to be laid.* "No," replied the Chevalier, "would you have me sit down to victuals when my enemy is so near me?" This said, he mounted on horseback, and galloped up to the muir, where he assisted in the disposition of his troops, who were already in battalia. Those who were sleeping in the parks, and by the sides of the dykes, being awakened by the noise of the cannon, ran into their respective regiments, and joined the companies to which they belonged. They were now in top spirits, and the rather as Keppoch Macdonald, with his regiment, was that morning returned from an expedition on which he had been dispatched. Everything being disposed on each side, the battle begun; but, as the same has been so fully described in the History of the Rebellion, printed at Edinburgh, I shall only mention the conse-

* These were the man's express words.

quences of it with regard to the person of the Chevalier.

This young commander, being posted with a body of reserve at a considerable distance, was the spectator of a scene which at once blasted his hopes and ruined his arms. He had the cruel mortification of seeing those troops, which he reckoned invincible, flying off in the most miserable disorder and confusion. He did all in his power to reanimate and persuade them to return to the charge, but all to no purpose: showers of bullets from the mouths of devouring cannon were things to which they were strangers. Promises and entreaties were equally lost, and indeed he spoke to them in the most moving terms, uttering words to this purpose: "Rally, in the name of God; pray, gentlemen, return; pray stay with me your prince but a moment, otherwise you ruin me, your country, and yourselves: and God forgive you!" He rode up to the several corps as they were retreating in the utmost consternation, addressing them in these and suchlike expressions as he passed: but the whole were deaf to his entreaties, for the generality of them knew not what he said, while others who understood

the English tongue, cried out, "Prince! Oh an! oh an!" a sign of mourning, and a Scottish particle expressive of the greatest grief: "Oh that he had never been born! O fatal day! what ruin have we brought upon ourselves, our country, and our friends!" Scarcely were these and such-like doleful sentences out of their mouths, when the rout became total, some flying one way and some another; and, the cannon being now brought to bear upon them as they were running for their lives, the Chevalier, seeing that all was gone, and that his attempts on the British throne had failed, spurred his horse and galloped off at full speed. But during the confusion his wig and bonnet flew off, which last was taken up and sent to a gentlewoman, a member of the Church of Rome, who kept it as a relic, in commemoration of that fatal day, which had given at once so signal a blow to a cause and interest she had much at heart. But his wig was recovered by himself, just as it was falling from the pummel of the saddle. He made directly to the water of the Nairn, which he crossed; because, if he took his rout by the places which lie betwixt that small river and the Ness, the dragoons and Kingston's light horse would

perhaps be at his heels. His conjecture was right, for such as passed the Nairn were the only people who escaped the havoc which was made in the pursuit. The clans who had stood the storm, and made the attack upon the left wing of the royal army, pursued the same course, and halted at a place about two miles from the field of action, where they set up the principal standard, to which several repaired, and among the rest the Chevalier himself. In the mean time, the M'Phersons, who came too late for the battle, arrived in view, whom they, taking for some of the Argyleshire Militia,* began to be in pain; but, on observing their number to be small, they resolved to make a stand, and were now in hopes of having some revenge upon these people, to whom they bore a most deadly hatred. As these came nearer to them, they were undeceived. Clunie, the chieftain of the Clan Caltan, directly made his obeisance to the Chevalier, who now had got another bonnet; and, observing a confusion and an unusual melancholy in his face, inquired the cause. The Young Adventurer not being able

* The Argyleshire Campbells were zealously attached to the Government.

to answer him, by reason of his grief, one of the generals said to him "All is over."—"What!" replied Clunie, "has there been a battle?"—"Yes," answered the other, "and the day is not ours." With these words the Chevalier and some of his officers began to cast reflections upon the conduct of a certain great man,* to whom they imputed the whole of their disaster. M'Pherson was almost struck speechless, but, recovering himself, he replied with an oath, "There is no help—no help for it; let us return again, and try the fortune of the day; for here are six hundred as brave fellows as ever drew cold iron."—"No," replied the Chevalier, "it is needless; for my faithfullest followers are almost all cut to pieces: Lochiel and Keppoch (whose advice would to God had been followed) are wounded, with many others. We are too few to encounter the usurper's forces, who are in possession of our cannon; and, even if we should return, my orders still would be counteracted as formerly. My case is at present bad, but then it would be worse. Would to God I had lain in the field, for there is now no more to be done." Clunie, upon this, returned with his clan

* Lord George Murray.

to Badenoch, where they procured the favour of one Blair, a minister, and most of them took the benefit of the Duke's proclamation to submit to mercy; and all who did so were dismissed peaceably to their own habitations. And here it will not be perhaps improper to inform my reader of a circumstance which not a little contributed to induce that clan to bear arms for the Chevalier and his cause.

In the year 1743, the Highland regiment, at that time commanded by Lord Semple, was reviewed in London by General Wade and several officers of distinction, and went through the different evolutions of the military exercise with uncommon alertness: but scarce is it over when about 105 of them deserted, under pretence that they were intended to be sent abroad, contrary to one of the articles agreed upon at levying of them. They also pretended that their plaids wanted a full quarter of a yard of the measure stipulated. No sooner are they gone, than immediately a detachment of General Wade's horse was dispatched after them, and came up with them in a wood, where they had begun to fortify themselves. Here they surrendered prisoners to the major of the

regiment, who ordered the principal ringleaders, viz. Samuel and Malcolm M'Pherson, both corporals, with Farquhar Shaw,* a piper, to be manacled, and thus were they brought to London and secured in the Tower. At their trial, the charge of desertion was confessed, with all its aggravating circumstances (which I was informed by their friends was wholly owing to the assurances given them by a gentleman, hired by a person of great distinction for that purpose), and so they were condemned to be shot, which accordingly was executed about six o'clock in the morning of the 18th of May that year. The Clan Caltan being advised of this affair, and observing that three of their name, with whom most of them were related (for the Highlanders generally trace kindred as far back as 400 years) fell a sacrifice for the crime, of which several Grants and Munros were equally guilty, breathed nothing but revenge; but, as fire hid under ashes burns with greater ardour, when once these are removed, than that which is instantly made to blaze, so the resentment of this clan, which they smothered for a while, on a sudden broke out with a violence which none but

* The Shaws are a branch of the Clan Caltan.

those who know the temper of these people can imagine. This circumstance, the reader may be assured, together with the frequent discourses of Lord Lovat, that soul and life of the rebellion, upon prophecies and dreams,* tended more to promote the Chevalier's attempt, than every one is first to imagine. And sure it is, had there been hopes of retrieving the fortune of the day, these men would, from a principle of revenge, have marched back to the field.

But, while the Clan Caltan are returning to Ruthven, those remaining with the Chevalier are consulting on ways and means to make the best of their melancholy situation. The grand question is, how their Prince shall dispose of himself. Some were for his continuing with his troops, and following the rout of the M'Phersons, while others moved that he should consult with Lord Lovat, and proceed no further without that Lord Nobleman's advice; but to this it was objected by some that the enemy lay betwixt them and the Aird, in which place the seat of old Simon, viz., Castle Downie, then stood. This objection was speedily removed by several, who said that he

* See the Edinburgh History of the Rebellion.

(Lord Lovat) had lodged at the house of Mr. Fraser, of Gortlich, in Stratherrick, since the time of his escape from Lord Loudon, at Inverness; that he had caused a room to be boxed and furnished there for himself, and to it he was wont to repair in the summer time, to drink the goat whey. The Chevalier, fully assured of this, began his journey, with twenty horsemen, about six o'clock at night, having directed two hundred more to be at the same place by the dawn of next morning. About nine, he arrived there himself, but instead of finding comfort from his aged trustee, his ears were wounded upon his entering the door, with the loudest and bitterest complaints; "Chop off my head, chop off my head," the old Lord cried out to the unhappy fugitive. "My own family, with all the great clans, are undone, and the whole blame will fall upon me. Oh! is there no friend here to put an end to my life and misery!" He even called to some particular persons by their names, whose friendship he knew was sincere and inviolable towards him, beseeching them earnestly to do this last office and favour to him. This request he frequently repeated, while none could appease him, or ever adventured to make a reply.

But at last the Chevalier said to him, "No; no, my Lord, don't despair. We have had two days of them, and will yet have another day about with them." Then he informed him of several particulars of the battle, and magnified the bravery of the Frazers, but reflected prodigiously upon the conduct of those who hindered his attacking the Royalists in the preceding night, when they were no way prepared to receive them. By such discourses as these he endeavoured to soothe him, but all his art was insufficient to rouse the drooping spirits of that subtle and unfortunate Lord, who could not so much as be prevailed on, at that time, to hear or deliberate upon any proposals for mending the state of his affairs.

The mistress of the house, observing that the Chevalier was fatigued for want of sleep, and quite disheartened by the event of the day, ordered a hen to be roasted for his supper, and a bed to be prepared. When he had refreshed himself with a wing of the fowl, he went to his chamber, and composed himself to rest, but slept but little through the great uneasiness and anxiety of his mind, which gradually grew upon him. And here though he might have been absolutely safe, at

least for some time, because the dragoons, much less the foot, were not suffered to withdraw so far as fourteen miles from the camp for some days; yet, his apprehensions and fears of falling into the hands of those whom he and his followers had so much enraged increasing, he could not but determine to shift his abode with all convenient speed. Being unable to compose himself in bed, he got up, and, looking out of the window, saw some of his guards approaching the house. Then, putting on his clothes, he immediately repaired to them, and saluted them in a very affecting manner, and brought in some of his officers to the room where Lord Lovat was. No sooner are they come in, than the Chevalier began to talk seriously to his Lordship on the subject of their melancholy situation, but all to no purpose. That nobleman would neither advise what method to follow for his preservation, nor admit of any proposal for his own, but concluded in words to this effect, viz. "No! No! my family * is ruined, my children are exposed to the resentment of the government, from which I have nothing to hope but the utmost severity. My house is no longer to me a sanctuary;

* Clan.

I have nothing to trust to but the humanity of the Duke of Cumberland (of whom his lordship here took occasion to say several handsome things). And since I can find no friend who will do me the kindness to put an end to my days, I will lie in the way of my enemies, from whom I may possibly receive more favour than from you."

The young Chevalier and his followers, perceiving that the old man was not to be wrought upon, withdrew to refresh themselves with such things as the place afforded. The Chevalier, eating the wing of the fowl that was dressed for him the night before, put the remainder in his pocket, and then dismissed almost all his attendants, with a short speech at parting, which, after condoling them on their misfortune and his own, he concluded in words to this effect:—"Now, gentlemen, consult your own safety, for I can no longer advance you any pay, *(here he was ready to burst into tears)*. But if you and I escape, I shall be sure to use my utmost endeavours abroad to procure you a subsistence suitable to your merit in the foreign armies."

JOHN ROY STEUART.

And now, as I mention this man, concerning

whom so much has been written, and so many errors propagated, I shall give a short but faithful narrative of him, so that my reader may be both informed and amused :—

John Steuart, commonly called Roy, which signifies red, from the colour of his hair, was born in Strathspey, in the parish of Abernethy, of creditable parents, who had a competent subsistence to appear genteelly in that part of the world. When but a boy he gave instances of the most enterprising genius, discovering a temper void of fear, and capable of any thing, and which increased with his years. After receiving a small portion of education at Inverness, he began to look about him, and deliberate upon the way of life he should afterward pursue. A mechanical employment was below his turn of mind, as well as the dignity of his family, though stript of the common necessaries of life (such is the infatuation of the Highlanders), and to be a gentleman was not in his power ; and therefore he was nothing. Yet the misfortune was, that he must live like one of his high birth ; but how to do this was the question. At last he contrived a way of raising himself to a figure in the world ; he got

together a dozen of desperadoes such as himself, but neither so strong nor agile, over whom he appointed himself captain. With these he infested the highways, and pillaged some cattle; but, happily for him, within a short time, an affair happened which at once put an end to his scheme. One day, the present Lord Braco, who is married to the Laird of Grant's sister, came to pay his brother-in-law a visit. Steuart, getting intelligence of it, immediately conducted his men to a narrow passage nigh the entrance of a wood, to intercept the nobleman as he passed. This coming to the knowledge of the Laird of Grant, he caused a younger brother to assemble an hundred men of his name, and with these conveyed his brother-in-law out of his jurisdiction; scarce were they convened, when Roy Steuart had an account of it by a trusty friend, with whom he kept a correspondence at Castle Grant, and observing that projects were not so soon executed as they were contrived, he withdrew from his pass, and discharged his corps. And now he bethought himself of entering into the army, hoping by Grant's interest to be preferred; accordingly he enlisted into the regiment of the Scots Greys,

where, by the intercession of his patron, he became quarter-master, and perhaps might still have been further advanced, had not his genius, which was equal to the most difficult, and I may add, the most villanous enterprize, still biassed him to a conduct which could not but give the world a bad opinion of him. A fellow-soldier of his regiment came to him one day, told him that he had engaged to fight a duel with one who had given an affront, and desired that Roy would be his second; "O yes!" replies Steuart, "I love sometimes to take a dance at the small sword, for it will render my heels nimble, and now they seem to be clogged." He never had seen the person who disobliged his acquaintance. Yet they set out for the place appointed; but, instead of meeting the enemy, they heard the mortifying news that he was gone over to Ireland. Upon this, the principal in the quarrel moved to return. "No, no," says Steuart, "our work is not done." "We have acted as becomes us," replied the other. "No, not we," answered Roy, "while the fellow is alive. Give me two guineas, and I shall cross the water, and put a pair of balls through him." But this generous offer was declined.

In short, this Roy Steuart was ever ready to assist in the most dishonourable things, such as stealing away young gentlewomen, in order to join them in marriage with people far below their rank, and then would offer satisfaction at the sword to their friends, if they complained of such treatment. At last, having had a very active hand in marrying the Earl of Murray's brother to one Miss Barber of Inverness, he was rewarded with the loss of his post, and sent to gaol into the bargain. However, by the assistance of some persons in power at Inverness, he was enabled to make his escape; after which he set out for London, where he secretly enlisted some men for the service of the French king, but, finding himself in danger of being discovered, he made all possible haste out of the British dominions, and went over to Rome, where he found the means of being introduced to the Chevalier de St. George and his sons, to whom he magnified the disaffection of all ranks in England and Scotland, to the present establishment; praised and extolled the bravery of the Highlanders to the skies; and even assured them of the throne. The old Chevalier, though ever fond of the crown, received this

information with great indifference, and behaved with much more coldness towards Roy than his son, who had already formed that scheme which he afterwards set upon executing to the smart of these nations, for he had resolved on the attempt ever since Don Carlos was conducted by the British fleet into the kingdom of Naples.*

'Tis imagined by some, and that upon very good grounds, that Roy Steuart had letters from Lord Lovat, Lochiel, Keppoch, and Sir Alexander Macdonald, to the court of St. Albano; for, about the latter end of the year 1735, he returned to Scotland with letters to several of the chieftains, and informed them *viva voce* of his reception at court. But here, having played one of his old pranks, he was taken up, and secured in the prison of Inverness, where he found means to break out, and fled over the Ness to Castle Downie, Lord Lovat's residence in the Aird, where he was kindly entertained that night, and sheltered for some time, though the crafty Simon, being told of his escape, issued forth orders as sheriff-

* He was on board the same vessel with that prince, and, his hat having fallen overboard into the sea, he was heard to say, "No matter, I am to go to *old England*, which is able to procure a better."

principal of the shire, to search for him, and take him dead or alive. When a convenient opportunity occurred, he left the kingdom, carrying with him answers to the several letters which he had before brought. Soon after he entered into the service of the French king, and by means of the Pretender he was made captain of the grenadiers in Lord John Drummond's regiment, in which station he continued till the Rebellion was just ready to break out, when he took the opportunity of a ship going from Holland to Leith to return into Scotland, where landing about the beginning of June, he went to Lochaber, and there prepared the minds of the Highlanders to receive the young Chevalier, who was soon to appear among them.

No sooner is the Chevalier landed in Ardnamurchan, than Roy Steuart repaired to welcome him, and had a colonel's commission for his pains, and levied his regiment as he advanced. In this station he continued till the whole project was dashed in pieces, and was most active in the various scenes; for his sword broke at every battle, and the streaming gore denounced the share he had in the action of the day. His attempts upon

Keith, and against the duke's life, are well known. His zeal for his party was likewise manifested, upon his hearing of a young man who was employed by the Duke of Cumberland as a spy. For Steuart immediately set a reward of twenty pounds upon his head. Many other things might be said of him, but these may suffice: however, before I take my final farewell of him, it will not be improper to observe, that much of the clamour against Lord George Murray, for the loss of the battle of Culloden, was owing to this desperado. That nobleman and he having had some words on the morning of that day, Steuart was threatened to be put under an arrest, which he said he despised, and that he only would submit to his Prince, but not to him. The Chevalier was applied to, but he desired them to defer the matter till afterwards: "For now," said he, "there is no time to decide controversies, since the enemy is so near." At the council of war held that morning, Steuart's opinion was, that the French picquets should be drawn up within the park that was to the right of the army, the wall of which the dragoons and Argyleshire Highlanders broke down to attack the Chevalier's troops in flank; but, as his advice was not followed,

he improved so far upon the disaster that befell them from that quarter, as every where to publish the treachery of Lord George Murray, which, true or false, I am far from taking upon me to determine. It may, however, be observed, that Lord George would expect little or nothing from the Chevalier, although he should succeed; for the Marquis of Tullibardine was his elder brother, and so must succeed to the Athol estate. In my opinion, therefore, he must have been a loser by the Chevalier's success, he being heir-apparent to the Duke of Athol, who, having no male issue, intended his daughter, as was generally believed, for Lord George's son, who would by this means become Duke of Athol, and perhaps king, in Man.

KEPPOCH.

In four hours' time they arrived upon the green of Keppoch, with their whole retinue. Here the Chevalier, who put up in Keppoch's house, was sensibly touched with the change of his fortune. He, that some few months ago, appeared in that place with the Macdonalds of Glengarry and Clanranald, the Camerons, &c. big with the hopes of a crown, against which his imagination seemed

to start no difficulty, now saw himself reduced to the necessity of flying to that place as a fugitive, incapable of sustaining the dignity and name he had assumed; and, moreover, he had the further mortification of hearing the cries and groans of a disconsolate wife and six fatherless children; for Keppoch was dead of the wounds he had received upon the field of Culloden, and his clan, which had greatly suffered in the engagement, were but just returned from the funeral of their beloved master, who was in every respect a complete and well-behaved gentleman, worthy of a better fate; and the more to be pitied, as he died fighting against a constitution to which, by his French education, he was an absolute stranger, and which, by the situation of his residence, he had little or nothing to do with. The cries and groans of his household, the mournful sighs of his clan, and the dreadful prospect of the future calamities that befell them from the regular forces and the militia, but particularly the Munroes, sank the whole of the Chevalier's retinue, and melted them into tears, till Lochiel and the two favourites interposed, and urged that the indulging grief to such a degree, in the day of adversity, was unbe-

coming a reasonable man, and below the temper of a Christian. "We must act and not mourn," said the Chevalier, "and I think it is proper that these people (meaning the Macdonalds of Keppoch) should join with the Camerons, and keep in a body till an opportunity offers either of making head against the usurper's forces, or else getting over to France, where I shall be sure to use my utmost endeavours to get them incorporated with the Scotch and Irish regiments in the pay of the crown." The proposal was relished so well, as considerably to allay the bitter complaints and lamentations of the whole for a time: a dinner was prepared for the Chevalier and his company, of the best things they had, such as venison, and fish of all kinds, and a sufficient quantity of provisions was distributed among the soldiers that came with the Chevalier. After this refreshment, the servants of Keppoch set about carrying off the most valuable effects of his house, while the main body of the clan marched towards the Camerons, whom they joined. And here, it may be observed, that Keppoch's furniture escaped the most diligent search, for though his house was burned to the ground, yet his moveables were so

well secured as not to fall into the hands of the Royalists.

But, while everything is preparing in this way against the hardships that must of necessity happen, the Chevalier and his retinue, fired with the spirit of revenge, are busy in consulting what route was best to take for the future, and, forgeting their former resolutions at Gortlich, Glengary, and Achnacarrie, at last they agreed to this scheme, that Lochiel, with the Camerons and M'Donalds, should keep in a body, and favour any landings from France, while the Chevalier and his favourite companions, viz., Sheridan and Sullivan, and others, were to traverse the Isles, and endeavour to raise such a force as, with the succours from abroad, might make a stand." After staying here all night, they set out next morning to Glenphillin, where the Camerons, at his first landing, had set up his standard. Here they entered into a cave, not far from the place, where everything was prepared for their reception ; and Lochiel, having with him a guard of between fifty and sixty resolute men, and sentries placed six miles round, no great danger was apprehended. Here they continued three days, and were plentifully supplied

with everything necessary for the support and satisfaction of life, but as it is impossible to bear up under the lashes and tortures of anxiety, the Chevalier declared his uneasiness, and signified his desire to be gone, and accordingly set out for the Isles.

It was now the beginning of May, when two French men of war, one of thirty-four guns, the other of thirty-two, appeared off the western coast. They sent a long-boat on shore to the island of Tyreff, in order to take in provisions, and get a pilot to conduct them through these seas, some of which are at certain times extremely tempestuous, and, being interspersed with blind rocks and islands, become dangerous to the people unacquainted with them. Having procured everything they wanted, they sailed to the mouth of Loch Nua, when a shipmaster belonging to Fort-William observed them; he instantly sent to Aros Bay, in the island of Mull, and informed the captain of the Greyhound ship of war of the matter; who, hereupon, with the Baltimore, weighed anchor, and sailed in quest of them, along with Mr. Ferguson,* who rightly judging

* The man's name from whom the author had this narration.

the enemy's design was to enter the Loch, he conducted them to the mouth, and being in their way joined by the Terror bomb-vessel, they lay all that night, and next morning by daybreak stood in for them. The French directly fired a gun, which not being answered, they hoisted their country colours, and one of them gave a full broadside, which the Greyhound returned; in a short time, by the force of the stream, she was carried between the two, who plied her close and were closely plied in their turn; though without doubt she must have been taken, had not the Terror and Baltimore raked the enemy so much fore and aft, as diverted a considerable share of their force. The French then sent their long-boats on shore, to bring in some parties of Highlanders, who were there drawn up, and actually brought some of them on board, with a design to grapple the king's ships, and attack them on their decks sword in hand, which the others observing, wisely sheered off in time, with their masts and rigging much shattered. Meeting, however, with the Furnace bomb, they returned with design to renew the attack; but in the mean time the enemy had sailed away, much disgusted at the disinge-

nuity of the Highlanders, who did not inform them of the real state of the Chevalier's affairs till all the money,* ammunition, liquors, and provisions, they had brought were landed; however, they carried off a considerable number of noblemen, gentlemen, and officers; for, no sooner did they cast anchor in the Loch, and it was known they were French, than an express was sent to Lochiel and the other persons who were then with him; who instantly repaired to the shore, and were eye-witnesses of the engagement which I have been describing. Both Lord John Drummond, Lord Nairn, the younger Clanranald, with several officers, embarked; but Lochiel told them that he inclined to continue behind, for some time, till he saw what turn his master's affairs might take; and in the mean time desired that in any event they would not fail to send over some more vessels to carry over the remainder of the party. Repeated assurances were given him of this, on which he retired with a few to the above-mentioned cave, and, May 4, the two ships set sail for Boulogne. While they were proceeding on

* They landed in cash 40,000 louis-d'ors, which the Highlanders secured.

their voyage, Perth died of the fatigue which he had undergone both before and since the battle of Culloden. He was a very tender man; for, having received a bruise in his lungs when but a child, he contracted so much weakness as generally to feel a sensible heaviness at his heart towards bed-time, which rendered him incapable of taking any supper, except a little boiled milk and bread, or some such gentle food; and yet, though very slender and valetudinary, to astonishment did he go through the several hardships to which he was exposed; but now, being unable to bear up under the wastings of his shattered and tottering constitution, and a sickness at sea, which always violently attacked him when on shipboard, or rather being unable to support himself, or comfort his mind, on a review of the miserable scenes of which he had seen so much, and had been so great a sharer in, he sunk under the impression, and died. His corpse was carried on shore, and interred in a manner suitable to his birth, amidst the mournful sighs and groans of those whose love and esteem his humanity and sweetness of temper had so universally procured; he being a nobleman naturally of the most extensive benevolence and

charity, a great encourager of manufactures, and, to the utmost of his opportunities, a father to the poor.

THE CHEVALIER IN THE HEBRIDES.

Let us now return to the Chevalier, who is bitterly lamenting his ill-fortune in missing the opportunity of escaping, by means of the two French ships. And the greater was his mortification, when he heard they had landed about 40,000 louis-d'ors, 35,000 of which had fallen into the hands of Mr. Murray of Broughton, in whom he placed no confidence, nor had the least regard for.

And now as many of the remaining chieftains as could be got together assembled to consult on what was proper to be done, since so many of them had gone off on board the two ships, as aforesaid. Every one gave in an estimate of the vassals he could raise, and it was actually thought by some, that considering the supply of money, arms, ammunition, and provisions, they had got from France, they would have come to a resolution of mustering again: but the active measures of the Royalists put it out of their power.

Another incident also happened, which I

should not have mentioned, but that it had a greater effect upon the councils of the Chevalier and his friends than the reader may perhaps at first view imagine. And moreover it serves to illustrate the folly of national distinctions. The story, so far as I could learn, was literally thus: about twenty-six deserters were found among the prisoners taken upon the day of battle, and, being tried and condemned they were accordingly executed. One of them, being a Scotchman, was hanged up by himself, and, as he was swinging, an English officer spoke to a Scotchman standing by words to this effect, "See your countryman dancing on the rope; would to God all the Scotch were served the same way: damn them, for they are all rebels." The Scotchman, as inconsiderate as the other, answered with the greatest warmth, "If all the Scotch were rebels, things had gone otherwise than they have, and I will lay any wager that there are more Scotchmen in the army than Englishmen, and, should they turn out, they would defeat the whole forces here." Then some scurrilous language highly unbecoming the mouths of gentlemen to utter, as well as an author to

relate, ensued, the Scots were called to draw up on one side, and the English on the other, and perhaps that day had proved fatal to the royal cause, for whether the Scots or the English should get the better, his Majesty must certainly lose.

The towns-people of Inverness had now as terrible a prospect as their ancestors had even on *Cabbach Day.** The Duke being timely informed of the dismal scene that was likely to be acted, he quickly rose up and run in among them, just when the Scots were about to attack the English camp. Taking off his hat he demanded to know what was the matter, and, as he walked along the line, he heard from several the particulars of the affair; whereupon he ordered them, in the name of his royal father, to desist from such rashness. "Have we," said he, "conquered the rebels? And must

* A day ever memorable in that town for the fight between the Camerons and M'Phersons, who, on account of so small a trifle as one-third of a Scots penny, almost destroyed each other. The matter was this—a M'Pherson asked of a woman the price of a cheese, which he thinking too dear by one-third of a penny, threw it in a passion upon the edge of her stand. The cheese taking a run, she cried out to her husband for help, who thereupon in a passion stabbed the man; whose quarrel was espoused by one of his name standing by, and so successively eight or ten attacked one another in this way, till the action became general.

we now murder ourselves! How will the enemies of Britain rejoice at the news! Let national distinctions cease for the future: and here, by virtue of the power entrusted with me, I declare it shall be death for either an Englishman to reflect upon a Scotchman, or for a Scotchman to reflect upon an Englishman on account of their country.* And though the rebels who live in the skirts of this country, or among the Isles, and are disjoined by nature from this continent, differ in language, habit, religion, and way of living, have risen up in arms against my royal father, yet I am fully convinced of the loyalty of the body of the people in general (who have as little connexion with them as any Englishman); and the services they have done us shall never be forgot, while any branch of the King's family remains." Having spoke these words in a becoming and princely manner, he ordered each colonel to draw up his own regiment, and so dismiss the whole to their quarters, which was done with all imaginable harmony.

When the Chevalier heard of this affair, and the facility with which his rival quelled the tumult, he was no less chagrined than he was on account

* This resolution was afterwards ratified by a court-martial.

of the effects of the Proclamation I have mentioned. He was now at the head of Knordart; and though he had always spoken and written most disrespectfully of King George's family, yet neither he nor his favourites could help applauding the conduct, the wisdom, and prudence of the Duke. "They are closely united," said Sullivan to his master, "but your Highness's forces have ever been like a disjointed body, which cannot stand upright unless it be supported. You was witness to their animosities and divisions; you know how they abused the trust reposed in them by your royal father, as he was pleased to signify by his letter* to yourself. Consider that our body is not only broke and dismembered, but several of the parts are scattered up and down, not to be gathered again, while our enemies are more and more closely united even by divisions. Let us yield to our misfortune so far as to consult our own safety, and not be led aside by desperate fools, who see not into the event of things." The Chevalier acquiesced and immediately agreed to go in quest of a boat to carry

* Alluding to a letter which the old Chevalier wrote to his son after the battle of Preston, in which he desired him always to act in concert with the loyal clans.

er to Lewis, where by good fortune they might possibly find a vessel to transport them to France.

Fully resolved on this scheme, they set out, and in their way are met by some of Bansdale's stragglers, who had been in Sutherland with Cromarty, the manner of whose disaster the Chevalier was desirous to know. Upon the recital of it, he seemed astonished at the imprudence of that nobleman; but the two favourites heard it with the utmost composure, without so much as an alteration of countenance. "What," say they, "could be expected from a weak imprudent man, whom every person the least acquainted with human nature, must quickly see through! And now I hope your Highness sees clearly the desperate state of your affairs; besides, Bansdale, we are told, is taken, or has surrendered himself to the enemy. The character of the man we presume you know too well, and therefore we need not enlarge upon it.* A prudent man 'escheweth

* There were three Bansdales; the elder about ninety years old, who, though ignorant of the English tongue, even in the Scots dialect, yet was so much attached to the family of Stuart, for whom he had fought in almost all the battles since the Revolution, that he mustered up his force for the Chevalier, who I have seen take particular notice

evil,' and what can be expected of him. A man who lived as he has done, can never be thought to continue true to any master; but rather to embrace such terms as appear to him most advantageous. "Take care," added Sheridan, "that he do not proffer to the usurper's son to take you up, and make a merit of it." And indeed I am pretty well informed that the conjecture of this able politician was just; but as I could not affirm anything I am not undoubtedly assured of, I am far from asserting that he actually made such an offer: though this has been roundly asserted to me; but the truth of it is best known to the duke.

But to return to the Chevalier. "Come, come," said he, "let us drop our reflections, and endeavour to make our escape, for I fear I have had but too

of him at Duddingston, when reviewing his troops. The younger, or second Bansdale, was one of the Chevalier's colonels. He was once captain of a company who robbed and plundered all about Ross-shire and Strathnavern; and so sensible were the chieftains of the captain's great abilities to protect their store, that, when the Highland independent companies were regimented, they met and commissioned Bansdale to secure their possessions, and preserve their cattle from being stolen; and, for his encouragement, every person possessed of a fold of cows, paid him a gratuity, which was called black mail. The youngest was about twenty years of age, and bred up in the principles and practice of his ancestors.

many Bansdales about me." Being come to the sea-shore, they found no boat was left them; for the M'Donalds of Clanranald's family had seized all they could for transporting themselves to South Uist; and the boats were not yet returned. This obliged them to roam up and down among the mountains till one should appear. Three days and three nights they lived among these places, always shifting their abode. And as in the day-time they chose the tops and heights of the hills, they had the cruel mortification of seeing vast droves of cattle going, before parties (who were sent out for subsistence) to Inverness, for the use of the king's troops. 'Twas happy for our wanderers that they had plenty of provisions with them, and particularly cold venison and usequebaugh, with which Lochiel had taken special care to supply them, otherwise they must have been much straitened; for the inhabitants had either been killed in the battles they had fought, or else were lurking among the caves for their safety, so that few or none were to be met with but old men, women, and children, in their former places of abode.

"The Chevalier's little company of about ten

persons had separated into smaller parties, two and two in each, but he himself kept with the two favourites, and Kinloch, Moidart's brother, who then was their guide. By this means they expected to escape the search of the enemy, having agreed to apprize each other of any approaching distress. Nor did any of them fall into the hands of the militia, except one O'Neil, an officer, supposed to be a priest, who, through carelessness, or a spirit of vain curiosity, had gone beyond the bounds prescribed. He was seized by the Campbells, who were industrious in finding out the stragglers, and, being a man of letters, was invited by a lieutenant, whom I well knew, to take a share of his bed, and to him did he, after a short time, give a distinct account of the motions and shiftings of the young Chevalier, and by this means undeceived the country in respect to his route. For, till then, it was artfully propagated by his followers, and inserted in all the newspapers in Great Britain and Ireland, I had almost said in Europe, that the young Chevalier had gone off with the two French men of war; but, after the truth was known, the militia set themselves more than ever to trace out his footsteps. They searched the mountains where

O'Neil had given out he was hid; and no doubt both he and his attendants must have fallen into the net that was spread for them, had not a boat come from South Uist, much about the time that O'Neil was taken to seek after some of the people of that Island who were yet missing.

No sooner did the Chevalier's little company, now diminished by one, observe the boat, than they instantly made towards the shore, and set up a signal for them to draw near. The crew immediately guessing that some of their party were in distress, and made this signal for relief, sailed to the place, viz., a small creek to the westward of the Bay of Barisdale, whence they set sail for South Uist, at the same time giving out to one or two that came to see the boat, that they intended for the Lewis, in order to get on board a vessel for France. Night fast advancing favoured their scheme, for the people could not long observe them after they were put to sea.

There is a little island named Canna, which belongs to Clanranald, lying to the westward of Mull, but covered by Egg on that side, for which some of the crew proposed to sail. The Chevalier and his attendants were glad of this, because

they had heard that the place they designed to make was inhabited by friends of their religion, and that, being of the family of Clanranald, they were the more firmly attached to their cause. Into this place the boat put, and landed her passengers, who went up to the houses of the principal inhabitants, where warm quarters were instantly assigned them, and such refreshments as beef, mutton, wild fowl, bannocks made of gradin, and usquebaugh, were prepared. Hence they kept a sharp look-out for fear of the militia, of whose coming they were under perpetual apprehension; and for their greater security they sailed in the boat all day, and at night returned to their quarters. In this way they continued for some time, till about the 28th of May, observing several vessels coming out of the sound of Mull, which they rightly judged belonged to the Campbells, the Chevalier proposed to shift their abode. Hereupon they hastened to South Uist, where they landed upon the 29th in the morning. There they were received by the Lady Clanranald (who was at the time in perfect health, and every way right in her intellects, in which she was subject to be frequently disordered, especially when

pregnant,) in the most hospitable manner, and entertained in her husband's absence, suitably to the rank and dignity which the Chevalier (and some of his attendants) had hitherto assumed. For the M'Donalds in that island are a generous sort of people, and, being all papists, they cultivate the old Scots union with France, both in religion and civil policy. Few, or none of them, though born with a martial genius, enter into the British army, but rather seek their fortunes abroad, and are much assisted toward preferment by the Chevalier and his sons. To procure the continuation of their favours, all the inhabitants set themselves to render the strangers all possible service. They brought in wild fowl and venison in plenty, and, as for wines, they had them of all sorts. Here the Chevalier continued, sometimes visiting the principal cadets of the family, and the Lady of Borisdale, Clanranald's brother, who, though a well-wisher to his interest, yet had, from a view of the difficulty of his undertaking, at the beginning opposed his design. But on the 28th of June he had advice that General Campbell, who had been informed of this last retreat of the unhappy fugitive, was approaching towards the

island, through North Uist; and in all probability the General must have seized him, had not an extraordinary expedient (of which more in its place) been fallen upon for his preservation and relief.

'Twas on the 27th of May that Campbell sailed with one thousand men from Dunstaffnage, the ancient burial-place of the Scots Kings, so remarkable for its lead mines, in order to dispossess the Camerons, who still continued in arms, of that part of the country, and bring them to terms; he anchored that night at Tobermory Bay, in Mull, (famous for the wreck of the Florida, Spanish man of war, on board of which was the money for payment of the troops that came in the Invincible Armada, Anno 1588,) and next day doubled the point of Ardnamurchan, and arrived in Strontian; here Cameron of Dungallon, Lochiel's lieutenant-colonel, brought in his men and arms, and with them surrendered to the King's mercy, and were quickly followed by the inhabitants of Ardnamurchan and Morvern, where the religion of the Church of Rome had of late mightily prevailed. But as for Lochiel himself, he had a spirit that would not suffer him to

entertain the least thought of surrendering to any one.

Here the general continued, till, getting intelligence that the Duke of Cumberland was arrived at Fort Augustus, and that Lord George Sackville and Major Wilson were marched along the coast to scour every part of the country, he put to sea, and sailed for Lewis, where arriving, he diligently searched for the young Chevalier, though to no purpose. Hence he marched through the Harris and North Uist, where he got information of his abode, and was almost within two miles of Benbicula (a small island that is joined to South Uist, when there is an ebb, but separated at full sea), before those of Clanranald's were apprised. When the news was brought to the Chevalier and his attendants, who were at first greatly struck with surprise, "Come," said Sullivan, "there is no help for it; to yield to misfortune is not the way to get rid of her; let us rather immediately contrive our escape." "Let's hear then," said the Chevalier, "what you have now to propose: you know I always hear you with pleasure. For my part, I would sooner perish; I would rather die this

moment, than fall into the hands of the Campbells, or any of that rebel name!" "Yes," added another, "or into the hands of any of the usurper's forces." "Then," replied Sullivan, "I think your Highness and I should separate, for certainly if many should be found about the house we shall be discovered. Put on women's apparel for the present, and I will go with Mr. Sherridan, Mr. Buchanan, and the other gentlemen, to the other end of the island, where, perhaps, we may meet with a boat, and sail over to Ireland, where I am not afraid of being secure, though indeed your Highness ought not to venture thither, for as 50,000*l.* is there set upon your head, I would trust none of them. As for me, if I get off to France, I shall represent your case at the court of Versailles." The Chevalier, ever observant of Sullivan's counsels, which he looked upon as so many oracles, acquiesced in the proposal, rather, perhaps, by a gesture than any verbal expression, for I could not learn what he said; but the person who gave me this information declared that the Chevalier's parting with Sullivan was like tearing his heart from his body (for that was the man's phrase).

"Take my cloak-bag * with you," said the Chevalier: "show my pocket-book to my cousin the King of France, as a token of my distress, and I hope a vessel will soon be sent for me if you arrive in France, which pray God you may." Sullivan made the most solemn protestations of his inviolable attachment to his interest, and of his faithfully observing the instructions given him. Then all took their leave of their unhappy master, and set out with plenty of provisions, which Clanranald's lady had prepared on purpose. They met opportunely with a boat, in which they sailed for Ireland, and from thence incognito to France, where Sullivan discharged the trust reposed in him.

Meantime the Royalists were approaching, and perhaps might have been sooner at the place, had not the half-flood stopped them for some time, as there was not a sufficient number of boats for ferrying them over. Lady Clanranald now besought the Chevalier, with tears in her eyes, to think of some method of escaping, if he did not

* This was all the baggage which he had, for the other part of it was sent to Red Castle about the time of the battle, and was plundered by the country people.

approve of Sullivan's. But, his spirits almost failing, he knew not how to behave. Whereupon the lady said, "Here is a young gentlewoman, Miss Flora M'Donald,* upon whom I will prevail to take your Highness under her protection." Accordingly, she immediately applied to Miss M. who readily accepted the task; for they both said, "if he be taken here, the whole country may chance to suffer for it." Lady Clanranald brought a gown and all other clothes necessary for one of her sex to the Chevalier, who kept on nothing of his own apparel but his breeches and stockings. He dressed himself with the help of the Lady, who ordered a boat to be got ready for them, and a servant to attend along with the boatmen, who were directed to conduct Miss Flora and her supposed maid to Sky. They continued all night at sea, and next morning arrived at a place a little below Sir A. Macdonald's house. But the Chevalier would not allow the crew to quit the boat,

* A daughter of one Captain Hugh Macdonald, of Clanranald's family, who was with the lady as a companion at that time. Many false and idle stories have been published of her, of which the inventors ought to be ashamed, since it is now publicly known that, instead of being the brilliant lady she has been represented, she was no other than a simple, modest girl, remarkable only for befriending a fugitive in his distress.

neither himself or the lady stir out of it, till the return of the servant, whom they sent ashore to discover whether or no they might land in safety. In less than an hour's time the trusty messenger let them know they might venture ashore, which they accordingly did; and the lady with her maid proceeded directly to Sir Alexander's house. The knight* was not at home; but his lady received her visitor with great politeness, and earnestly pressed her to stay all night. But this Miss Flora, directed by the looks of her maid, absolutely refused, under pretence of pressing business which called her elsewhere; and that she had only done herself the pleasure to call and see how her ladyship did.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, they set out for Glenelge, and arrived in about three hours upon the coast. Here the fisherman† drew the boat up to a creek, fenced on all sides, and there landed his passenger. It was now about nine o'clock at night, and they walked along the shore for some time, in order to observe what was

* He was in the government's interest, and at this time with the Duke's army.

† MacLeod.

stirring in the country. Here it was that the Chevalier went through one of the oddest adventures that perhaps ever happened to any man; for at this place a company of militia (the Monroes, if I mistake not) were waiting, in hopes the unhappy fugitive might fall into their hands: to make the more sure of their prize, they had with them a bloodhound to trace him out. The dog was within a stone's throw of them, and the men not much further off, when M'Kinnon observed them, and particularly suspected the animal; whereupon he advised his passenger instantly to pull off all his clothes, and enter the water up to the neck; "For," said he, "if you go in with your clothes on, you may catch your death. In the mean time I will divert the smell of the dog with these fishes," he having some on a string in his hand. The affrighted Chevalier instantly did as he was directed, and M'Kinnon, having hid the Chevalier's clothes in a cliff of a rock, began to amuse the dog with his fish. The artifice succeeded so well, as effectually to secure the Chevalier; but the animal would not quit the fisherman till he was secured by the militiamen, who kept him all night and part of the next day. They examined him but to no

purpose; and upon his telling his true name, viz. M'Leod, they became indifferent about him; and, he representing that his family was starving, having nothing to subsist on but the product of his industry as a fisherman, they dismissed him. When he left them, he set out as if he designed a very different course to that he really intended and afterwards struck into; for when he judged himself out of their reach, he turned into the road leading to the place where he supposed the Chevalier yet was. He found him there indeed, and employed in such a manner as could not but strike even the rough heart of the hardy fisherman, inured to all the extremities of wind and weather, hunger and cold. He found him seeking out muscles and other small shell-fish upon the craigs, and breaking them between two stones, eating the fish as he opened them, to satisfy the cravings of an appetite never in all probability so keen before. He told M'Kinnon "that he had continued in the water for several hours after he left him, but at last ventured out and put on his clothes; he durst not offer to remove from that desert spot, judging it too hazardous to go up into the country, to which he was an utter stranger." But I must

not omit one circumstance which sufficiently shows the Chevalier's forlorn situation at this juncture, and how sincerely rejoiced he was at the return of his faithful boatman. For, as soon as he set eyes on M'Kinnon, he fell down on his knees, and with uplifted hands thanked Heaven for returning him his friend, which he did in these words, as near as could possibly be remembered by the fisherman who heard him, and who repeated them to the person from whom I had my information: "O God," said he, "I thank thee that I have not fallen into the hands of my enemies, *and surely thou hast still something for me to do*, since in this strange place thou hast sent me back my guide."

The particulars of this adventure were given me by a person of undoubted veracity, and one who, if he had a mind to have imposed on me, was incapable of fiction, besides not in the least given to romance—a man of the plainest manners and utmost simplicity in conversation, besides an integrity never questioned by any one that knew him. He was very intimate with M'Kinnon, alias *M'Leod*, a man well known to be of an honest, sincere, well-meaning disposition, who never scrupled to relate all he knew of the above affair, without

the least reserve or prevarication, though he had frequent occasions to repeat the story.

The Chevalier, having met with this surprising deliverance, and observing the fidelity of his guide, resolved entirely to submit to his directions and management. "Conduct me," said he to M'Leod, "where you will, I am resolved to follow you." "Well then," replied the boatman, "we will go a little further to the northward, where your Highness has many friends, though they have not been in arms for your interest, which, as things have happened, makes it so much the better, because they are less suspected, and the militia are not upon the watch among them."

Hereupon they proceeded a few miles, till they came to the house of one M'Kenzie, who received the Chevalier very kindly, and entertained him with such respect, though with all imaginable privacy, as plainly showed how much he sympathised with the wanderer in his distress.

Here, and in this neighbourhood, the Chevalier continued till about the 21st of July,* when he

* He now discharged M'Kinnon; on this condition, that, at convenient intervals, while he moved about the country, following his employment of fishing, he should visit the Chevalier, to see if he had further occasion for him.

heard of General Campbell's being landed at Apple-cross Bay, whereupon he thought proper to quit the country entirely, though he might have remained in it very securely. But the anxieties of his mind grew upon him, and he had hardly the resolution to continue in one place for two nights together; but especially, whenever he heard the enemy were advancing, though as yet at a very considerable distance, he would not stay a moment, but instantly made off with all the marks of the greatest panic, ever thinking that the Campbells, whom he equally abhorred and feared, were at his heels.

He now took the road towards Inverness, but, when within two miles of Brahan, he turned aside, and crossed a little above Beulie, and in the habit of a peasant went through Strathglass, and so, in the night time, travelled through Glengary to Badenoch, where his faithful Clunie M'Pherson provided for his safety, and furnished him with all accommodations that could be procured in the forlorn state, not only of the wanderer, but of all his followers. Indeed, he was now more secure than he thought himself to be, which was owing to the report, that about this time prevailed, of his

being dead,* which being generally believed by those hitherto employed in search of him, they grew more remiss, and gave themselves less trouble about him. A chain of sentries, from Inverary almost to Inverness, had stood for near two months guarding the passes, in hopes of intercepting him, but to what purpose time hath shown, and they might, I should think, have foreseen. For what could they expect, considering the vast extent of the country, and the numerous woods, lakes, mountains, and hollows, with which it abounds? I remember when, about the beginning of August, 1746, a party of Kingston's Horse came to Edinburgh from Fort Augustus,† I enquired of some of them about the huntings after the Chevalier, and they declared that more than once they had been in sight of him, and by means of some lake, or the like, he had always escaped.

One day as he was complaining to Clunie

* Some absolutely said, "he is dead;" others, "he went off with one M'Kinnon, a boatman, and has never been seen or heard of since."

† As a guard to Alexander Macdonald of Kingsborough, factor to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Slate; who was committed prisoner to them by the Earl of Albemale, and brought to Edinburgh Castle for sheltering the Chevalier.

M'Pherson of the danger of his situation, and expressing a desire of shifting his abode again, Clunie told him that he had just heard of the Duke of Cumberland's being gone off for England, and that the camp of Fort Augustus was very speedily to break up; "therefore," continued he, "wait here for some time longer, and my life for yours, you are safe." But this generous and salutary proposal was disregarded by the too apprehensive adventurer, who, ever wavering, fearful, and terrified almost at the neighing of a horse, or the appearance of but a single man, though at the greatest distance, could never be prevailed upon to continue long in a place, though certainly by often removing he ran the more hazards.

There is a hill within ten miles of Daalnacardich, and seventeen of Blair, standing near a rivulet that divides the county of Inverness from that of Perth, and within sight of the great road which the Government, at a vast expense, made in 1728. This hill was judged a place of safety, and to it the Chevalier repaired. But still the most tormenting fears inseparably haunted him night and day; everything was perpetually

giving him the alarm, and he, to speak in the language of that excellent performance, The Campaign,—

> "In every whistling wind the victor heard,
> And William's form in every shadow fear'd."

Several who accompanied him in his wanderings have expressed their astonishment at the fright he expressed on all occasions. When from this hill he has perceived any parties of the enemy marching along the great road, his countenance has been observed to change, and his hair to stand on his head. Yet still he preserved so much strength and vigour as to be able, in every emergency, to make the best of his way.

But among all the plunder that fell into the hands of the troops, I must not omit to mention that extraordinary curiosity, the engine called a Barisdale, from M'Donall of Barisdale, the proprietor, in whose house it was found. It was an iron machine, contrived to torture such poor thievish Highlanders as were not in the service of this cruel laird, and extort confession from them. If any cattle were missed, and the persons sus-

pected ever fell into Barisdale's hands, they were threatened with torture, from which nothing could exempt them but a confession, either where the cattle were, or who stole them. 'Twas enough to tell them they *Barisdaled*, and show them the dreadful engine, to make the affrighted trembling wretches confess all they knew, and perhaps more; for some would acknowledge anything, even to the prejudice of their own property, or that of their chief, rather than enter those hellish manacles. But as for such as either through obstinacy would not, or being innocent could not, give the satisfaction demanded, they were sure to suffer. When in the machine, their hands, feet, and neck were fixed in such a manner, that the posture the man was forced to remain in was neither sitting, lying, kneeling, or standing; but, though debarred the least use of his hands and feet, his neck was somewhat more at liberty; but then he had a great weight upon the back of his neck, to which if he yielded in the least, by shrinking downwards, a sharp spike would run into his chin. The very name of this engine kept the whole country round in awe, no word sounding more terrible among the inhabitants of those parts than Barisdale, whether

meaning the dreadful machine, or the tyrannical owner of it himself.*

But while the troops and parties employed by the Government are scouring the country, the Chevalier and the few (not above three or four) that were with him, are intent on their own preservation. Although the M'Phersons by laying down their arms had freed themselves from suspicion, yet the Chevalier soon began to dislike his situation among them. There was with him one who knew the place where Lochiel resorted, and to him he proposed to conduct the wanderer, who agreed to the proposal, hoping that Lochiel might inform him of some part of Lochaber wherein the search might by this time have cooled. However,

* As cruelty and cowardice are said to be inseparable, so those who are well acquainted with Barisdale say, that his courage is not equal to his great personal strength. 'Tis notorious that Clunie M'Pherson, who is but a low man, and to all appearance very incapable of contending with Barisdale, once fought with and beat him. They afterwards fought a duel, in which the latter was wounded in the arm, and again worsted. He is likewise a man of no conduct; for the branch of Glengary, of which he is the eldest branch, are generally esteemed to be a silly, inconsiderate, vicious set of people: and it hath often been observed, that whoever is addicted to immoral and dishonourable actions, never is resolute or truly brave.

Clunie and the others insisted on his staying with them yet a little longer, at least while they should send an express to Lochiel. With much difficulty they at last prevailed on him. I am well assured that one of Clunie's arguments to persuade the Chevalier to stay, was, that he could procure the newspapers as they came out, which could not but give the Chevalier great satisfaction, as the fate of the Lords Cromarty, Kilmarnock, and Balmerino, on whose account their chief felt a good deal of anxiety, was then depending on the event of a trial, they having been already arraigned before the House of Lords. And here a short account of these noblemen may not be unacceptable to the English reader, as they have been so miserably represented in all hitherto published,* through the malice of some, and the prejudice or the misinformation of others.

The Earl of Kilmarnock was descended from an ancient and noble family, which had sometimes intermixed even with the blood royal. His lordship, when but a boy, discovered a peculiar air of

* This just censure is not to be extended to the celebrated performances of a certain reverend gentleman, to whom the world is much obliged for everything he has published.

nobility, was master of a fine address, a flowing eloquence, and endowed with all the arts of persuasion. Nature had also been very liberal to him in the endowments of his person, he being reckoned one of the handsomest men of his time. Nor had she been sparing with regard to his natural capacity; but as the most fruitful fields, if but superficially touched with the plough, will be productive of little, so the most fertile genius, when not duly cultivated, will only produce whims and trifles. This truth was evident in the Earl of Kilmarnock, who, by the vivacity and sprightliness of his temper, made a figure in mixed companies; and, if the discourse turned upon gallantry, he was heard as an oracle; but, if any point of solid learning or serious inquiry was the topic, his weakness would then appear. His art of persuasion might, in some degree, be owing to his necessities; for if he knew any one in the town of Kilmarnock (a small borough in Scotland from whence he took his title) who kept any considerable sum of money by him, he would be sure to send for the man, and treat him with so genteel an air, such insinuating complaisance, and so much mildness and affability, that it was impossible for him to resist

his lordship's solicitation for a loan. The earl was a man of no resolution, and therefore easily persuaded into anything, though contrary to his interest. Indeed it has been observed, that men of his lordship's fine personal appearance* seldom prove proficients in useful knowledge, and particularly the knowledge of mankind, or what is called knowing the world, unless trained up in the school of adversity, or wisely directed by those to whom the care of their education has been committed, and who have also had the welfare of their pupils at heart.

But, unhappily for the nobleman we are speaking of, his father dying when the son was but young, the estate came to him before he had laid up a sufficient stock of knowledge either to manage that or himself. He soon became a prey to youthful and sensual pleasures; and instead of cultivating his mind, became fond of fencing, dancing, and other genteel but mere outside accomplishments, though such as generally procure the esteem of the fair sex, among whom

* He was above six foot high, of an engaging countenance, fine blue eyes, full of sweetness; his nose straight, his forehead high and graceful, and, in short, his whole person faultless.

he was a favourite. He married the Lady Ann Livingston, who was heiress-apparent to three estates, viz., that of Errol, Callandar, and Linlithgow. So that, had his lordship been capable of managing his own affairs with proper economy, he might have proved a blessing to his family (as each of his four sons had a prospect of an earldom), and an honour to his friends. Many stories have gone abroad as to the cause of his engaging with the Chevalier, which diversity may be owing to his having acted contrary to all his former principles; for I have heard him at the bar of the Assembly plead to have a Presbyterian minister sent to Falkirk, of his choosing: "For," said he, "I want him to converse with as a companion." Some attributed so inconsistent a conduct to his countess (whom almost in his dying moments he cleared of the charge); others imputed it to the Countess of Errol, whom I also believe innocent; for that lady is not only too closely connected with the Government, but has too much good sense and penetration, and too well knew that the earl was most unfit to engage in such a design, to have the least hand in disposing him to it. But to be brief, the truth

is only this; one Andrew Alves, a writer of the signet, a man of a most infamous character, was agent for the unfortunate Kilmarnock; and if I remember right, had been coming from his house to Edinburgh, September 16, 1745, when the Chevalier was advancing to that city with his little army. The Duke of Perth spied him, and calling him to him, asked him if the city of Edinburgh intended to stand out against the Prince. "We will show them the odds of it," said he; "but if they let us in civilly, they will be civilly used; but if otherwise, let them be answerable for the consequences of their own conduct." So saying, the Chevalier came up, and courteously did Alves the honour to let him kiss his hand. He was thence employed to carry a letter from the Chevalier to the magistrates of Edinburgh, which he delivered, but so artfully as not to discover that himself was certainly the bearer. The battle of Preston happening that very week, when the king's forces were routed, many unthinking people looked on the Chevalier's point as now absolutely gained. Among these was Alves, who instantly repaired to Lord Kilmarnock, and repeated the words of Perth, which

he magnified not a little. He then described the defeat of Cope's forces, and extolled the humanity and conduct of the Chevalier. Dazzled with this glittering appearance of fortune, and believing the whole of Alves's relation to be just, he fatally, from a prospect of raising himself to riches and further honours, made his court to the Chevalier, and embraced his party.

Before I quit this nobleman I shall give the reader a story which I leave him to approve or censure, as he thinks proper, without delivering my own sentiments as to the nature of the fact; and shall only observe that never was any relation of this kind better attested. In my hearing, it has been very seriously spoken of by men of the best sense and learning in Scotland, many of whom have owned that they saw no reason why they should not admit the reality of the fact, which was as follows:—

About a year before the rebellion, as the Earl of Kilmarnock was one day walking in his garden, he was suddenly alarmed with a fearful shriek; which, while he was reflecting on with astonishment, was soon after repeated. On this he went into the house, and inquired of his lady and all

the servants, but could not discover from whom or whence the cry proceeded; but missing his lady's woman, he was informed that she was gone into an upper room to inspect some linen: whereupon the earl and his lady went up and opened the door, which was only latched. But no sooner did the gentlewoman within set eyes on his lordship's face, than she fainted away. When with proper assistance she was brought to herself, they asked her the meaning of what they had heard and seen. She replied, that while she sat sewing some linen she had taken up to mend, the door opened of itself and a bloody head entered the room, and rolled on the floor. That this dreadful sight had made her cry out, but it instantly disappeared. That in a few moments she repeated her shrieks; and at the third time she fainted away: but was just recovered when she saw his lordship coming in, which made the impression they had been witness to.

This relation, given by the affrighted gentlewoman, was only laughed and ridiculed as the effect of spleen, vapours, or the strength of a deluded imagination, and was thought no more of, till one night, when my Lord Kilmarnock

happened to tell the story to the Earl of Galloway, the subject of their lordships' conversation happening to be on spectres and apparitions, the vulgar notions of which they were ridiculing. But after Kilmarnock had engaged in the Rebellion, and Lord Galloway was told of it, he instantly recollected this story, and said, "I'll lay a wager that Kilmarnock will lose his head."

I come now to say something of the E^arl of C^romart^y, whose character I shall truly display, without the least regard to the approbation or resentment of any one. In his youth, he was given to the most monstrous and unaccountable extravagances; such as an excessive indulgence in sensual pleasures, the most luxurious entertainments and midnight revels, accompanied with the most shocking, unheard of, new-coined oaths and execrations; drinking the Devil's health,* and others equally detestable and ridiculous.

But happily for him he married a very virtuous lady, who, with her mother, the Lady Invergordon, was greatly instrumental in reforming him from his debaucheries and mad pranks.† So

* Particularly on a Sunday morning, the Devil was the favourite toast.

† Of these, one instance may not be omitted. He and his cousin,

that before he entered into the Chevalier's interest, he was not only esteemed a sober, but a very amiable man; and, becoming a zealous Presbyterian, he, on all occasions, exerted his utmost influence and authority in Ross-shire and elsewhere for promoting that interest.

Whoever they were that engaged him to enter into that undertaking, so destructive to himself and his family, I can hardly think they were either his friends or well-wishers to the cause of the Chevalier. For surely, no one who knew him could imagine him capable of behaving with all that industry and prudence necessary in so nice and critical an affair. And as for the troops he brought with him, they were the very refuse and dregs of the Highlanders.

But not to dwell any longer on a character which can afford no real delight to the reader, I

a son of the Lord Royston, then one of the Senators of the College of Justice in Edinburgh, one time making a debauch together, in which they gave loose to the utmost excesses, they seized one R—d—k M'K——zie, whom they bound and fixed in a posture proper for their purpose. They then took a burning candle, and, applying it to . . . . . put the man to the most horrid pain. How they treated the fair sex, I do not chuse to mention: though I have heard many particulars on that subject, both in Ross and elsewhere.

shall only further observe, that being condemned with Kilmarnock and Balmerino, so great interest was made for him that his life was spared: and, indeed, I think, the lenity of the Government was highly to be commended, as it could not be said they had rid themselves of a dangerous enemy, had they put him to death. And in my opinion, had they restored him his possessions, and sent him back to *New Tarbet*, they would have had no more to fear from him than now while in custody in London. In truth, the same may be said of the other two Lords. For Kilmarnock's interest was sunk, and Balmerino's was nothing at all. Besides, the former was certainly a true penitent; and would surely have been bound by principle and gratitude to be faithful for the future. But doubtless the government thought that something was due to justice, which indeed the whole English nation aloud demanded, as the least satisfaction that could be made them, for what they had suffered from a people, (*i.e.*) the Highlanders, with whom they had less connection than with Muscovites, Turks or Tartars.

It remains now to say something of Arthur Lord Balmerino, but in truth, little can be said

on so barren a subject; for his Lordship never made any figure in the world, and was scarce known till he fell into the hands of government. When but a child, there appeared in him many early symptoms of a stubborn and froward disposition, which grew upon him with his years. An early impression being deeply stamped in his mind in favour of the Chevalier's pretensions to the throne, he became so immoderately zealous, that many people whose politics differed from his thought it unsafe to be in his company; and, indeed, not without reason, as will appear from the following instance of his imprudent zeal. He was once riding out in company with some gentlemen, among whom was one Clerk, a writer to the signet, a man well affected to the Hanoverian succession, and a strict, though not immoderate, Presbyterian. They had all taken a glass very sociably together, and no party altercations had been started among them. But at last some one acquainted Mr. Elphinstone (for he was no Lord till a little before the battle of Culloden) with Mr. Clerk's principles; whereupon, as they were riding between Leith and Musselbourgh, Elphinstone said to one of his intimates, "What a

damned scoundrel is that Clerk!" This was overheard by Clerk himself, who replied, "'Tis true, Sir, I am not a nobleman, but then I am no more a damned scoundrel than you are." On this some high words arose between them, and a duel had probably ensued, had they not been parted. On which Mr. Clerk quitted the company.

In the year 1715 we find Mr. Elphinstone in the quality of captain of a regiment of dragoons, but he deserted the service of George I. and went over to the Chevalier, who made much worse of his undertaking than his son has done thirty years after, with nothing like the favourable opportunities which the father had. After the ruin of his master's affairs in that same year, Mr. Elphinstone went over to France, where he tarried till the year 1734, when his brother obtained a pardon for him, that he might return to his native country; which however Mr. Arthur would not accept till he had first asked the old Chevalier's leave. This having obtained, with 120 guineas paid him by his order, he set out for Scotland, and lived sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, till at last he settled at Leith, and had 80*l.* per annum allowed him by his brother. But, while here, he

was so far from endeavouring to live like a gentleman, (which he might have done, as his brother, whose heir-apparent he was, would have enabled him to do so, by making him his companion, and entertaining him daily at his table,) that he sunk below the level of a creditable tradesman. The most trifling people about the Parliament House, such as pettyfoggers, and hackney writers, with some of the meanest inhabitants of Leith, though doubtless all men of his own principles, were his dearest companions; and hence he greatly lessened the regard his brother and his sister-in-law might have had for him. In 1745 he joined the Chevalier at Perth, and acted as a volunteer at the battle of Preston Pans; after which he was made a captain of the Life Guards. In the beginning of January following he became Lord Balmerino, by the death of his brother, who is said to have broke his heart on account of his brother Arthur having again appeared in arms against the government. I have already mentioned his surrender to Bandallach, and being sent to London, where his fate is well known, as indeed it is in every part of Great Britain. Therefore, I shall only observe, that from the whole of his conduct while in the

Tower, especially after sentence of death, he seems to have feared nothing so much as *not to dye.* He knew very well that the small estate which, by his brother's death, fell to him, was forfeited to the crown, and consequently the only source whence he could draw his subsistence would be drained, so that he must inevitably fall into poverty and contempt: wherefore he, as it were, courted death, and embraced it with pleasure: and perhaps with the more pleasure, from the reflection that by this means he should at his death make a greater figure than ever he had done in his life: that thus he should attain the glory of martyrdom in the eyes of his own party at least, and, by his behaviour in his last moments, adorn a life which had passed in the greatest obscurity.

No. III.

EXTRACTS FROM A PLAIN, AUTHENTIC, AND FAITHFUL NARRATIVE OF THE SEVERAL PASSAGES OF THE YOUNG CHEVALIER, FROM THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN TO HIS EMBARKATION FOR FRANCE.

General Campbell, being dispatched thither,* inquired what was become of the Young Pretender. The inhabitants, who have little other commerce with the world than by paying their rent once a-year in Solan geese feathers, answered they had never heard of such a person. There was a rumour, they said, that their laird (Mac-Leod) had been at war with some great king, and had got the better, which was all they knew of the world's transactions.

And now the P . . . receiving intelligence that Capt. Caroline Scot was landed at Kilbride

* St. Kilda.

within less than two miles of him, was reduced to the hard necessity of parting from all the rest of his few attendants, except O'Neil, with which vigorous as well as faithful companion, he betakes himself now, like a roe, to the mountains.*

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* The P . . . dismissed not his friends without hopes of another meeting; which, however, poor Donald could never enjoy. Immediately abandoned by all the boatmen but one, he was fain to sink the boat, and to shift as he could for himself. This he did till the 5th of July, then he was taken by Allan Macdonald of Knock, in Skye, a lieutenant, who made two others also prisoners along with him. These three, after being carried for some time from place to place, and at last to Applecross Bay, opposite the Isle of Skye, were there put on board the Furnace, Captain Ferguson. Donald MacLeod was called into the cabin to General Campbell, who examined him very circumstantially. The General asked him "If he had been long with the young Pretender."—"Yes," answered Donald, "I winna deny it."—"Do you know," said the General, "what money was upon that gentleman's head? No less than 30,000*l.* sterling, which would have made you and your family happy for ever."—"What then?" replied Donald, "though I had gotten it? I could not have enjoyed two days; conscience would have got the better of me; and although I could have all England and Scotland for my pains, I could not have allowed a hair of his head to be touched, if I could have hindered it, since he threw himself under my care." The General said he could not blame him, and allowed him to withdraw. Donald was conveyed on shipboard to Tilbury Fort, and thence to London, where he was at length discharged out of a messenger's custody (in whose hands he had been a little time) on the 10th of June, 1747; which he declared he would ever after celebrate as the happy day of his deliverance.

As for Edward Burk, after parting from the P . . . , he went over North Strand to North Uist, his native country, where he

In this perplexity, Captain O'Neil thought of applying to Miss Flora Macdonald.*

Pursuant, therefore, to the latter plan, Miss Flora set out for Clanranald's, June 21, in order to get things necessary for disguising the Prince. In going to cross one of the Fords, she and her servant having no passports, are made prisoners by a party of militia. The lady desiring to see their officer, was told he would not be there till next morning. She then asked his name, and upon their answering, "Mr. Macdonald of Armadale" (her stepfather), she chose rather to stay all night than to answer any of their questions. She

skulked in a hill called Eval, near seven weeks; twenty days of which he had no other food than dilse, and lampochs, a shell-fish. For about this time a paper had been read in the kirks, strictly forbidding all persons to give the least sustenance to any rebel upon pain of being deprived of it themselves. After various distresses, occasioned chiefly by this order, he was at last obliged to hide himself in a cave of North Uist, where he was fed by a shoemaker's wife, in the night. At last, having had the good fortune not to be excepted in the general act of grace, published in June, 1747, he was enabled to purchase a chair, which he has ever since carried in Edinburgh.

* This young lady is daughter of Macdonald of Mitten, in the Isle of Uist, descended from Clanranald's family. Her father died when she was but one year old, leaving her an only brother. Her mother afterwards married Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, in the Isle of Skye, and has by him two sons and two daughters. This gentleman is esteemed one of the strongest men of the name of Macdonald.

was detained, therefore, in the guard-room till Sunday the 22d; that day Mr. Macdonald arrived. Miss Macdonald, soon removing her stepfather's surprise, desired a passport for herself, her man Mac Kechan, and one Betty Burk (the character the P . . . was to assume) whom she begged he would recommend as an excellent spinster by a letter* to her mother, knowing her great want of such a person.

Having obtained all she desired, Miss M. proceeded to Clanranald's, where she communicated the design to the lady, whom she found ready to do all in her power to promote it. Here she spent several days in preparing things, in receiving and returning messages by the trusty O'Neil.

"The day appointed being come, June 27, Lady Clanranald, Miss Flora, and her man Mac Kechan, were conducted by O'Neil to the

* "I have sent your daughter from this country, lest she should be in any way frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burk, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinster. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till she spin all your lint; or, if you have any wool to spin, you may employ her. I have sent Neil Mac Kechan along with your daughter and Betty Burk to take care of them.—I am,

"Your dutiful husband,

"Hugh Macdonald.

"June 22nd, 1746."

Prince, who, at eight miles distance, waited for them with some impatience, and received them with no less courtesy. While supper was preparing, a servant arrived out of breath with intelligence that Captain Ferguson, with an advanced party of the Campbells, was within two miles of them; upon which they all hurried into a boat to a further point, where they passed the night undisturbed. Next morning, the 28th, another servant came in all haste for the Lady Clanranald, whom he informed that Captain Ferguson had lain all night in her bed. This news required that Lady's taking immediate leave, and return home, where she was scarce arrived, when Captain Ferguson began to examine her very strictly. "Where have you been?"—"To see a distressed child."—"Where lives the child? How far?" &c. To all which she answered as she thought fit.*

Lady Clanranald being gone, Miss Flora told the P . . . it was time to be moving. The faithful

* Though the Captain could make nothing of the lady, she was soon after made prisoner, as well as her husband, his brother, Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, and Roger Macneal, of Barra: as also, about the same time, John Gordon, eldest son of Glenbucket, for reviewing his father's men, though he had been totally deprived of sight six years before. All these were carried severally to London, and committed to the custody of a messenger, till discharged in June, 1747.

O'Neil begged hard to go with them. But to this the young Lady would by no means consent, well judging that this single addition to her charge would endanger them all. Prudence, therefore, getting the better of affection, the Captain was forced to take leave.*

The P . . . now putting on his female attire, they moved towards the water-side, where a boat lay ready. Here they resolved to wait till night should favour their embarkation. They had, therefore, but just made themselves a fire upon a piece of rock, as well to dry as to warm themselves, when the approach of four wherries full of armed men obliged them to extinguish it in all haste, and to squat themselves down in the heather or heath, where they lay till the enemy passed.

* Mr. O'Neil, upon parting from the P . . . , met with O'Sullivan; and, about two days after, a French cutter of 120 men arrived at St. Uist to carry off the P . . . Mr. O'Sullivan went immediately on board, while Mr. O'Neil set out in quest of the P . . . , hoping possibly to find him before he should leave the island. But hearing the P . . . had sailed two days before, he returned three hours too late, the cutter having taken the benefit of a fair wind to escape the pursuit of two armed wherries that had been dispatched after it. Mr. O'Neil was soon after taken, and put on board of a man-of-war; whence he was conveyed to Edinburgh Castle; and, having there been confined some time, he was at length sent abroad according to the cartel, as being a French officer.

About eight in the evening, June 28th, they embarked under a serene sky; but had not sailed a league when the fickle element became tempestuous. The P . . . seeing not only his fair guardian apprehensive, but the hardy boatmen themselves express some concern, cheered up their hearts as well as he could, and sung them the *Restoration*. At length, Miss Macdonald's fatigue got the better of her fear, and she fell fast asleep at the bottom of the boat. He became now guardian in his turn, and assiduously watched over his sleeping conductress. Though a calm returned with the morning, the boatmen, having no compass, were at a loss how to steer, when at last they discovered the point of Waternish, in the west corner of Sky. Here they attempted to land, but found the place possessed by a body of forces, who had also three boats or yawls near the shore; from one of these a man fired at the P . . .'s, to make it bring too; but this soon pulled away out of reach; the ships of war that were in sight wanting wind to pursue, and the boats wanting oars to improve the calm. The P . . . soon after (being the morning of the 29th) put into a creek or clift, to rest and refresh the fatigued rowers; but he

was quickly obliged to put off again, for fear of a surprise from the alarmed village.

At length the P . . . landed safe at Kilbride in Trotternish, about twelve miles N. from the above-mentioned point, and just at the foot of the garden of Mouggestot. Miss Flora, leaving the P . . . at the boat, set out immediately with her servant for Mouggestot, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who was then elsewhere. But here, too, she found an officer of militia, in quest of her charge, and had many interrogatories to answer; which the fair traveller did in manner that gave as little suspicion as satisfaction. But, seizing an opportunity, she acquainted Lady Margaret Macdonald, Sir Alexander's lady, with the P . . . 's situation, for which she had prepared by a preceding message. Her ladyship, at a loss how to act in so critical a conjuncture, sent off directly an express to Donald Roy Macdonald, requiring his immediate attendance. Her ladyship applied in the mean time to Mr. Macdonald, of Kingsborrow, who happened to be then in the house, and was walking in close conference with him when Donald arrived. It was then agreed that the P . . . should be conducted that night to

Portree by the way of Kingsborrow; that Donald Roy should ride directly to Portree, and endeavour to find out the old Laird of Rasay, to whose care the P . . . was to be entrusted, and that Neil MacKechan should return immediately to the P . . . upon the shore, inform him of the scheme concerted for his preservation, and direct him to the back of a certain hill, about a mile distant, where he was to wait for Kingsborrow for his conductor. Kingsborrow, therefore, taking some wine and other refreshments, set out soon after for the place appointed. He had some difficulty at first to find the P . . ., who, however, soon made up to him very briskly, with a thick short cudgel in his hand, and said, "Are you Mr. Macdonald, of Kingsborrow?" "Yes, Sir," answered Kingsborrow.—"All is well, then," replied the P . . ., "come, let us be jogging." Mr. Macdonald told the P . . . he must first partake of the refreshment he had brought, which the P . . . accordingly did, the top of a rock serving for a table. This done, they proceeded together; and, in conversing, Kingsborrow told his fellow traveller, with no less admiration than joy, that he could recollect no cause, either of business or duty,

for his being at Mouggestot that day. "I'll tell you the cause," said the P . . ., "Providence sent you thither to take care of me." But now they are interrupted by some country-people coming from the kirk, till at last he said, "O! Sir, cannot you let alone talking of your worldly affairs on the Sabbath, and have patience till another day?" The good people took the pious hint, and moved off. Betty Burk, and her companion, are no sooner rid of these, than overtaken by Miss Flora and her attendant, who had been also joined by some acquaintances. One of these could not forbear making observations upon the long strides of the great tawdry woman that was walking with Kingsborrow, and, in wading a rivulet, the P . . . lifted his petticoats so high, that Neil MacKechan called to him, for God's sake to take care, else he would discover himself. The P . . . laughed heartily, and thanked him for his kind concern. Miss Flora, however, prompted her company to mend their pace, alleging, that otherwise they would be benighted. She knew that the P . . . and Kingsborrow were soon to turn out of the common road by a route it was not proper the people with her should see.

The riders, therefore, soon lost sight of the two on foot, who turned over the hills S.S.E., till they arrived at Kingsborrow, about eleven at night, on Sunday, June 29, having walked seven long miles in almost constant rain. Miss Macdonald arrived about the same time, having parted from her company by the way.

Lady Kingsborrow, not expecting her husband home, was going to bed, when she was informed, that Kingsborrow was come with Milton's daughter, and a great odd-like woman, whom he had also carried into the hall with him. The lad had scarce got this news, when Kingsborrow entered the room, bid her dress again as fast as possible, get presently some supper, and soon after introduced her to her guests. The P . . . after eating a hearty supper, and smoking a pipe, an antidote he had learned against the tooth-ache, went to bed. Lady Kingsborrow then begged Miss Flora to relate what she knew of the P . . .'s adventures. The story concluded ; the lady asked, what was become of the boatmen that brought them over ? Upon being told of their return to St. Uist, " That was wrong," said she, " Flora. You should have kept them on this side, for some time

at least, till the P . . . had got further from his pursuers." Miss M. told her she had taken an oath of the boatmen at parting: "What signifies that?" replied the lady, "the threats of torture will force a confession;" which happened exactly according to the sagacious lady's conjecture. This hint made Miss Flora the more readily join Kingsborrow next day in advising the P . . . to lay aside his female dress. Kingsborrow took care to send a message that very night to Donald Roy, acquainting him that Miss Flora, being weary, could not make out Portree, as appointed, but was to sleep all night at Kingsborrow; and desiring Donald to provide a boat against next day to carry her to her mother's, in Sky; Miss Flora choosing rather a sail than a journey.

The P . . . having slept about nine or ten hours (thrice as long as was usual with him in his wanderings), Miss Macdonald prevailed with Kingsborrow to wake him, for fear of a pursuit. Kingsborrow then asked the P . . . how he had rested? "Never better in my life," said the P . . ., "'tis long since I slept in a bed before." Kingsborrow then begged leave to tell the P . . . it was high time to be preparing for another march;

that though it would be proper for him to go away in the dress he came in: "Yet," says he, "Sir, as you are a very bad *pretender*, and the rumour of your disguise may have taken air, I think it advisable for you to reassume your proper dress; and, if you will stop at the entrance of the wood on yonder hill, I shall take care to bring you thither everything necessary for that purpose." The P . . . thanked his good landlord, and approved the proposal. While the P . . . was dressing, Kingsborrow used the freedom to ask him, if he suspected treachery in Lord George Murray. To which the P . . . answered, he did not. When the P . . . had dressed himself as well as he could, the ladies were called in to pin his gown and cap. Upon Lady Kingsborrow begging to have a lock of his hair, the P . . . laid his head in Miss Flora's lap, and bade her cut off a little; of which she gave one half to the lady, and reserved the other to herself.

The P . . . having breakfasted, asked a snuff of Lady Kingsborrow, who took that opportunity of prevailing with him to accept of a silver snuff-box.

The P . . . then took leave of his kind land-

lady, thanking her very courteously for all her civilities. The exchange of dress was performed at the place appointed, and the P . . . grasped once more the claymore instead of the distaff.* And now the P . . . had to bid adieu to his faithful Kingsborrow, whom he embraced in his arms, assuring him in the warmest manner that he would never forget his services. Tears fell from the eyes of both, and some drops of blood from the P . . . 's nose. Kingsborrow was alarmed at seeing the blood; but the P . . . told the good man, this was usual with him at parting from dear friends.†

* The female attire was deposited in the heart of a bush, and afterwards carried to Kingsborrow House, where, upon the alarm of a search, it was burnt, except only a gown, which Kingsborrow's daughter insisted on saving as a precious relict and pattern. It was of stamped linen, with a purple sprig.

† About six or eight days after the P . . . left Sky, Captain Ferguson followed him in hot pursuit; and, from the boatmen, at or on their return to St. Uist, having extorted an exact description of the gown and the dress the P . . . had worn, he first went to Sir Alexander Macdonald's, where, after a strict search, hearing only Miss Macdonald, he thence proceeded in all haste to Kingsborrow, where he examined every person with the utmost exactness. He asked Kingsborrow where Miss Macdonald and the person who was with her in woman's clothes had lain? Kingsborrow answered: "He knew where Miss Flora had lain; but as for servants, he never asked any questions about them." The captain then asked Lady Kingsborrow whether she had laid the young Pretender and Miss

The P . . . , attended by Neil MacKechan, and having Kingsborrow's herd-boy,* MacQueen,

Flora in one bed? To which she answered, "Whom you mean by the young Pretender, I do not pretend to guess; but I can assure you, it is not the fashion in Skye to lay the mistress and maid in one bed." Upon visiting the rooms wherein each of them had lain, the captain could not but remark, that the room the supposed maid had possessed was better than that of the mistress.

Kingsborrow was made prisoner, and, by Gen. Campbell's order, he went on parole, without any guard, to Fort Augustus, where he was plundered of everything, thrown into a dungeon, and loaded with irons. When Sir Everard Fawkener examined him, he put him in mind how noble an opportunity he had lost of making himself and family for ever. To which Kingsborrow replied: "Had I gold and silver, piled heaps upon heaps, to the bulk of yon huge mountain, that mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast for doing what I have done." While Kingsborrow was prisoner at Fort Augustus, an officer of distinction came, and asked him if he would know the young Pretender's head if he saw it: Kingsborrow said he would know the head very well, if it were on the shoulders.—"But what if the head be not on the shoulders; do you think you should know it in that case?"—"In that case," answered Kingsborrow, "I will not pretend to know anything about it." So no head was brought him.

Kingsborrow was removed hence to Edinburgh Castle, under a strong guard of Kingston's light horse. He was at first put into a room with some other gentlemen, and afterwards removed into one by himself, without being allowed to go over the threshold, or to see any person except the officer upon guard, the serjeant, and keeper; which last was appointed to attend him as a servant. And here he was kept till by the act of grace he was set at liberty, on the 4th of July, 1747; having thus, as an author observes, got a whole year's safe lodging for affording that one night.

* Some years after, a gentleman met with MacQueen, asked him if he had any suspicion who the person might be whom he had

of about eleven years old, for a guide, seven long Scots miles, got safe, though very wet, to Portree. Here he had the pleasure of meeting once more his female preserver, as well as Donald Roy Macdonald; who, though disappointed in his search after the old Laird of Rasay, had got a boat from that island for the P . . . 's reception, and three choice friends to attend him, viz. John and Murdoch Macleod, of Rasay's, eldest and third sons, and one Malcolm Macleod. The two last gentlemen had been in the P . . . 's service. The P . . . would fain have persuaded cripple Donald to accompany him. But Donald had the resolution to resist his importunities, and also to sacrifice his own inclination to the P . . . 's safety, for his wound did not permit him to move without a horse, which he well judged would have rendered him too conspicuous a companion of the P . . . 's privacy.* To this faithful friend, therefore, as well as his female preserver, the P . . . was obliged to bid a tender farewell, regretting much

guided from Kingsborrow to Portree? "No," said he, "I only supposed him to be an Irish gentleman of the name of Macdonald."

* Captain Donald Roy Macdonald, after seeing the P . . . in the boat, returned to Portree.

that he had not a Macdonald to be with him to the last.*

Capt. MacLeod, having followed the P . . . as far as his eye could go, set out on his return home by the way of Kingsborrow, where he related the P . . .'s late adventures, and failed not to tell the Lady Kingsborrow that the P . . ., having one day cast his eyes upon her silver snuff-box, had asked him the meaning of its

* Miss Macdonald having taken leave of the P . . ., left Portree immediately, and got safe back to Armadale. She had not been above eight or nine days there, when she was required to attend one Macdonald, whom MacLeod of Paliscar had employed to examine her. She set out in obedience to the summons; but had not gone far when she was seized by an officer and a party of soldiers, who carried her immediately on board the Furnace, Captain Ferguson. General Campbell was on board, and commanded that the young lady should be used with the utmost civility; that she should be allowed a maid-servant, and every accommodation the ship could afford. Miss Flora, finding the boatmen had blabbed everything, was also fain to acknowledge to General Campbell the whole truth. About three weeks after, the ship being near her mother's, Miss Macdonald was permitted to go ashore with a guard, to take leave of her friends. The fair prisoner found now another protector in Commodore (now admiral) Smith; whose ship soon after came into Leith Road. Thence removed from place to place, till November 28, 1746, she was put on board the Royal Sovereign, lying at the Nore. After five months' imprisonment on shipboard, she was transported to London, where she was confined in a messenger's house till July, 1747, and then discharged without being asked a question.

device and inscription; and that he had explained them in such words as these. "The device, sir, of *two grasping hands*, is used in Scotland as an emblem of sincere and firm friendship; and the inscription of ROB GIB, refers to a common Scots saying; *Rob Gib's contract, stark love and kindness;*" that the P . . . admired the design, and declared that he would endeavour to keep the present as long as he lived. Capt. MacLeod had not been long at home before he was taken prisoner, conveyed into the Thames, and, on the 1st of November, 1746, removed to London, where he was detained in a messenger's house till July, 1747.

No. IV.

FROM KING'S POLITICAL AND LITERARY ANECDOTES OF HIS OWN TIMES.

THE PRETENDER.

September, 1750. I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me into her dressing room, and presented me to ——— The Pretender. If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends who were in exile had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but, although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made, nor was anything ready to carry it into execution. He was soon

convinced that he had been deceived, and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came. As I had some long conversations with him here, and for some years after held a constant correspondence with him, not indeed by letters, but by messengers, who were occasionally dispatched to him; and as, during this intercourse, I informed myself of all particulars relating to him and of his whole conduct, both in public and private life, I am perhaps as well qualified as any man in England to draw a just character of him; and I impose this task on myself, not only for the information of posterity, but for the sake of many worthy gentlemen whom I shall leave behind me, who are at present attached to his name, and who have formed their ideas of him from public report, but more particularly from those great actions which he performed in Scotland.

As to his person, he is tall and well made, but stoops a little, owing, perhaps, to the great fatigue which he underwent in his northern expedition. He has a handsome face and good eyes (I think his busts, which about this time were commonly sold in London, are more like him than any of

his pictures which I have yet seen*); but in a polite company he would not pass for a genteel man. He hath a quick apprehension, and speaks French, Italian, and English, the last with a little of a foreign accent. As to the rest, very little care seems to have been taken of his education. He had not made the belles lettres or any of the finer arts his study, which surprised me much, considering his preceptors, and the noble opportunities he must have always had in that nursery of all the elegant and liberal arts and sciences.

But I was still more astonished when I found him unacquainted with the history and constitution of England, in which he ought to have been very early instructed. I never heard him express any noble or benevolent sentiments, the certain indications of a great soul and a good heart; or discover any sorrow or compassion for the misfortunes of so many worthy men, who had suffered

* He came one evening to my lodgings and drank tea with me: my servant, after he was gone, said to me, "That he thought my new visitor very like Prince Charles." "Why," said I, "have you ever seen Prince Charles?" "No sir," replied the fellow, "but this gentleman, whoever he may be, exactly resembles the busts sold in Red Lion Street, and are said to be busts of Prince Charles." The truth is, these busts were taken in plaster of Paris from his face.

in his cause.* But the most odious part of his character is his love of money, a vice which I do not remember to have been imputed by our historians to any of his ancestors, and is the certain index of a base and little mind. I know it may be urged in his vindication, that a prince in exile ought to be an economist. And so he ought; nevertheless, his purse should be always open, as long as there is anything in it to relieve the necessities of his friends and adherents.

King Charles the Second, during his banishment, would have shared the last pistole in his pocket with his little family. But I have known this gentleman with two thousand louis-d'ors in his strong box, pretend he was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in Paris, who was not in affluent circumstances. His most faithful servants, who had closely attended him in all his difficulties, were ill rewarded. Two Frenchmen,

* As to his religion, he is certainly free from all bigotry and superstition, and would readily conform to the religion of the country. With the Catholics he is a Catholic; with the Protestants he is a Protestant; and, to convince the latter of his sincerity, he often carried an English Common Prayer Book in his pocket: and sent to Gordon (whom I have mentioned before) a nonjuring clergyman, to christen the first child he had by Mrs. W.

who had left everything to follow his fortune, who had been sent as couriers through half Europe, and executed their commissions with great punctuality and exactness, were suddenly discharged without any faults imputed to them, or any recompense for their past service.

To this spirit of avarice may be added his insolent manner of treating his immediate dependents, very unbecoming a great prince, and a sure prognostic of what might be expected from him if ever he acquired power. Sir J. Harington and Colonel Goring, who suffered themselves to be imprisoned with him rather than desert him when the rest of his family and attendants fled, were afterwards obliged to quit his service on account of his illiberal behaviour.

But there is one part of his character, which I must particularly insist on, since it occasioned the defection of the most powerful of his friends and adherents in England, and by some concurring accidents totally blasted all his hopes and pretensions. When he was in Scotland, he had a mistress, whose name is Walkenshaw, and whose sister was at that time, and is still housekeeper at Leicester House. Some years after he was released

from prison and conducted out of France, he sent for this girl, who soon acquired such a dominion over him, that she was acquainted with all his schemes, and trusted with his most secret correspondence. As soon as this was known in England, all those persons of distinction who were attached to him were greatly alarmed; they imagined that this wench had been placed in his family by the English ministers; and, considering her sister's situation, they seemed to have some ground for their suspicion; therefore they dispatched a gentleman to Paris, where the Prince then was, who had instructions to insist that Mrs. Walkenshaw should be removed to a convent for a certain time; but her gallant absolutely refused to comply with this demand; and, although Mr. M'Namara, the gentleman who was sent to him, who has a natural eloquence, and an eloquent understanding, urged the most cogent reasons, and used all the arts of persuasion to induce him to part with his mistress, and even proceeded so far as to assure him, according to his instructions, that an immediate interruption of all correspondence with his most powerful friends in England, and in short that the ruin of his interest, which was now daily

increasing, would be the infallible consequence of his refusal; yet he continued inflexible; and all M'Namara's entreaties were ineffectual. M'Namara staid some days in Paris beyond the time prescribed him, endeavouring to reason the Prince into a better temper; but finding him obstinately persevere in his first answer, he took his leave with concern and indignation, saying, as he passed out, "What has your family done, Sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it through so many ages?" It is worthy of remark that, in all the conferences which M'Namara had with the Prince on this occasion, the latter declared, that it was not a violent passion or indeed any particular regard,* which attached him to Mrs. Walkenshaw, and that he could see her removed from him without any concern; but he would not receive directions in respect to his private conduct from any man alive.

* I believe he spoke truth when he declared he had no esteem for his northern mistress, although she has been his companion for so many years. She had no elegance of manners; and as they had both contracted an odious habit of drinking, so they exposed themselves very frequently, not only to their own family, but to all their neighbours. They often quarrelled, and sometimes fought: they were some of these drunken scenes which, probably, occasioned the report of his madness.

When M'Namara returned to London, and reported the Prince's answer to the gentlemen who had employed him, they were astonished and confounded. However, they soon resolved on the measures which they were to pursue for the future, and determined no longer to serve a man who could not be persuaded to serve himself, and chose rather to endanger the lives of his best and most faithful friends, than part with an harlot, whom, as he often declared, he neither loved nor esteemed. If ever that old adage, *Quos Jupiter vult perdere*, &c., could be properly applied to any person, whom could it so well fit as the gentleman of whom I have been speaking? for it is difficult by any other means to account for such a sudden infatuation. He was, indeed, soon afterwards made sensible of his misconduct, when it was too late to repair it: for, from this era may truly be dated the ruin of his cause; which, for the future, can only subsist in the N—n—ing congregations, which are generally formed from the meanest people, from whom danger to the present government need ever be apprehended.

Before I close this article, I must observe that, during this transaction, my Lord M—— was at

Paris in the quality of Envoy from the K—— of P——; M'Namara had directions to acquaint him with his commission. My Lord M——, not in the least doubting the Prince's compliance with the request of his friends in England, determined to quit the K—— of P——'s service as soon as his embassy finished, and go into the Prince's family. This would have been a very fortunate circumstance to the Prince on all accounts, but more especially as nothing could be more agreeable to all those persons of figure and distinction, who were at that time so deeply engaged in his cause; for there was not one of all that number who would not have reposed an entire confidence in the honour and discretion of my Lord M——. But how was this gentleman amazed, when he perceived the Prince's obstinacy and imprudence? who was resolved, by a strange fatality, to alienate the affections of his best friends, and put an absolute barrier to all his own hopes. From this time, my Lord M—— would never concern himself in this cause, but prudently embraced the opportunity, through the K—— of P——, of reconciling himself to the English government.

No. V.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE CARDINAL YORK, THE LAST, IN A DIRECT LINE, OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART.

HENRY BENEDICT MARIA CLEMENS, second son of James Stuart, known by the name of "The Pretender," and of Maria Clementina Sobieski, was born at Rome the 26th of March, 1725, where he almost constantly resided. As a Pretender to the throne of Britain, he was never very forward in urging the pretension, and his general character was that of an inoffensive and respectable individual. The Regent Duke of Orleans had (by a threat to withdraw the pension paid by France), to please the cabinet of St. James's, obliged the Cardinal's father to reside in that city. Toward the close of the year 1745 he went to France, to put himself at the head of 15,000 men, assembled in and about Dunkirk, under the command of the

Duke of Richelieu, by order of Louis XV. With this army Henry was to have landed in England, in support of his brother Charles; but, though preparations were made for embarking these troops, though one part did actually embark, not a single transport left Dunkirk Road; and Henry, receiving intelligence of the issue of the battle of Culloden, returned to Rome, where, much to the displeasure of his brother and the friends of his family, he took orders; and in 1747 was made Cardinal by Pope Benedict XIV., and afterwards Bishop of Frascati, and Chancellor of the Church of St. Peter.

From that time the Cardinal of York, the name he assumed on his promotion, devoted himself to the functions of his ministry, and seemed to have laid aside all worldly views, till his brother's death in 1788, when he had medals struck, bearing on their face his head, with "HENRICUS NONUS ANGLIÆ REX;" on the reverse a city, with "GRATIA DEI, SED NON VOLUNTATE HOMINUM." If we are not misinformed, our sovereign has one of these medals. The Cardinal had two rich livings in France, the Abbeys of Anchin and St. Amand, and a considerable pension from the

court of Spain, all of which he lost by the revolution. In order to assist Pope Pius VI. in making up the sum required by Bonaparte in 1796, the Cardinal disposed of all the family jewels; and, among others, of a ruby, the largest and most perfect known, valued at 50,000*l.* He thus deprived himself of the last means of an independent subsistence, and was reduced to great distress on the expulsion of Pius VI. and his court from Rome.

After having passed his days in quiet and dignified retirement at his villa near Rome, till 1798, a French revolutionary banditti forced him to renounce his comforts and property if he would save his life. He arrived at Venice in the winter of 1798, infirm as well as destitute. Cardinal Borgia, who had been acquainted with Sir John Hippesley Cox in Italy, represented to him by letter the Cardinal's case. Sir John conveyed this letter to a Mr. Stuart, who drew up a memorial, which Mr. Dundas (Lord Melville) presented to his Majesty; and no sooner was our beloved monarch informed of his distressful situation, than his Majesty condescended to order his Minister to the Republic to offer the Cardinal, with all possi-

ble delicacy, a pension of 4000*l.* for his life. This amiable trait in the character of George III. does equal honour to the king and to the man.

The Cardinal of York had some claim on the generosity, perhaps on the justice, of this country. An act of Parliament, still unrepealed, had settled on James the Second's queeen, Mary D'Este, the cardinal's grandmother, a jointure of 50,000*l.* While the treaty of Ryswick was depending, it was strongly contended, on the part of the French negociators, in the name of that princess, that, her husband having been deprived by an act of the British legislature of all his right as king, and being consequently as king dead in law, she was as much entitled to her dowry from the day that event took place, as if her husband had been naturally dead. The English negociators considered the point as too delicate for their interference, and desired it might be referred to King William personally. The proposal was assented to, and Marshal Boufflers had an interview with William on the subject. William did not deny the justice of the claim; and on Boufflers expressing a wish that the concession of the jointure might be confirmed by at least a

secret article of the treaty, William said, " What, Marshal! will not my word satisfy you?" Boufflers bowed, and parted, in the full persuasion that he had obtained sufficient security. But, on the first demand of payment, William insisted that the concession had been made upon a condition which had not been performed; while Boufflers maintained the concession to have been unconditional. James II. died in 1701; his widow in 1718. No attempt was ever made by her heirs at law to recover the arrears of her jointure till 1786; when Charles, the eldest of her grandsons, though he would not act himself, empowered his natural daughter, by Miss Walkinshaw, to act in his name for that purpose. A case was made out, stating the nature and grounds of the claim. Louis XVI., by a petition which Vergennes presented, was intreated to recommend it, through his ambassador in London, to the attention of the King of Great Britain. Louis answered, " *C'est une famille malheureuse! dont je ne veux plus entendre parler.*" Little thought the king how soon he, and almost every branch of the Bourbon family, were to be in a situation not less unfortunate.

On the failure of this attempt, another was made in a different way, to bring the claim before the king. The late Earl of Pembroke, while at Florence, where Charles and his daughter resided for some time, was in the habit of visiting them, and sometimes dined with them. The daughter, on the Earl's leaving Florence, begged he would use what interest he might have with Mr. Pitt, in behalf of her father's claim. The Earl politely offered to do all in his power. As for interest with Mr. Pitt, he said he had none, nor a claim to any, but he would try what could be done by some of his acquaintance who might have interest with him. Accordingly, on his arrival in Paris, he applied to the late Duke of Dorset, then our ambassador at the Court of Versailles, who gave the lady's agent a letter of introduction to Mr. Pitt. He promised, at the same time, to take the first opportunity of recommending the claim to that minister's favour and protection; and he fulfilled his promise. Carryll, the lady's agent, on his arrival in London, with Mr. Pitt's permission waited on him. But scarcely had he opened the subject by saying that whatever right there might be, and however well founded, to the whole

arrears, a very moderate part would be gratefully accepted, when Mr. Pitt cut him short, declaring it was a thing not to be mentioned to the king. Carryll then communicated the nature and grounds of the claim to learned counsel, who advised him to bring the matter before the King's Bench, offering, on condition of receiving a certain proportion of the sum recovered, to carry on the lawsuit at their own risk and expence, in full confidence that the decision would be favourable, from the circumstance, that the act of parliament settling the jointure had assigned, as security for its payment, royal demesnes of a yearly income more than equal to the amount. But neither Charles nor Henry (for the proposal was made to each separately) would agree to it.

Henry was a studious well-informed prince, and a sincerely pious prelate. His purse was always open to suffering humanity; and British travellers particularly, whether ruined by misfortune or imprudence, found in him, on all occasions, a compassionate benefactor. He possessed, before 1798, a very valuable collection of curiosities at his villa, where many scarce tracts and interesting manuscripts concerning the unfor-

tunate house of Stuart were among the ornaments of his library. In his will, made in January, 1789, he had left the latter to his relation, the Count Stuarton, but they were all, in 1798, either plundered by the French and Italian Jacobins at Rome, or confiscated by French commissaries for the libraries or museums at Paris. The Cardinal of York returned to Rome in 1801, and died the Doyen of the Sacred College, after being one of its most virtuous and disinterested members upwards of sixty years. He was also Bishop of Ostia and Velletri, Vice-chancellor of the Holy Roman Church, and Arch-priest of the Basilique Patriarchale of St. Peter of the Vatican.

Thus has died at the age of eighty-two years and some months, the last, in direct line, of the royal house of Stuart; and his death is of some importance, for, it is understood, an act with respect to the attainder of blood was to expire at the death of this last of the Stuart family. The statements of the French papers, concerning Cardinal York's bequests to the King of Sardinia, are void of all truth.

Some doubts having been expressed as to the truth of the report of the Cardinal having received

a considerable pension during the latter years of his life, from our monarch, the following letters on that subject will be found interesting:—

FROM LORD MINTO TO CARDINAL YORK.

"*De Vienne*, 9 *Fev.* 1800.

"MONSEIGNEUR,

"J'ai reçu les ordres de sa majesté, le roi de la Grande Bretagne, de faire remettre à votre Eminence la somme de deux mille livres sterling, et d'assurer V. E. qu'en acceptant cette marque de l'intérêt et de l'estime de S. M. de lui transmettre une pareille somme de 2000*l.* sterling au mois de Juillet, si les circonstances demeuront telles que V. E. continuât à la désirer.

"J'ai donc l'honneur de la prévenir que la somme de 2000*l.* sterling est déposée à la maison de Messrs. Coutts et Compagnie, banquiers à Londres, à la disposition de votre Eminence. En exécutant les ordres du roi mon Maître, V. E. me rendra la justice de croire que je suis infiniment sensible à l'honneur d'être l'organe des sentimens nobles et touchans, qui ont dicté à S. M. la démarche dont elle daigne me charger, et qui lui ont été inspirés, d'un côté par ses propres vertus

et de l'autre tant par les qualités éminentes de la personne auguste qui en est l'objet que par son désir de réparer, partout où il est possible, les désastres dans lesquels le fléau universel de nos jours a paru vouloir entrainer par préférénce tout ce qui est le plus digne de vénération et de respect.

"Je prie V. E. d'agréer les assurances de mes hommages, respectueux, et de la vénération profonde avec laquelle

"J'ai l'honneur d'être, de votre Eminence,

"le très humble et très obeissant Serviteur,

"MINTO."

"Env. Ex. and Min. Plen. de S. M. B.
à la Cour de Vienne."

FROM CARDINAL YORK TO SIR JOHN HIPPESLEY, BART.

"Your letters fully convince me of the cordial interest you take in all that regards my person, and I am happy to acknowledge that principally I owe to your friendly efforts and to them of your friends the succour generously granted to relieve the extreme necessities into which I have been driven by the present dismal circumstances. I cannot sufficiently express how sensible I am to

your good heart; and write these few lines in the first place to confess to you these my sincere and grateful sentiments, and then to inform you, that by means of Mr. Oakley, an English gentleman arrived here last week, I have received a letter from Lord Minto from Vienna, advising me that he had orders from his court to remit to me at present the sum of 2000*l.*; and that in the month of July next I may again draw, if I desired it, for another equal sum. This letter is written in so extremely genteel and obliging manner, and with expressions of singular regard and consideration for me, that I assure you it excited in me most particular and lively sentiments, not only of satisfaction for the delicacy with which the affair has been managed, but also of gratitude for the generosity which has provided for my necessity.

"I have answered Lord Minto's letter, and gave it, Saturday last, to Mr. Oakley, who was to send it by that evening's post to Vienna. I have written in a manner that I hope will be to his Lordship's satisfaction. I own to you that the succour granted to me could not be more timely; for without it, it would have been impossible for

me to subsist, on account of the absolutely irreparable loss of all my income, the very funds being also destroyed, so that otherwise I should have been reduced for the short remainder of my life, to languish in misery and indigence.

"I could not lose a moment's time to apprize you of all this, and am very certain that your experimented good heart will find proper means to make known, in an energetical and proper manner, these sentiments of my grateful acknowledgment.

"The signal obligations I am under to Mr. Andrew Stuart for all that he has, with so much cordiality on this occasion, done to assist me, render it for me indispensable to desire, that you may return my most sincere thanks, assuring him that his health and welfare interest me extremely; and that I have with great pleasure received from Gen. Acton the genealogical history of our family, which he was so kind as to send me; I hope that he will from that gentleman have already received my thanks for so valuable a proof of his attention for me.

"In the last place, if you think proper, and an

occasion should offer itself, I beg you make known to the other gentlemen also who have co-operated, my most grateful acknowledgments; with which, my dear Sir John, with all my heart, I embrace you.

"Your best of friends,

"HENRY, Cardinal."

"*Venice, Feb.* 26, 1800.

"*To Sir J. C. Hippesley, Bart., London.*"

COPY OF A LETTER FROM SIR JOHN COX HIPPESLEY, BART., TO CARDINAL YORK.

"SIR,

"I trust your Eminence will do me the justice to believe that I was not insensible to the honour of receiving so flattering a proof of your gracious consideration, as that which I was favoured with, dated the 26th of last month, from the bosom of the conclave.

"The merciless scourge of the present age (as my friend, Lord Minto, has so justly observed) has singled out as the first object of its vengeance every thing that is most worthy, and best entitled to our veneration and respect. *The Infidels in*

Religion, but *zealots in Anarchy*, whose malignity pursued the sacred remains of Pius the Great even beyond the grave, assuredly would not exempt from their remorseless persecution the venerable person of the Cardinal York!

"Severe as have been your Eminence's sufferings, they will, nevertheless, find some alleviation in the general sympathy of the British nation: with all distinctions of parties, with all differences of communion, among all conditions of men, but one voice is heard; all breathe one applauding sentiment; all bless the gracious act of the Sovereign in favour of his illustrious but unfortunate relation.

"Your Eminence greatly overvalues the humble part which has fallen to my lot, in common with my worthy friend Mr. Stuart. The cause of suffering humanity never wants supporters in the country with which I know, Sir, you feel a generous pride in being connected. The sacred ministers of religion, exiled and driven from their altars, find refuge and security in Britain. The unfortunate Princes of the House of Bourbon here too found an asylum under the hospitable roof of

the *Royal Ancestors* of Cardinal York: and when every dignified virtue that can stamp worth on human nature is outraged in the venerable person of the Cardinal York himself—'against such cruelties, with inward consolations recompensed'—here also an inviolable sanctuary is unfolded in the kindred bosom of our beloved Sovereign.

"It is incumbent on me to attest, that, in the frequent communications Mr. Stuart and myself have had with the King's ministers on this subject, they have uniformly expressed their firm opinion, that his Majesty will think himself happy in repeating the same gracious attention to his royal relation, and in the same proportion, as long as his unfortunate circumstances have a claim to them. I can also, with equal confidence, assure your Eminence, that your reply to my Lord Minto has given as much satisfaction to the King's ministers, as it doubtless has excited in the benevolent mind of his Majesty himself.

"Mr. Stuart unites with me in every heartfelt wish for your Eminence's health and happiness, equally flattered with myself by your Eminence's

condescension and gracious acceptance of our humble attentions.

"With the most perfect consideration and profound respect,

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"J. C. HIPPESLEY."

"*Grosvenor Street, London, March* 31, (1800)."

FROM THE CARDINAL YORK TO LORD MINTO.

"With the arrival of Mr. Oakley, who has been this morning with me, I have received by his discourses, and much more by your letters, so many tokens of your regard, singular consideration and attention for my person, as obliges me to abandon all ceremony, and to begin abruptly to assure you, my dear lord, that your letters have been most acceptable to me in all shapes and regards. I did not in the least doubt of the noble way of thinking of your generous and beneficent sovereign: but I did not expect to see, in writing, so many and so obliging expressions, that, well calculated for the persons who receive them and understand their force, impress in their minds a most lively sense of tenderness and gratitude, which I own to you

oblige me more than the generosity spontaneously imparted. I am, in reality, at a loss to express in writing all the sentiments of my heart; and for that reason leave it entirely to the interests you take in all that regards my person to make known in an energetical and convenient manner all I fain would say to express my thankfulness, which may easily be by you comprehended, after having perused the contents of this letter.

" I am much obliged to you to have indicated to me the way I may write unto Coutts, the court banker, and shall follow your friendly insinuations. In the meantime, I am very desirous that you should be convinced of my sentiments of sincere esteem and friendship, with which, my dear lord, with all my heart I embrace you.

" HENRY, Cardinal."

FROM THE CARDINAL YORK TO SIR J. COX HIPPESLEY, BART.

" Dear Sir John,

" I have not words to explain the deep impression your very obliging favour of March 31 made on me. Your and Mr. Andrew Stuart's most friendly and warm exertions in my behalf, the

humane and benevolent conduct of your ministers, your gracious Sovereign's most noble and spontaneous generosity, the continuance of which you certify me depends upon my need of it, were all ideas which crowded together on my mind, and filled me with the most lively sensations of tenderness and heartfelt gratitude. What return can I make for so many and so signal proofs of disinterested benevolence? Dear Sir John, I confess I am at a loss how to express my feelings; I am sure, however, and very happy that your good heart will make you fully conceive the sentiments of mine, and induce you to make known, in an adequate and convenient manner, to all such as you should think proper, my most sincere acknowledgment.

"With pleasure I have presented your compliments to the Cardinals and other persons you mention, who all return you their sincere thanks; the Canon in particular, now Monsignore, being also a domestic prelate of his Holiness, begs you to be persuaded of his constant respect and attachment to you.

"My wishes would be completely gratified, should I have the pleasure, as I most earnestly

desire, to see you again at Frascati, and be able to assure you, by word of mouth, of my most sincere esteem, and affectionate indelible gratitude,

"Your best of friends,

HENRY, Cardinal."

"*Venice, 7th of May*, 1800.

"*To Sir J. C. Hippesley, Bart.,*

"*Grosvenor Street, London.*"

POSTSCRIPT.

The Author begs here to be allowed to correct a mistake into which he fell when he wrote that not even the name of Charles's daughter had been preserved; and, in making this correction, he will here introduce a brief account of Charles's union with Miss Walkenshaw, and of the daughter to whom that union gave birth. The facts are extracted from the *Œuvres Complètes de Louis de St. Simon, Duc et Pair de France, &c., à Strasbourg*, 1791, t. xii., p. 144.

According to the Duke's account, John Walkenshaw, Baron of Barronsfield, was, in 1715, one of the most zealous, active, and influential adherents of James III. in Scotland; and was taken prisoner and confined in Stirling Castle after the battle of Sheriffmuir. Lord Barronsfield had the good fortune to escape from confinement, and was immediately deputed to the Emperor, Charles VI., to endeavour to obtain the freedom of James's bride, the Princess Clementine, then confined at Insbruck. In this mission his Lordship succeeded completely, and the liberated Princess promised to give her name to the first child that might be born to him. With this child (Clementine Marie Sophie), who was reared by Charles's mother in the Catholic faith, the

Prince became first acquainted in 1746, when he established his head quarters at the Castle of Bannockburn, near Stirling, where she was introduced to him as the niece of the owner of the Castle, and, according to the Duke's account, under the name of a Countess of Albartroff. He paid her the most marked attention, and, in return for the important services rendered by her family, promised her an appointment at his future court. This promise was shortly followed by another, of a close and permanent union with her, whatever the issue of his enterprise might be. After the battle of Culloden, Clementine continued for some time longer to reside with her family; but when the Prince had effected his escape to France, he succeeded, through the medium of a confidential agent, in inducing Clementine to join him there.

Charles and Clementine proceeded to Ghent, and the Duke speaks of their relation to each other at that time in these words:—"Depuis le moment de sa réunion avec le Prince elle fut toujours traitée et regardée dans le public comme son épouse, portant le même nom que le Prince et faisant les honneurs de sa maison. Elle l'accompagna en cette qualité dans tous les voyages qu'il fit en Allemagne, et revint avec lui à Liège, où il prit alors un domicile sous le nom du Compte de Johnsome." (?) It was at Liège, likewise, according to St. Simon, that Clementine gave birth to a daughter, whom the Prince himself held at the font, and whom, after his own name, he called Charlotte. "Le Prince fit élever sa fille dans sa maison, il eut toujours pour elle le sentiment du plus tendre des pères, ses attentions et ses soins étaient

portés à l'excès ; elle et sa mère l'accompagnèrent dans tous les voyages et les différents séjours qu'il fit à Paris, à Bâle, à Liège, à Bouillon. Dans tous ces lieux elles furent toujours annoncées au public, l'une comme l'épouse, l'autre comme la fille du Prince ; elles portaient les mêmes noms que lui, et l'enfant, toujours admise à la table, fut présentée à tous les seigneurs étrangers et autres personnes qui venaient rendre visite au Prince."

When this daughter had attained the age of seven, the mother was desirous to give her an education suitable to her rank in a convent at Paris, as being a more permanent residence than the circumstances of the Prince were likely to allow him to adopt. To this arrangement Charles always refused his assent, and, after having obtained the sanction of James to such a step, the mother left Bouillon, at midnight, on the 22nd July, 1760, and fled with Charlotte to Paris. Charles was in despair. He sent messengers after the fugitives, and instructed his agents at Paris to make an application to the French ministry, with a view to the enforcement of his parental rights. Clementine, however, prevailed on the Archbishop of Paris (Beaumont) to inform the king that she had not acted without the sanction of James, who lost no time in placing Clementine and Charlotte under the protection of the French government, at the same time that he exerted himself to moderate the indignation of his son.

James, in the mean time, made a princely provision for his grandchild and her mother, assuring the latter he had taken steps to secure her independence even after his death. On his decease, however, no trace

of any such steps could be found; and Cardinal York, to whom Clementine wrote without receiving any answer, not only reduced to half its former amount the allowance till then paid to mother and daughter, but, in a little time afterwards, demanded that Miss Walkenshaw should sign a paper declaring "qu'il n'y avait point eu d'acte de célébration de mariage avec le Prince." Clementine gave the required signature, but, on the same day on which it was given, she recalled her declaration by a letter to the cardinal, and then retired with her daughter to the Abbey of Meaux. Both frequently addressed letters to the Prince, but without obtaining any answer in return, although proofs are not wanting that Charles's affection for his daughter continued unaltered.

Farther on, St. Simon says, somewhat obscurely:—"Au mariage du Prince sa tendresse pour son enfant a paru se renouveller: il lui fit proposer de se rendre auprès de lui. La comptesse (Clementine) à qui cette séparation coutait infiniment, et qui prévoyait une foule d'inconvénients dans le séjour de sa fille à Rome, y consentit néanmoins, pour ne pas déplaire au père. Au moment d'exécuter ce voyage, on (?) a fait naître des obstacles, et, malgré les sacrifices que la comptesse était prête à faire, malgré la soumission de sa fille aux ordres du Prince, à qui elle a eu l'honneur d'écrire les lettres les plus tendres et les plus respectueuses, malgré les protestations et promesses d'un seigneur qui était auprès du Prince et qui paraissait disposé à la servir de toutes ses forces, on n'a pu avoir de sa part aucune réponse, aucune consolation, aucune espérance." Of the subsequent

fate of Clementine, and of Charles's conduct towards her, nothing certain is known; but we have sufficient proof that the Prince, in the last few years of his life, acted as an affectionate father. I shall scarcely need any excuse for omitting all notice of the occurrence related by Kotzebue, in the third volume of his *Biene*, as he not only quotes no authority, but evidently confounds Prince Charles with his father; a mistake occasioned probably by the fact that both are frequently spoken of as "the Pretender."

THE END.

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There can be no question that the "Memoirs of the Reign of George II." far exceed in public interest any of the numerous productions of the same accomplished pen. The writer was in a position either to observe the extraordinary events then occurring, or to command intelligence from the most secret sources. Known as the son of the ablest minister the age produced (Sir Robert Walpole) and having many of his nearest friends and relatives members at different periods either of the government or of the opposition, it is impossible to imagine an individual more favourably circumstanced to record the stirring scenes and great events that made the reign of George II. so remarkable. But to these advantages must be added a talent in portraying the characteristics of his contemporaries, and a vivacity in describing the scenes in which they figured so conspicuously, in which he is without a rival.

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It may be as well to remind the reader that the reign of George II. was rendered memorable by the dawning of the greatness of Pitt, and the minority of George III.; by the struggles of the grandson of James II., commonly called "The Young Pretender," to win back the forfeited throne of the Stuarts; by the opposition to the reigning king of his son Frederick Prince of Wales; by the remarkable trial and execution of Admiral Byng, and the no less celebrated court-martial on Lord George Sackville; by the splendid victories of Wolfe in America, and Lord Clive in India; the capture of Cherbourg, the acquisition of Cape Breton, and the naval triumphs of Boscawen, Howe, Hawke, Watson, Vernon, and Saunders. The most distinguished of contemporary sovereigns were Frederick the Great, Louis XV., Augustus King of Saxony, the Czarina Elizabeth, and the Empress Maria Theresa; and in consequence of the interest George II. took in his Hanoverian dominions, the English were continually engaged in the war then raging in Germany, in which these sovereigns were involved.

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